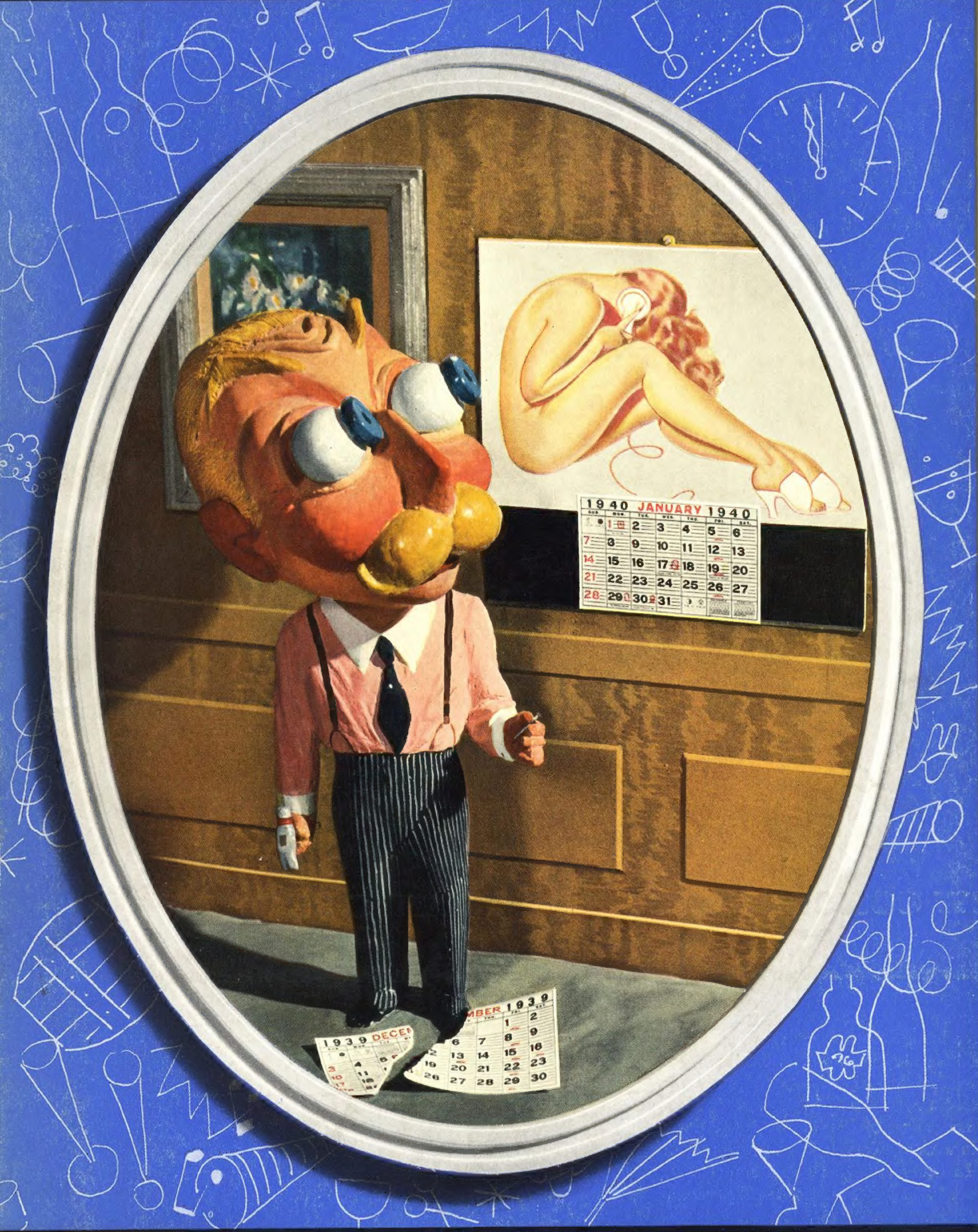
Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY, 1940
HOLIDAY ISSUE



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HARRY SALPETER
SIDNEY CARROLL
LT. HORACE S. MAZET
STANLEY JONES
EARLE V. WELLER
H. E. WENRICH
MARTIN TORRENCE

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F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
JESSE STUART
CHARLES RAWLINGS
SÁNDOR HUNYADY
DONALD BARR CHIDSEY
ROGER TREAT
DAVID CORNEL DE JONG

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GILBERT SELDES
CARLETON SMITH
LAWTON MACKALL
PATTERSON MURPHY
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ILES BRODY

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JOHN A. RUGE
A. VON FRANKENBERG
(COVER)

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CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

The Pontiac "Torpedo" Sedan owned by
MR. POWELL CABOT
OF BOSTON

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL DAVIS AT THE CABOT RESIDENCE IN DOVER, MASS.

*Illustrating "Torpedo" Eight 4-Door Touring Sedan, $1072**

THE NEW CONCEPTION OF MOTORING LUXURY

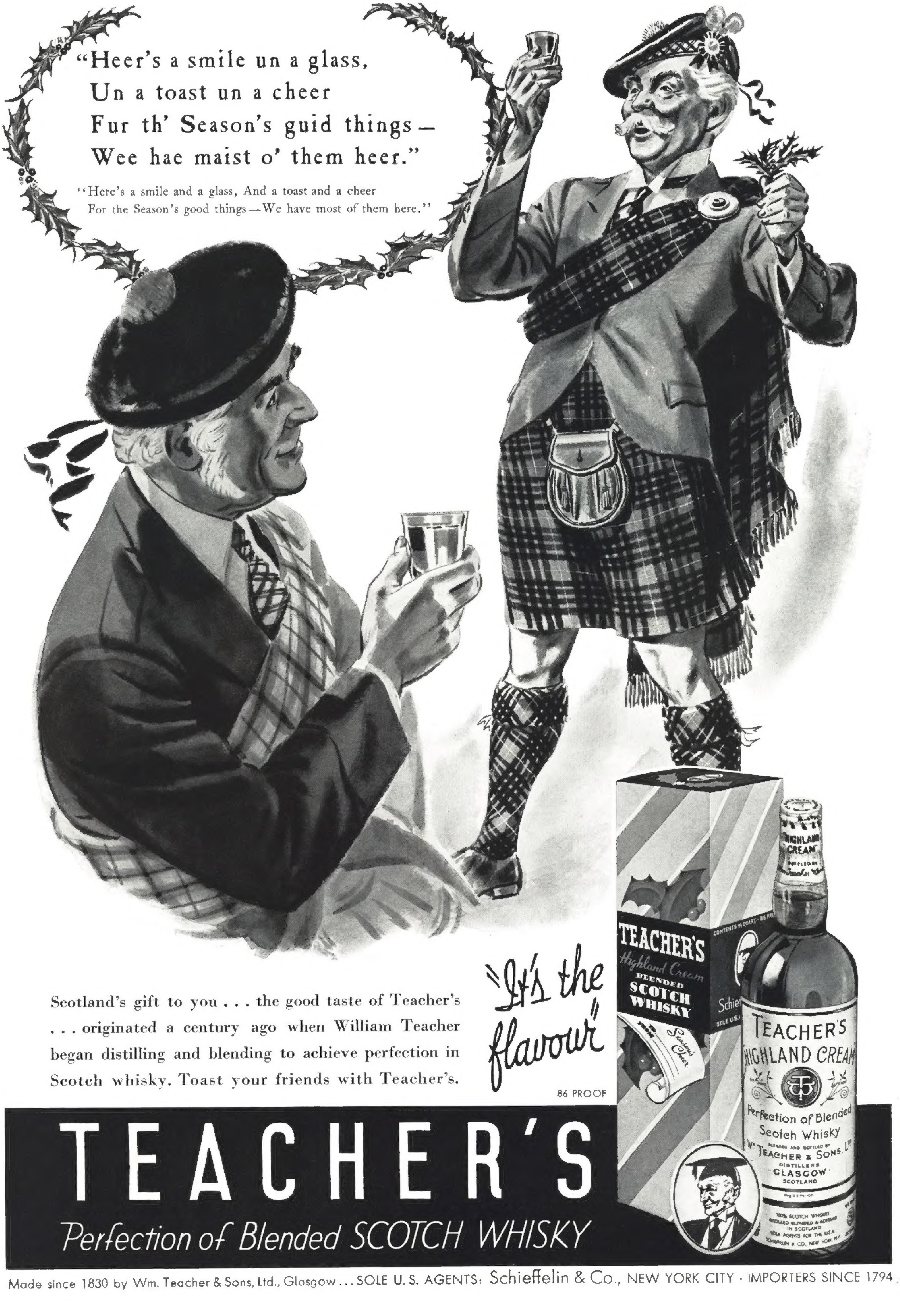
INSPIRED BY THE enthusiasm of owners for Pontiac's remarkable 8-cylinder power plant and trouble-free chassis, Pontiac designers created in the "Torpedo" Eights a wholly new conception of motoring luxury—one which is divorced from mere extravagance.

Seventeen feet of blue-blooded beauty with interiors that are masterpieces of restrained richness, they deserve rightfully to be classed among the few truly fine cars in America. Interiors are roomy and wide of seat, for true luxury means to ride with dignity . . . uncrowded and in complete comfort. In every detail of appointment and fitting, the "Torpedoes" will win the unqualified approval of those accustomed to the best. They are the largest, smartest, most luxurious Pontiacs ever built. And judging from the numbers in which they're being bought and *who* is buying them, the Pontiac "Torpedoes" fill a long-felt want among those families whose good taste and sound judgment are unquestioned.

$1016 *and up for "Torpedo" models *delivered at Pontiac, Mich. Other Pontiac prices start as low as $783. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment—special two-tone color, white sidewall tires and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. A General Motors value.*

THE NEW **Pontiac** "TORPEDO" EIGHT

for Pride and Performance


"It's the flavour"
86 PROOF
TEACHER'S
Highland Cream
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
CONTENTS ⅘ QUART · 86 PROOF
Season's Cheer
HIGHLAND CREAM
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd.
DISTILLERS
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND

"Heer's a smile un a glass,
Un a toast un a cheer
Fur th' Season's guid things—
Wee hae maist o' them heer."

"Here's a smile and a glass, And a toast and a cheer
For the Season's good things—We have most of them here."

Scotland's gift to you . . . the good taste of Teacher's . . . originated a century ago when William Teacher began distilling and blending to achieve perfection in Scotch whisky. Toast your friends with Teacher's.

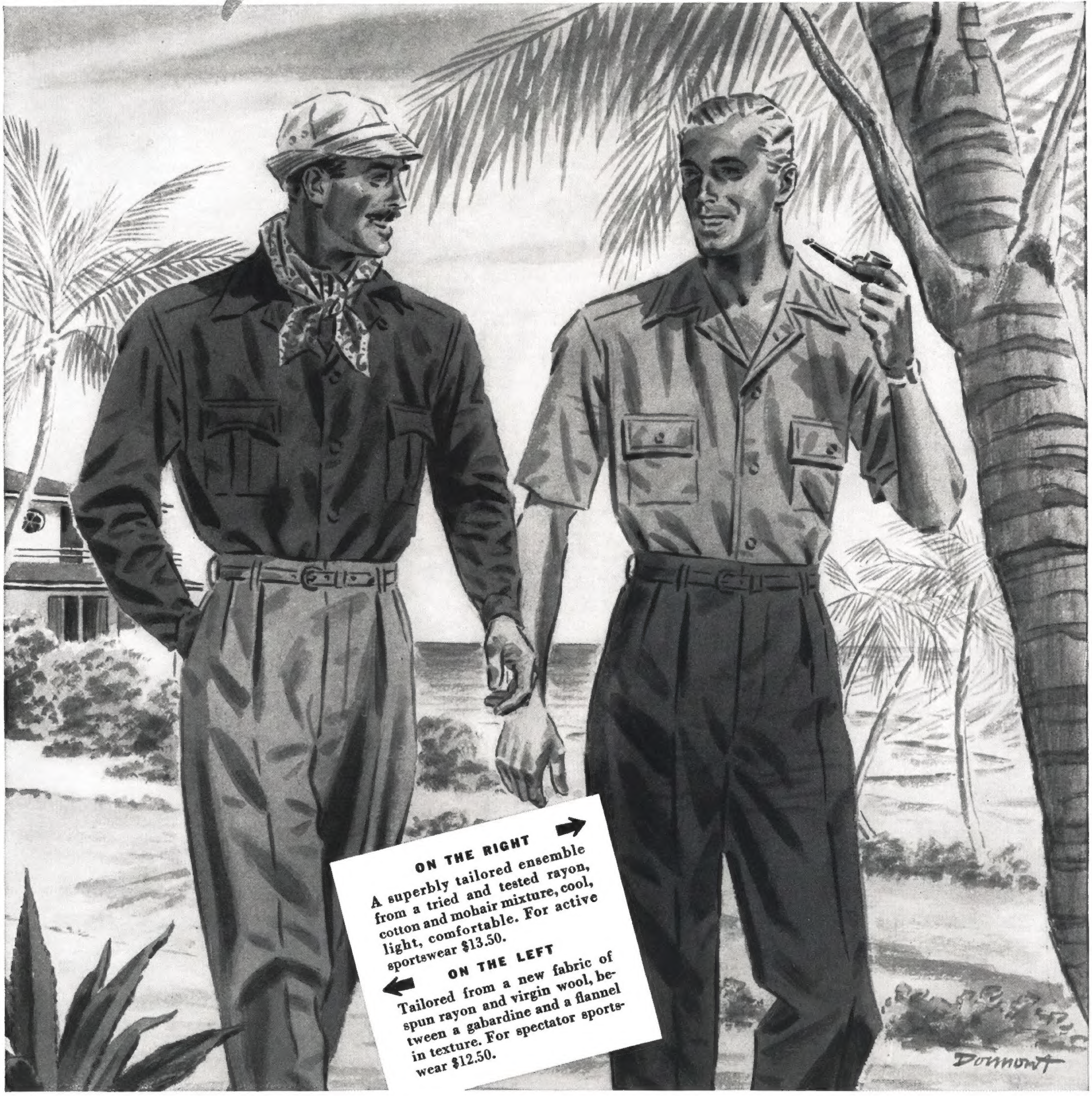
TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow . . . SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Rayon at Resorts!

(CROWN TESTED OF COURSE)



ON THE RIGHT
A superbly tailored ensemble from a tried and tested rayon, cotton and mohair mixture, cool, light, comfortable. For active sportswear $13.50.

ON THE LEFT
Tailored from a new fabric of spun rayon and virgin wool, between a gabardine and a flannel in texture. For spectator sportswear $12.50.

From one of America's leading designers of sportswear come the two garments illustrated above,—both bearing the Crown Tested tag,—and now being worn at the most exclusive Winter resorts in America. You'll see them at Palm Beach, Miami, Palm Springs, Long Beach, California and wherever smart folks gather for relaxation under a semi-tropic sun.

Featured by the finer men's stores and departments throughout the United States.

Crown Tested and Approved
Crown Rayon

Copr. 1940, American Viscose Corp.

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION
200 Madison Avenue, New York
The World's Largest Producer of Rayon Yarn

The First Name in Rayon . . . The First in Tested Quality!

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Installation of Another Dingus

If you've been following Esquire for these past six years, you will remember what a whoop-de-do there's always been over each slight change, improvement or refinement, in the magazine's make-up. (And if you haven't been following Esquire for these past six years, maybe this is as good a time as any to let you know that there *have* been improvements.) "Streamlining against reader mind-resistance" is the happy heading under which we've always classified all the horsing around that we've more or less continually done in this respect ever since Esq was a pup.

To take you away back to the first issue, which was distinguished chiefly by the enormous room that it left for improvements, the first feeling that our audience made manifest about Esquire was that a magazine as big as this one simply couldn't be made too easy to read. Accuracy compels the painful admission that the way our audience chose to express this feeling ran to the effect that we couldn't have made it tougher to read if we'd tried. First, there was a howl over the fact that the folio numbers appeared in the lower, rather than the upper, corners of the pages. This didn't seem so awful to us, but readers earnestly assured us that it was very wearing to be obliged to jerk the eye down from its accustomed place at the top of the page, where the headings always are, down to the bottom corner of the page where our folio numbers were at first. So we moved them up.

Second, the carry-over, or continuation columns, in the back of the book, made a frightful mess. There were some of these pages on which there appeared portions of as many as five or six different stories or articles. And there were stories and articles which were carried over on as many as five or six of these pages. It was a regular snipe-hunt. There was point to the gag employed by a Philadelphia columnist, to explain the occasional non-appearance of his column, that he was "out looking for the ending of an Esquire story."

Gus came to us, none too soon, as make-up editor, and brought ball-bearing order out of that early chaos, refining the thing to a point where the continuation directions not only tell you exactly what point to turn to on what page but even tell you where you turned from, when you get there, in case you want to turn back. Refinement could be, as Tex Rickard used to say, "no more dommed refiner than that."

But that was only a beginning. We went on to our "this-is-a-cow" method of labeling the stuff so you wouldn't have to read it to find out what it was: fiction, sports, article, etc. If you were strictly a non-fiction man, for instance, you could go through the pages by the labels beneath the by-lines, stopping for the articles you wanted to read, and leaving the stories alone.

Next came our "end-of-joke" method of designating the terminal point of each story or article. This was accomplished by the installation of the dingus, that odd object composed of three verticals on a cross-bar, that tells you when you have come to the end of any Esquire story, whether or not you're panting to know. You may never have had a conscious need for this information, but those readers for whose especial benefit the dingus was invented have hailed it as the most humane thing ever done for them. In the dark days B. D., before the dingus, they used to lie awake nights wondering whether or not the last pages of various Esquire manuscripts had been eaten by the office cat or perhaps used by the typesetter as lunch box lining—anyway, they wondered what happened to them, because they never could, for the life of them, tell when or indeed whether an Esquire story ended.

And now, if you will kindly raise your eyes to the boxed section due north of this space, you will be in at the birth of another new and different dingus. You will notice, for the first time on this, or for all we know, on any other Table of Contents Page, some little bang-tailed capital R's, like the traditional prescription symbol used by doctors and druggists.

These little ℞'s are to our Table of Contents as the headwaiter's recommendations are to a menu card. No less and, we hasten to add, no more. They don't mean that the items flagged are necessarily the best in a given issue. They might not mean that even if we tried to make them mean it, which we don't. But they do mean that in a given issue of Esquire these are the items that we personally feel are most likely to appeal to the greatest number of readers, and that they are, accordingly, the ones that we would most hate to have you miss.

So here goes with another dingus. It can do nobody harm and it may conceivably be of some use. Use it, if you will, as a gauge of our likes and dislikes. If, after you've followed it a while, you find that our likes and dislikes, as conveyed by the little ℞'s, don't square with your own—well, then, all the better will it serve you as a helpful guide to your own enjoyment of Esquire.

ESQUIRE
Jan., 1940
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. XIII, No. 1
Whole No. 74
T. M.
Reg.

NEW YORK EDITION

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

BOOMERANGS

THROW BOOMERANGS. It's fun. You just grip the boomerang on one end and throw it overhand, giving a slight flip as it leaves your hand. Easy to learn, no strength is needed. Boomerang describes graceful "circles", "figure eights" and "S" curves. Some of them 150 ft. in dia. When proficient you can make it return to you. $1.20 ea., 6 for $6, Large Size; Small, ea. 90¢, 6 for $4.50. Guaranteed. Send for free folder to PAUL METRO CO., 1240 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. Selling Boomerangs for Two Years.

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Here's a clever, inexpensive way to give your ensemble that added fillip. *A new type button-hole flower that is crush-proof, wilt-proof, and fade-proof.* Looks like the real thing, yet has double advantage of always remaining fresh, and lasting indefinitely. Guarantee yourself that "spruced-up" look. Comes in Royal blue, green, maroon, white, brown and pink. 3 for $1.—Any shades. (A wholesale price.) *You SAVE when you buy direct from Paris Style Flower Co., 4 W. 37 St., N. Y. C.* Remit with order.

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I-EASE-LOTION is a unique cleansing, reviving eye-bath. Each of these is compounded from the formula of an internationally known ophthalmologist and their daily use becomes an indispensable hygienic habit. $1. ea.
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Smoke one of our Folding Pipes—get the same he-man smoke as from standard pipes. Stem swings *out* when in use—*in* when tucked away in vest pocket. *Lower,* above: Dutch Shoe Pipe (folded). *Upper:* Vest Pocket Pipe (open): both genuine Briar. Oilskin Pouch with silk cover in regimental stripes. Either pipe with pouch, plus 25¢ pkg. Mellow Maple, $1.00. *Special Offer:* BOTH pipes, pouch and tobacco, $1.50 ppd. Send for catalog & colored chart of unusual pipes. *George Yale,* 1083 6th Ave. (nr. 42), N. Y.

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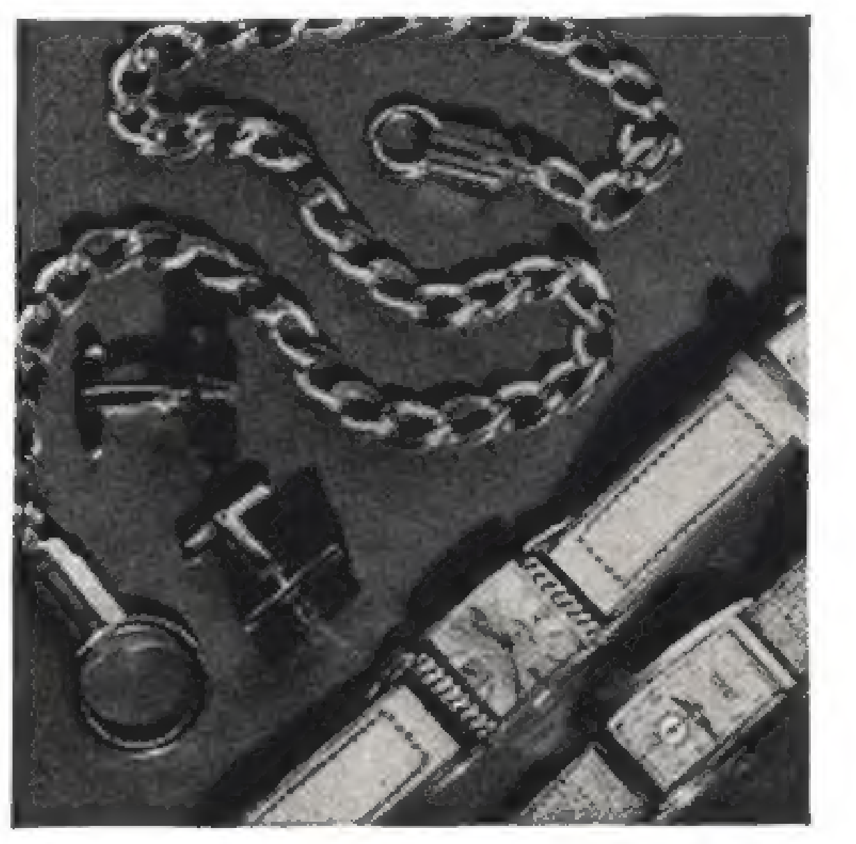
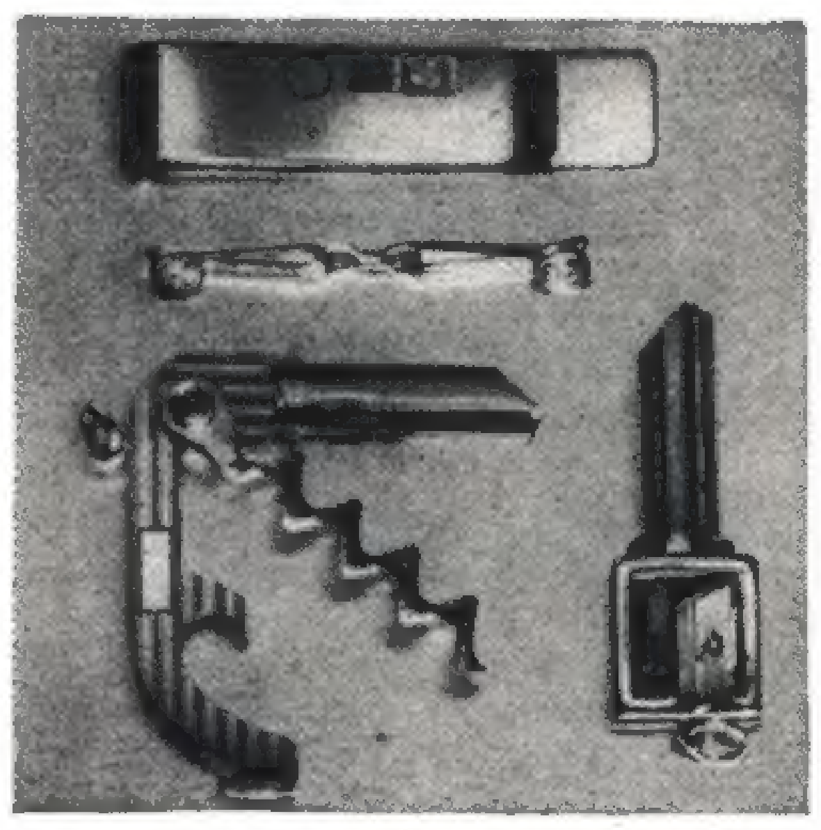
For fun-loving, broad-minded moderns: 8 smart, piquant, sophisticated songs by the inimitable Dwight Fiske at the piano. You and your friends will roar at: Mrs. Pettibone, Two Horses and a Debutante, Clarissa the Flea, Ida the Wayward Sturgeon, Week End, Vera Young, Why Should Penguins Fly? and Mediterranean Folly. In Special Rabson Album $5.00. We pay U.S.A. postage. (4-12" records).
RABSONS MUSIC SHOP
111 West 52nd Street New York City

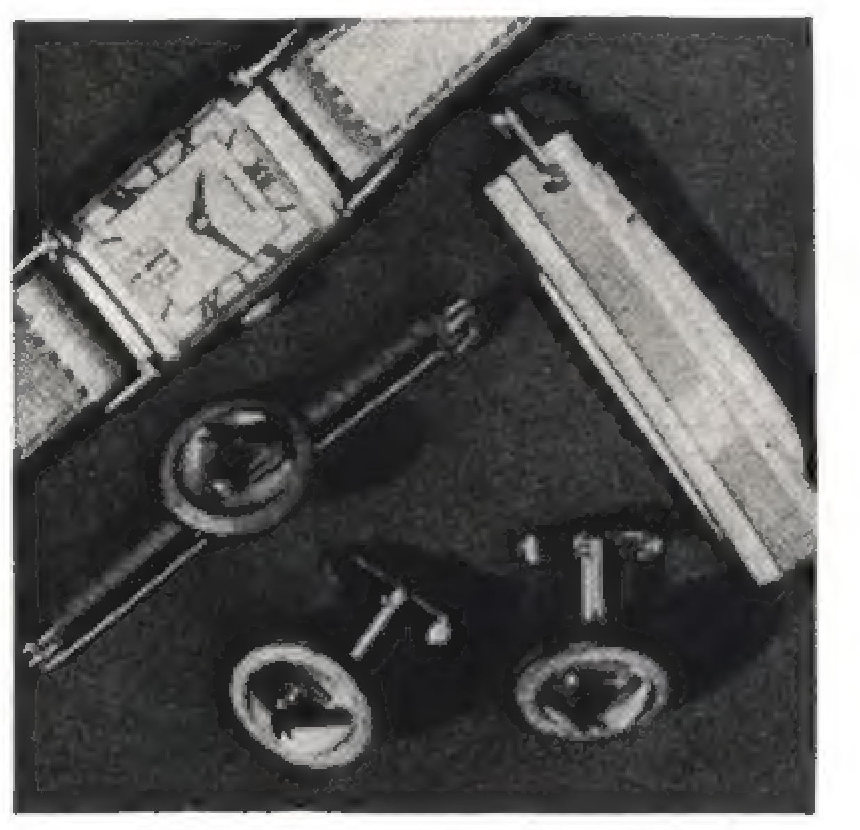
11th hour Gifts



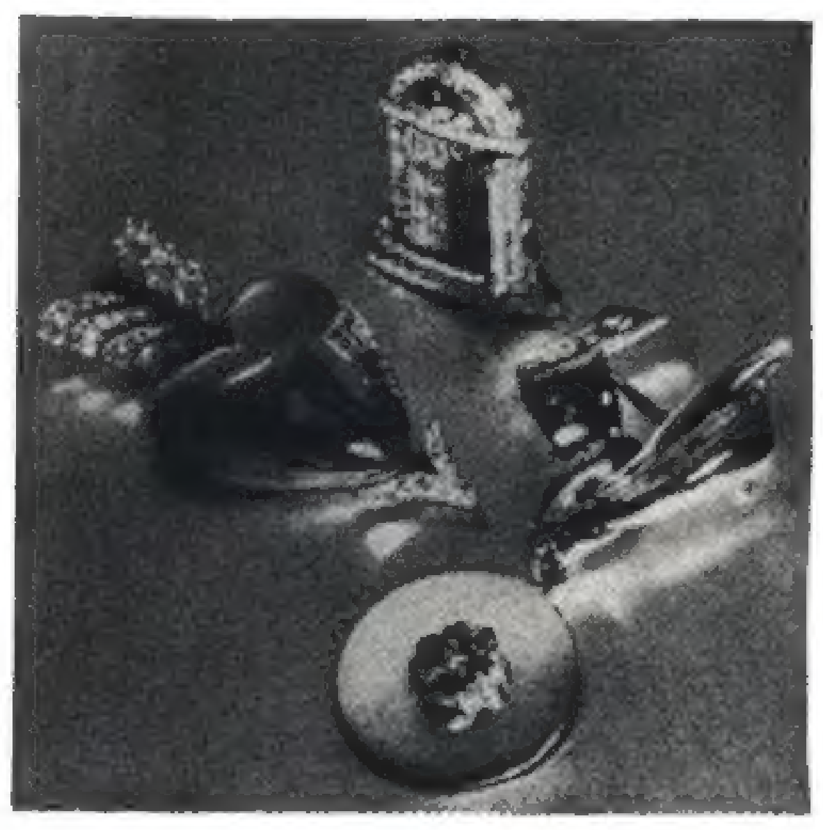
CUFF — KEY — CLOCK . . . three for the 11th hour. Reversing the usual order . . . a seventeen jewel precision watch movement in a curved, yellow gold-filled case . . . a twenty-one jewel wristwatch, this case of 14kt. rose gold-fill—dial is rounded, the figures raised . . . cufflinks carry a deep red stone, are yellow-finished . . . yellow finish also on the "safety first" key chain.



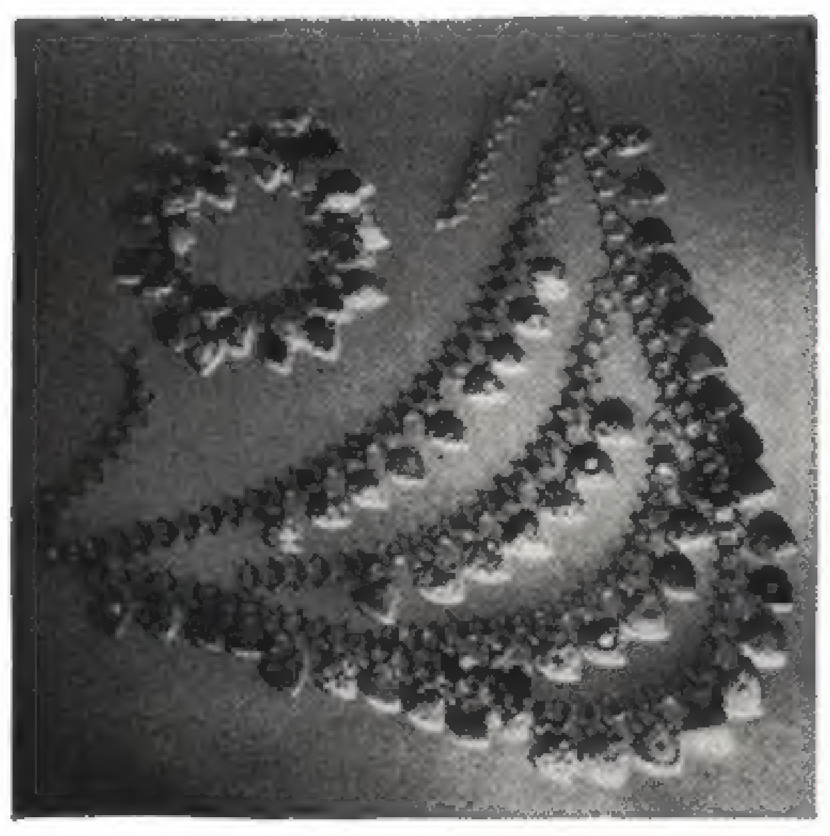
NO TRINKETS THESE. Warm his heart and (or) load his stocking with . . . a 14kt. billclip with a stamp, postmark, his name and address . . . gold collar clip, initials painted on fine clear crystal . . . magic key in 14kt. conceals a corkscrew and bottle opener . . . or a gold mounted key, fileable for any lock, with an emergency greenback for post-nightcap taxi fare hidden inside.



ACCENT ON ACCESSORIES . . . they're the late shoppers first and most versatile line of defense. Top, bottom and right—unusually thin, new wristwatch with a 17 jewel movement, 14kt. natural gold case . . . tie pin and cufflink set of pigskin sporting colorful, crystal covered horse-heads . . . and a double-bladed, gold-plated knife for the far end of his watch chain.



DID YOU SAY DIAMONDS? Yassuh, boss, and in new and handsome enough get-ups to please any lassie's heart. That colonial doorway locket-brooch of baguette diamonds opens up locket-wise via a hidden spring, has a large diamond for the keystone, brilliants for the arch. The gold heart is pierced by a diamond plume. Its shaft is made up of rubies, the tip and feather-top of brilliants. A gold coin with a four leaf clover of emeralds surrounded by diamonds should be a very lucky penny for some very lucky girl.



HEART OVER HEAD. One concession to the current Victorian vogue had to be made—and here it be, a honey of a bib necklace. There are 51 sterling silver Lampl hearts on the necklace's loop chains, 24 on the bracelet. Some of the hearts are engraved, some enameled, stone set or plain, and all can be had individually.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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Mail orders our specialty *(Plain Wrappers)*
When in N. Y. visit my store and factory.

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New 604 Page 1940 Catalog of 7000 amazing Novelties, gift articles, sporting goods, hobby kits, cameras, optical goods, watches, luck jewelry, knives, rifles, revolvers, movie projectors, books, musical instruments, radio novelties, puzzles, joke goods, magic, auto accessories, bicycle novelties, imported novelties, occult and spiritualistic items, archery, fencing, unusual seeds, live animals, smoker's novelties, etc., etc. 3¢. Deluxe Cloth Bound Edition, 25¢.
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HABAND COMPANY, Paterson, N. J.
Selling ties by mail since 1925.

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COGNAC *Brandy*

The Spirit of Tradition

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SOLE AGENTS FOR U.S.A.

84
PROOF

A Part of Holiday
Giving and Entertaining
for over 200 Years

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

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STOP FATAL NIGHT CRASHES
MAKES NIGHT DRIVING SAFE

Amazing Trippe Safety Light Throws Beam 1000 Feet..No Glare, No Dimming

Country Roads Become Lighted Boulevards!

Chromium Plated $17.50
Black Enamel $15
De Luxe Driving Light
For Night Driving and Fog

● As car speeds are increased, lighting systems become more inadequate. Thus, every night you drive you flirt with unexpected dangers, tragedy. Result is an ever-increasing toll of life and limb.

The Trippe Safety Light gives DAYTIME safety to night driving. Powerful, yet produces no glare to approaching motorists... uses no more "juice" than ordinary headlights. The beam hugs road; lights entire road, ditch to ditch, cuts under Fog, Rain, Mist, Snow.

The Perfect GIFT for Motorists

Full Size Lamp—8"x5"
Double Reflectors
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Theft-proof

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TRIPPE
Safety Light

HAVE YOU LOST ANY BLOOD LATELY?

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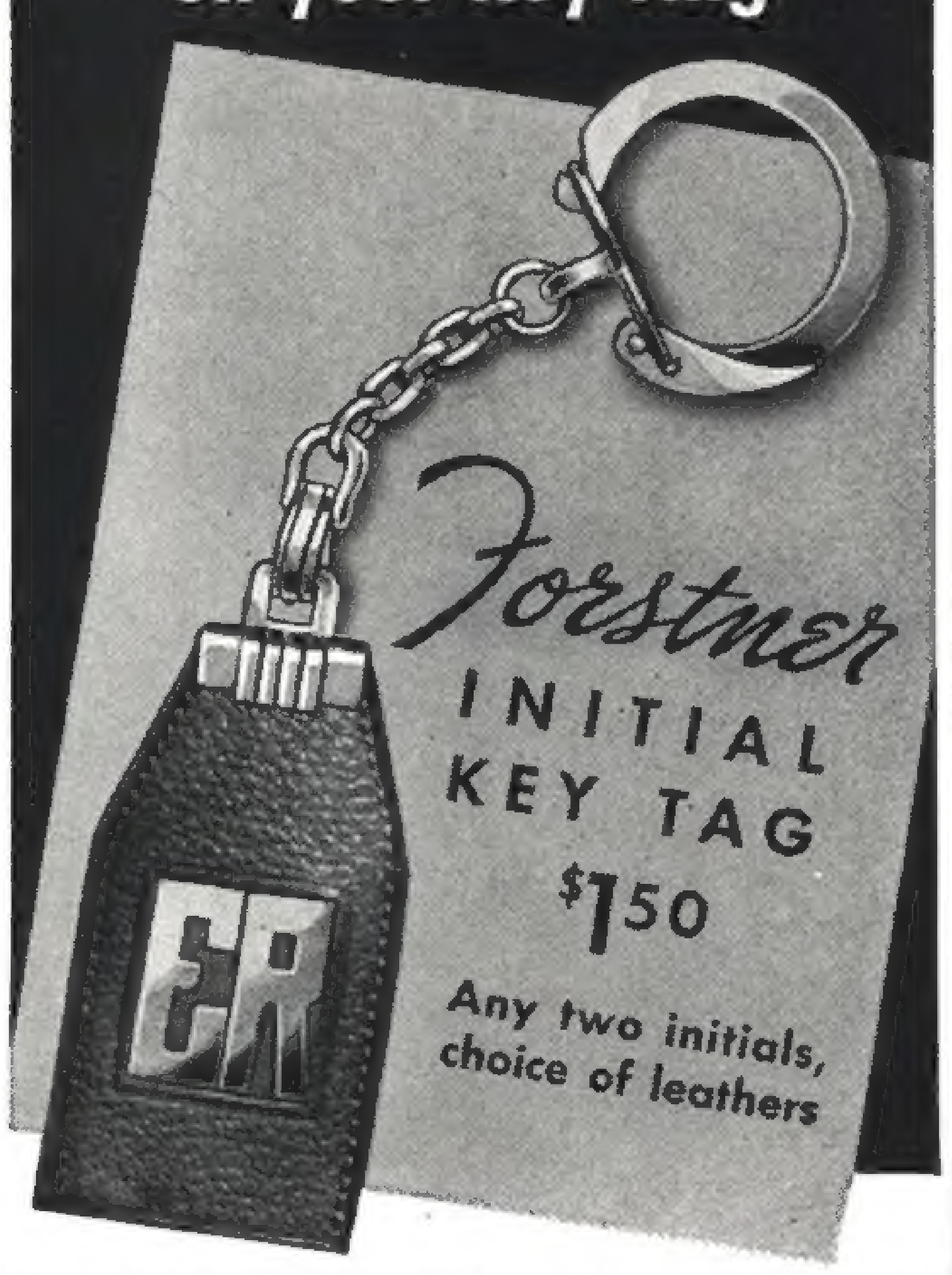
Razor cuts are the result of dull razorblades. Stop this carnage with THIN-FLEX, the extra-thin, super-sharp, fully guaranteed double-edged razor blades. THIN-FLEX Blades stay sharper longer. THIN-FLEX Blades are surprisingly inexpensive — 100 for $2.50, or 50 for $1.40. If your dealer doesn't carry them, write direct to

GENERAL BLADE CO., 7 W. 22 St., N. Y. C.
Prove it to yourself—send for FREE *test blade today.*

Now...your monogram on your key ring



Two initials make this ingenious Forstner creation distinctively *yours!* Colorful, clever, convenient—for auto, luggage and personal keys. Black, brown, red or green leather or natural pigskin. At department stores and better shops. If your favorite store can't supply you, write direct

FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION
Dept. F, Irvington, New Jersey.

Enclosed is..........for..........initial key tags
Color of leathers............Initials............
Name
Address

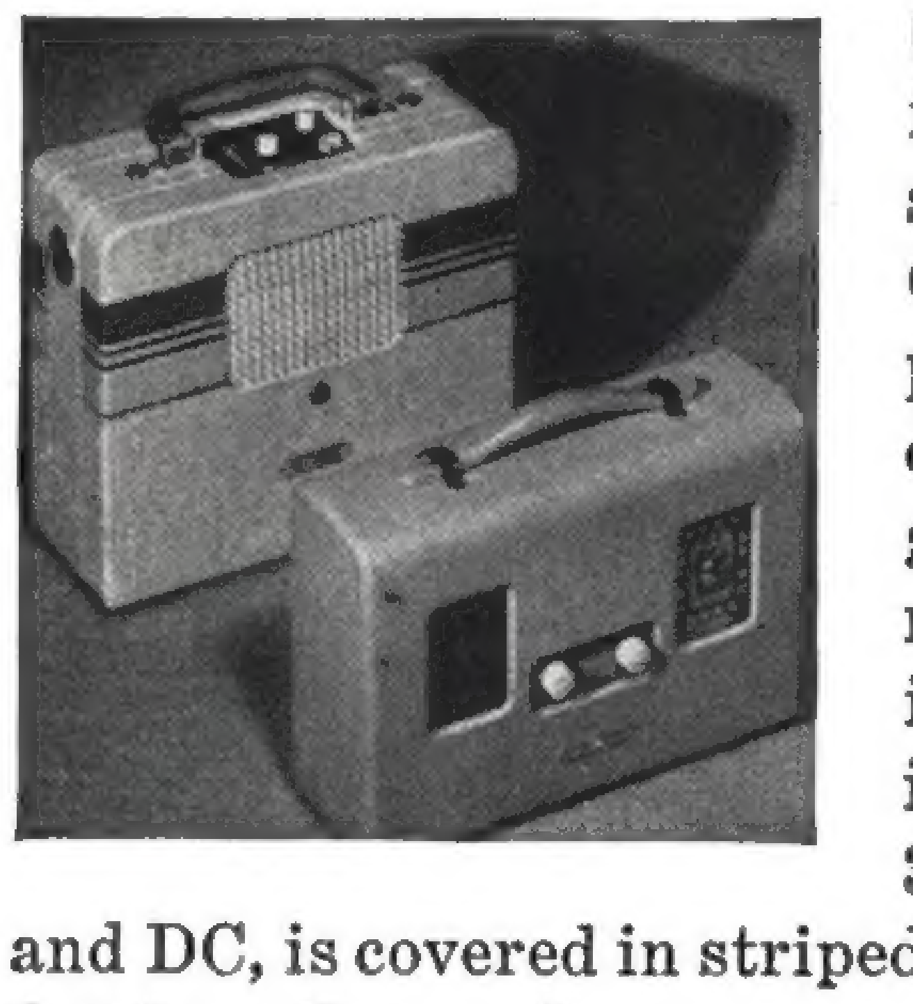
11th-hour Gifts

OUT WHERE SPORT BEGINS. Riviera sportsmen and vacationers last year found slide-fastened sport shirts so comfortable, long lived, attractive that their popularity spread quickly across the ocean. Here are two favorites, on the left—an all cotton in-or-outer in a lumberjack check, slide fastened down the front and on the breastpockets; on the right, a coat type sport shirt of cotton hopsacking with full length slide fastener. The golf bag of water buffalo hide is new to the fairways, its leather being unusually sturdy and beautiful. The woods are streamlined power clubs with "tear-drop" shaped steel shafts.

POINTING UP THE PRACTICAL. As Jimmy Walker didn't put it, he'll be as tan in December as he was in August if he comes up with a sun lamp on Christmas morn—this one's an attractive, convenient table model. The small portable has an unusually handsome cabinet of matched walnut constructed along graceful, curved lines. It's a 5 tube superheterodyne, runs AC or DC.

IN THE FOREGROUND . . . the face she can't forget — a gift powder compact with your own photograph on the lid. Send the store your snapshot — a week for delivery — and you have it. Old fashioned charm in black silk faille make her a very fine beauty bag—there are cloisonné topped bottles and jars inside. The smaller striped, beauty kit is gay with holiday colors. It's both climate and waterproof, holds two bottles, one jar.

BUT IT CAN'T SEW. At once the simplest and most versatile machine of its type we've come across to date, this four-in-one combination of radio, phonograph, recorder and public address system is the gift *grand deluxe* of them all. Records can be made of your voice, speeches and symphonies on the radio can be recorded and there are 101 other uses . . . all with surprisingly little attendant mumbo-jumbo, or expense.



RADIO DOUBLE-TALK. Top role in popularity as 11th hour lifesavers may well be claimed this Christmas by the ubiquitous portable radio. Presenting two of the favorites — in the foreground — a 10 lb. lightweight machine covered in washable imitation pigskin with a built-in beamoscope — the other, a 3-way set, operates battery, AC and DC, is covered in striped airplane cloth. Comes in three finishes, three colors.

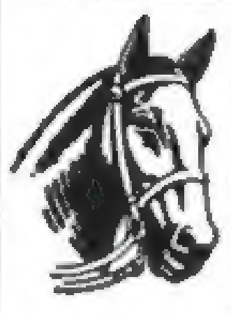
WANT NEW THRILLS?
WEAR AN ALLSCOPE
A REAL CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR SPORTS FANS!

YOU can't sit on the field, or in the ring, but you CAN wear Allscopes (Telescopic spectacles worn like glasses). No hidden action. It's clearly revealed. *Leaves both hands free.* Light. Comfortable. Double power, $14; 3¼ power, $16. At optical stores, or direct, postpaid (or C. O. D.). Get one this Christmas! ★ *WRITE FOR FREE BOOK!*

WOLLENSAK OPTICAL CO., 717 HUDSON AVE., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WOLLENSAK

FREE to HORSE OWNERS



Why pay fancy prices for saddlery? Write for free catalog that has saved real money for thousands of horsemen. Contains over 400 bargains in English saddlery. I ship saddlery on approval. Write today.

"little joe" Wiesenfeld Co., Dept. EG
112 W. North Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

AMERICA'S Newest Hobby

New Fascinating Hobby
Carve PLASTICS for FUN and PROFIT
Moto-Tool NICK-NACK
41

Make dull moments delightful, creative, educational. Turn your spare hours into cash. Master the fascinating new art of *plastic carving*, now made easy for all with *Moto-Tool NICK NACK Carving Kit.* Make useful, colorful giftware, toys, statuary, costume jewelry from marble-like new plastic substance. Work out original designs of your own in wood, glass, metals ... like things sold in stores at 4 to 5 times manufacturing cost. Enjoy this new hobby just for fun . . . or start a profitable home-work business.

Kits Include 24 Pg. Book "How to Make 41 Projects"

JUNIOR Kit with No. 1 Moto-Tool (25,000 r.p.m.), 17 accessories, plastic materials for 10 projects — in beautiful wood case *only $17.85.*

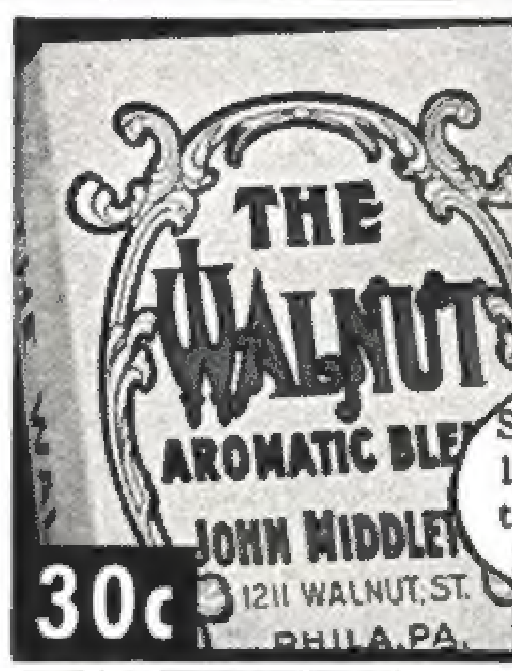
MASTER Kit with factory type No. 2 Moto-Tool (27,000 r. p. m.), 23 accessories and plastics for 20 projects — in beautiful wood case as shown, *only $24.85.*

NOTICE
Motor-in-Hand Tool Owners. Carving Project Book, exactly as furnished in Kits, sent separately, for only **$1** *Postpaid.*

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
Money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after inspection.

Big project book goes with both Kits. See Moto-Tool "Nick-Nack" Kits at your dealers, or order direct. Send remittance and we pay postage — or send $2.00 and pay postman balance plus postage. **Write for circular.**

DREMEL MFG. CO., Dept. K200-A, Racine, Wis.



Contains the World's 7 Finest Tobaccos

Sold by your dealer. If not, send 10c for sample to John Middleton, 1211 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. E12

I THINK I'LL KEEP THIS MYSELF!

THE Kirsten PATS.APP.FOR PIPE

No wonder St. Nick wants to keep this handsome gift . . . the KIRSTEN Pipe is engineered to give a cooler, sweeter smoke—with a companionable fragrance and lack of strong "pipe aroma" appreciated by both men and women. Duralumin "radiator" cools smoke. Lucky man who gets this gift . . . 4 sizes fit different manners of smoking.

$10.00, $12.50, $15.00, $17.50

If your dealer can't supply you, write air mail and receive pipe in plenty of time for Christmas

KIRSTEN PIPE COMPANY
Dept. 102, 3129 Western Ave., Seattle, Wash.

The finest Cigarette you've ever smoked...

REGENT
CIGARETTES
KING SIZE
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REGENT

Regent 'King Size'... Twenty for fifteen cents

This distinctive cigarette has established a new smoking standard all over America. For Regent is the modern cigarette: different in size, different in shape and differently packed—a cigarette that has so many advantages that in a few short months it has won the loyalty of thousands upon thousands of smokers everywhere.

If you have not already tried this superlative cigarette there's a new high in smoking pleasure awaiting you too. For Regents' exclusive 'multiple-blend' combines many fine, rich tobaccos in entirely new proportions, imparting a finer, milder taste... and Regents' extra length assures a longer, cooler smoke.

Next time you buy cigarettes, ask for Regents. Look for the smart maroon and gray crush-proof box that keeps every cigarette firm and fresh to the last. You'll agree with smart smokers everywhere that Regent is "the finest cigarette you've ever smoked."

REGENT
CIGARETTES

REGENTS ARE PACKED IN A SMART MAROON AND GRAY CRUSH-PROOF BOX. TWENTY FOR FIFTEEN CENTS

RIGGIO TOBACCO CORPORATION, NEW YORK

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

NOMINATIONS IN ORDER

Occasionally the high-heeled half of our domestic unit picks up a copy of Esquire, reads, and then develops a pet peeve at what she calls the "too masculine" slant of the mag—winding up with brusk comment that "a darn lot of women read it too!"

The idea developed during one of those pros and cons, something like this:

She—You men are are all alike.

Me—Would you have us all different?

She—You walk around as though you own the earth!

Me—Yes—I know—it's a man's world and therefore a lousy one.

She—Sure it's a man's world. You men go around doing what you please and nobody knows the difference—but we women!

Me—Yes, you women—

She—Well, look, I'm Mrs. Altrowitz and I wear a ring and everybody knows I'm married.

Me—Are you sorry you're married?

She—That isn't the point. The moment I married you I became Mrs.—and that's all right. But you were Mr. before you were married and you're still Mr.

Me—So what—?

She—So what—this! If I had my way there'd be some definite term or title for a man the moment he's married, just as we women get the term Mrs. the moment we're married. I was Miss until I married you. Now I'm Mrs. and the whole world knows it and calls me Mrs. You were Mr. and you're still Mr. And I think when a man gets married it'd be no more than fair that he have a label as married!

So there, Sir Editor. There's one for your mag to meditate on—a possible term for a married man that differentiates him from the unmarried. Being a man I decline to commit myself as to whether or not the idea is good or bad—but it's an interesting idea for you or your precocious readers to dope out.

And if you pick up the idea you can send Mrs. Altrowitz a check for it—she's the mother of that brain-child.

Minneapolis, Minn. Abe Altrowitz

ESQ STANDS ALONE

I like Esquire, mainly because, among magazines that are thrust at us today, it is unique. Unique in that it doesn't reflect the regard that most editors hold of their readers as dullards and nincompoops. You credit your readers with at least a bit of intelligence if not intellectuality. You always contrive to give them the satisfaction that comes with the anticipation of the unexpected.

Most popular magazines carry the same old stuff over and over again using the same plot formulas with new frills. Sorta like Irish potatoes—cook 'em and dress 'em up as many different ways as you darn well please but that familiar ole spud still grins up out of the frills at you. I have no time for "spud" magazines. The editors of such magazines must think they are catering to a mighty stupid bunch of readers. And possibly they are. They realize that only by dishing out popular fare can they rake in the dough.

But you do not cater to dull ostriches for readers. I am glad that there are still with us enough people to justify the publication of a magazine whose editors do not have to confine their writers to rote and rule but instead, to pitch formula out the window and write things as their own inclination, inspiration and experience moves them. What he writes stands or falls on merit.

There is a lot in your magazine with which I have no patience and with which I heartily disagree. But it has a lot more with which I am in accord and which I enjoy. Whether good or bad, agreeable or disagreeable, Esquire can be depended upon to lift its readers out of the rut of "spud" stuff and carry them into hitherto unexplored literary territory which makes for delightful and pleasant reading.

Very sincerely,

Rome, Georgia Herbert H. Dodd

CHINESE NEW YEAR FOR ESQ PUZZLERS

Now that Mr. Theimer's problem, Nineteenth Century Mathematics, has been solved, here, with my compliments, is a gentle one for beginners. I should be glad to have it checked.

1940 Mathematics

"Dear J.,

Well, we're booked again but we've had to split up this time. However, we're all playing somewhere once a day, Mondays to Saturdays, as from the day after tomorrow (our wedding anniversary) and the season is for the minimum period that is necessary for the fulfillment of the contract terms, which are as follows.

We are to provide a solo turn daily with the Pierrots on the beach, alternate sexes daily, and a mixed threesome (two of one sex and one of the other) daily at the West Pier and also at the Palace Pier. No one may appear at two successive performances at either Pier under penalty of a fine of one pound for each such offense, and each Pier must have identical shows in sum—that is, each man of the party must have appeared at each Pier as often as every other man by the time the contract ends, and no lady more often than any other lady.

I have drawn up the most economical possible schedule and have specially arranged the order so that you avoid any fine, though George loses a pound this month.

Yours, B."

What was the sex of the writer and the date of the letter?

Yours truly,

Shanghai, China H. Wright

ON THE SKIN OF THE SCOT

After re-reading page 5 of your September issue (the editorial about the dangers of criticising nationalities) I am persuaded to write to you.

There exists a class of people whose skin is so thin that even a suggestion of criticism is considered an insult to the criticized and a witticism is no other than an affront. Being a very Highland Scot I am in common with my fellow countrymen the victim of many arrows of sarcastic wit. My frugality is as comic as my hirsute knees, altho' the fact is a Scot is as generous as his knees are bald. To us, however, wit at our expense is considered a compliment and so anxious are we to reap the benefit of such free publicity that most of the jokes against Scots are manufactured in the very Scottish Town of Aberdeen.

The very innocent reference to the French which your correspondent complains of so bitterly can raise no anger in the heart of any real Frenchman and to say that so innocuous a remark can influence relationship borders on the ridiculous. Certainly had an Englishman been the object of your Author's quip it would raise no more than his eyebrow.

As war clouds are darkening over us the pleasurable side of Esquire comes as a ray of happiness in a sad hour. The mellow thoughts of holiday give way to curses for that disturbing element, the potential enemy of the world.

But we shall see this thing through and when "The war drum throbs no longer and the battle flag is furled," England will still be England.

Yours sincerely,

London, W. 1, Eng. George Ellis

ROUNDING OUT THE PORTER'S PICTURE

Kindly permit me, in behalf of the Pullman Porter, in taking this opportunity to express our appreciation for your wonderful expression on the life and character of the Pullman Porter in your November issue. I am sure, those who read your magazine, will form a different opinion of the Porter. What you have said, covered just a part of his life and the things with which he has to make contact.

The life of a Pullman Porter is an environment a majority of the people know so little about the responsibilities it carries with it. The Porter on a Pullman car is essential just as the wheels on which it rides. At one time the Porter was "the forgotten man," but time has brought a change, and his job is now looked upon as one of the highest types of craft of our race.

First, the Pullman Company, in having a Porter, spares no pains in making a selection; his character is investigated, his health is looked after, he has to have a medical examination annually to find any defects with regards to health, if there be defects the company will compel him to adjust same. We are taught cleanliness, safety, and thrift; our person and appearance must be clean and neat; we must safeguard our passengers, that he or she might not be carelessly injured while an occupant on our car.

Thrift; the company conducts a Federal Loan Branch. We are encouraged to buy shares and stock in the association at $5.00 a share, we may purchase as many shares as we feel able, and pay for them as we like at 25c, 50c, or $1.00 at a time, until we have bought one share, ($5.00), then another and on until we have the desired number. The organization is organized for employees of the company. Only when we become a stock holder are we permitted to borrow, for only members may borrow, at a small interest. The Pullman Company makes every effort to safeguard the Porter to keep him out of trouble, and the hands of the notorious loan sharks or exuberant money gutters. The Porter's educative qualifications must be above the average. The company has out of more than 10,000 porters, I dare say, not a hundred that cannot do incharge work, or conductor's work. He can take a car and carry it any place in the United States without any assistance. The company has put special stress on the Porter doing incharge work, and for fifteen years has demanded every Porter's being qualified as an incharge man. Only a few were exempted.

The Pullman Company has been instrumental in paving the way for hundreds of professional men of my race in every rank. We find, at one time, there were provisions made allowing the school boy during his vacation to work, that he might make in the four or five months, money to defray his expenses. Hundreds of them took advantage of this opportunity and made good. But depression caused the company to discontinue this. Scarcity of work, only enough to keep the regular Porter employed, impeded this progress.

The Pullman Porter through the aid of the company is trying to lead a clean, sane life. He is not the Porter of years ago, but those of the better. He is constantly with the traveling public and expects nothing but courtesy and decency, and intelligence. No Sam, Jack or John, but we do appreciate the nickname George, because the name George, we hold in the very highest esteem, we honor him though deceased, we cherish his memory. It was he who paved the way, and made it passable for us.

Though he sits in a corner, at the end of his car, the Porter is not at all dumb, he sees everything that happens in his car and can tell you just what you think you want to do. He is so well versed with nature, he can look at a passenger and tell the kind of tip he will receive in the morning from him. The Porter has to be a diplomat, experience has taught him by sight the difference in passengers, and he has to be a diplomat to satisfy them. The same service to one you cannot apply to another, a dozen passengers, a dozen different differents; so the poor Porter has to have a face to meet them all.

We depend greatly on the tips that we receive from our passengers, and do appreciate them, they are a part of our livelihood. But, we do like a kind and courteous passenger, one that will say, "Hello, George, how do you feel this morning?" or "Good-by, George, had a pleasant trip," "Hope to ride with you again," carries more weight than all an old grouch can give you. For when you have worked and tried hard to please him, dodging, jumping, and listening to unpleasant things, taking you to be everything but a Porter. What he gives you has been well earned.

The Pullman Company has impressed on every employee that they are working for and are a part of one human family, and that brotherly love should exist between us. Here I make mention of my district, Memphis, that has the slogan, "the biggest little district under the company's jurisdiction." The harmony and team work between office and Porter is friendly and agreeable.

Mr. Buche , our superintendent has done everything possible for the men working under him. He is never too busy to go to the Porter's aid when in trouble, when ill, he will visit and keep in touch with your wants; in case of death attend to the proper arrangements and see that the widow is not robbed by unfair funeral expenses, sees through legal advice that all benefits are received from insurance and indebtedness on home and tangible business that will affect or trouble the deceased's family. We all look forward and go to him for advice and we have never been refused.

I am sure that I can truly voice the sentiment of thousands of our Porters in thanking you and yours for the article eulogizing the Porter, his work, and responsibility.

Respectfully,

Memphis, Tenn. J. C. McNeal

BIRTH OF AN ART

I am taking exception to the article written in your November Issue of Esquire, *Be Kind to Your Shoes.* I am inclined to believe that the writer is in error in some of the ways and means he suggests in cleaning one's shoes. Years ago shining shoes was just a matter of slapping some polish on your shoes and then brushing it off. Those days in Cleveland are gone forever. The nickel shine is no more. Shoe shining has become an art. It has moved up into a higher plane. People who pay high prices for their shoes cater to the shine boys who know their business. They expect and demand a good shine.

The main purpose in shining shoes is to have the leather cleaned properly. Dirt and old polish must come off before the new can be applied. If this is not done shoes will lose color and will have a tendency to crack. Before a shoe that has been worn be shined the groundwork must be laid. This can only be done by someone skilled in the art of shoe shining and not by oneself.

Yours truly,

James Vivian Kincaid

Cleveland, Ohio

Continued on page 12

FOUR ROSES
FOUR ROSES

ONCE AGAIN . . . IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF

Merry Christmas!

If Four Roses Eggnog has become a holiday tradition in your home . . . as it has in so many . . . you probably know this recipe by heart. But just to make sure, here it is again. Get yourself some Four Roses Whiskey at your nearest package store—then follow these directions faithfully:

Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add ½ cup of sugar to yolks, while beating, and ¼ cup of sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Add 1 pint of Four Roses (*or more, to taste*), and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each cup. (This recipe makes 5 pints of Eggnog.)

Be sure you use Four Roses! It is *the* whiskey for a truly magnificent Bowl of Merry Christmas! *Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

Every drop is whiskey at least 4 years old

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are four years or more old.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

RECRUIT FOR THE SWING CARLETON CLUB

It does this old heart a great deal of good to note the Coming of Jazz to the hitherto staid pages of Esky, but we do believe we would appreciate it more if you had chosen somebody better equipped to expound upon the subject than Mr. Carleton (Classics) Smith.

Mr. Smith's piece in the October issue approached a degree of ickiness only exceeded by the jazz abortions penned by Pat Ballard, who conducts a "swing fraternity" in one of the college mags.

We are forced to give Mr. Smith the devil's due for trying, but that's as far as we'll go. Before he attempts another jazz article, he might get a few facts straight: (we're quoting from *On The Record* of October, remember).

1. "His first band, which made such classics as 'Let 'er go'...was a combination of sweet strings and reeds . . . just a single trumpet and trombone." In the first place, this record was not made by Shaw's first band, and in the second place, the combination used was the same as he uses now, i.e., *three* trombones, *three* trumpets, four reeds, four rhythm, *no* strings. Except, of course, the bass and guitar, which are in the rhythm section.

2. "'I hate so called style bands,' says Shaw." If Mr. Smith knew anything at all about jazz, he would have proceeded then and there to tear that statement apart and run Shaw's nose into the mud for all he was worth. Shaw's band is super-stylized, passed off to the public as genuine hot music, and doing more to corrupt jazz in the public mind than any other outfit.

3. "Benny Goodman's new Vocalion discs . . ." Benny Goodman is now making *Columbia* records, and no Vocalions were issued by his particular band, Mr. Smith.

That's about all, except that we'd like to say we do approve of Smith's devoting space to the classic Blue Note records. He also might learn to distinguish between a commercial musician and a jazz artist.

However, Smith's a long-hair, and long-hairs never learn. Better kick him the hell over to the classics, where he belongs.

Sincerely,

Lancaster, Penna. Rick Boyd

WE WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE TOENAILS

So your Mr. Aylesworth says (November issue): "if her nails aren't bloody, she's okay with the gang"—eh? Those other two dozen or more peeves were just to fill up space, I guess. Furthermore, I'll lay you 5 to 1 that 9 out of the last 10 girls he and his "beer tunnel" pals have taken out have had those bloody (toe and finger) nails.

And about men stepping in, buying what they want, and clearing out. Well, well; I have two brothers, a father, assorted uncles, cousins, and friends and (with due apologies to Fibber McGee & Co.) "that ain't the way I heard it, bud."

Getting to the Prof.—I'll bet he wouldn't be caught with a woman who didn't do a bit of repair work after a meal. As for his point "C"—I always have read, in the best etiquette columns, that it is the gentleman's (or is he?) duty to decide beforehand where and how the evening is to be spent. Well, until they're married anyway! Maybe he's the one afraid of taking the responsibility of a flop. That's a man for you—always passing the buck.

So the bartender likes a gal who can lope. Tell him to get a horse.

And the boys down in Marx's "would take their women, perspiration, unkempt hair, splotches, and all even if she is good enough to lick them—after six beers."

I doubt if it would take that much to lick them—after six beers!

Well, that's it—that's what I don't like about men (the cats), always telling the world what they don't like about women. And you'll note that they always come back for more.

Meta Videra Norris

Madison, Wis.

ASHANTI, AGAIN

As a general rule it doubtless strikes most of us that letters in your department aren't to be taken too seriously, at least not to the extent of making an answer seem necessary, but there is one in your October issue that is a most patent exception; I refer to a voluble but crassly stupid communication from Bruce Platt, of Philadelphia, full to running over with disparagement and vilification toward author La Varre in connection with his *Trial In The Jungle* story.

Having recently returned from the country in question—Dutch Guiana—said letter seems to me to be no little out of order, even to the extent of indulging in personalities, so I take this means of differing with the ideas of Mr. Blatt—I mean, Platt. Quoting from his letter: ". . . therefore, their speech should be all Ashanti, except possibly for some words of Portuguese and Dutch but most certainly no English . ."

Dr. Morton C. Kahn, of Cornell University Medical College wrote a book—"Djuka, the bush negroes of Dutch Guiana" (Viking Press) which is generally considered authoritative, I believe.

I quote from chapter ten, page 162, of this work: "Talkee-talkee is a pure-voweled pidgin language, as picturesque as the country itself. Its vocabulary is drawn from many tongues, although English and Dutch words predominate . . . one still encounters occasional Jewish terms . . . a few Spanish and Portuguese words . . . and . . . a light sprinkling of West African dialect . . ."

On through the Platt dissertation one can find exact parallels in the Kahn book, but, unfortunately for the learned Philadelphian, they substantiate the research of author La Varre and place friend Platt somewhat in the Simian category.

I must confess a lack of familiarity with Mr. La Varre's yarns in general, but since this is proof of his careful research I certainly shall look forward to enjoying his future efforts.

So—bells to author La Varre—boos to the upstart from Philadelphia!

Very truly yours,

Venice, Calif. Clyde de Vinna

SOMETHING TO TELL RIPLEY

I observe that your experience with colored babies is limited. The cartoon on page 106 of the November issue depicts a newly-born colored child with a dusky complexion. Please be advised sir, that a newly-born colored child is as white as the fellow sitting beside Mr. Jones.

Hoping that you will sustain greater accuracy to give more point to your humor, I am,

Very truly yours,

Niagara Falls, N.Y. W. L. Salacuse

EDITOR TAKES IT

One hundred per cent agreement with "Six-gun Jurisprudence" by Paul W. Kearney (November issue). He might have gone on to urge sawed-off shotguns as standard equipment for small, and submachine guns for large, places of business subject to holdups.

On the other hand one is at a loss as to what to think about "Cooting." The poem itself seems well enough descriptive of the blood sport known as cooting on the New England coast. That activity gets its name from the coots, Scoters, or sea ducks which are its chief objective. The etching by Bohl accompanying the text by Snow, however, portrays freshwater coots, weak-flying fowl that have never been fully accepted as game birds and which have nothing to do with the offshore sport of cooting.

Probably the Editor must take the blame for this unfortunate confusion. Magazines and movies often need the services of a type of censor they apparently rarely employ, namely, one with a knowledge of natural history.

Very truly yours,

Washington, D. C. W. L. McAtee

SUCCESS STORY

I thought you might be interested in hearing how Esquire saved a life. Some time ago a friend of mine suffered a series of misfortunes which his imagination magnified enormously. He could not eat, he couldn't sleep, he couldn't laugh, he couldn't cry. He just moped. He lost weight. He was on the verge of a physical and mental collapse. The doctors could do nothing for him. Unless his will to live could be restored, they said, he would become either a lunatic or a corpse within 30 days. If he could be made to laugh or cry, or even to gnash his teeth there might be some salvation for him. We tried every device which fertile imaginations could conjure, but he responded to none of them. He was simply impervious to emotion.

Quite by chance he stumbled upon an open copy of Esquire. That was the medicine he needed. He laughed. He howled. Since then he has gained 50 pounds, he's back at his desk every day and working his way up toward the top of the heap again. Esquire saved his life. I thought you might like to know.

Cordially,

Hutchinson, Kansas Leroy Gore

YOU ASTOUND VERY EASILY

I have just read your editorial, "X-Ray of an Issue in the Formation." As a layman, the revelation astounds me. It upsets me. I'm a trifle wabbly in the gastric region, and it requires little to make me—weep.

The poor, harassed editor. So pitiably unable to make up his mind. He needs a few pieces for his dainty, pet monthly—the world's current output of giant intellect is stacked under his nose—but he cannot decide—he cannot choose. Nerve-racking! No wonder the tender-hearted contributor throbs all over with sympathy, and the ordinary reader blows his nose with a loud snort.

Tempus fugit, and here I sit. Plodding—continually plodding, through your never-ending monthly collection of moronism, illustrated so profusely from brilliant front to smooth behind in gorgeous cinema technicolor. Why do I do it? Damfino. Perhaps, you can explain. Maybe, those perpetual, enforced X-Ray examinations of drivel throughout the years have, unknown to you, sharpened your psychology to the extent where you can tell why we don't behave as humans should.

Nathan's tripe, for example, is horrible enough to the casual, bored scanner, but the surprising realization that someone does—actually must X-Ray that and similar shoddy day in and day out, brings more than one real shudder to this aging frame.

You are compelled to do it, I suppose—folks have to eat—but won't you accept an old reader's sincere condolence?

Cordially,
Joseph Kantor

Philadelphia, Pa.

ALASKAN S.O.S.

I have noticed quite a few problems in the *Sound and Fury* section, and have one that is by no means new, but has me stumped.

Possibly you have had it before, and still possibly you know of someone who can do it, but at any rate I would like to find out.

A carpet three feet wide is to be placed diagonally from one corner to the other in a room measuring twenty feet by thirty feet, the carpet to have square ends, and all four corners to touch the walls of the room.

I am on the go here and there and secure a copy of your magazine from one place or another, and always enjoy it.

If you know one of your mathematical fans kind enough to give the above a twirl, I would appreciate it if he would send me the solution, it will sure keep me from "cutting a rug."

It is like the teacher who wanted to know how many pints of milk there were in 3½ gallons, and the next day the irate mother berated the teacher, and suggested that the next problem be about water what with milk costing 12c a quart, and besides the kids couldn't drink it all.

Thanks a lot.

Box 408 Sincerely,
Anchorage, Alaska A. C. Kinsley

AN ADDENDUM FOR DOG'S DAY

In the every-dog-will-soon-have-his-day article by Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke in the November issue, specific mention is not made of an aspect of the canine question which merits an important place in every such discussion.

Now, I am not one of the super-courageous; neither am I one who flees incontinently at the merest suspicion of physical peril. Yet I confess without even the suggestion of confusion that my posterior muscles crawl quiveringly under my goose-pimpled hide when, in the dark shadows of a street between the corner lights a snag-toothed quadruped rushes snarling from behind a hedge with deep and vibrant staccatos issuing from somewhere back of his shoulder blades. Only the powerful resurgence of an innate pride (or a more powerful fear of public ridicule for my trepidation) restrains me from instant flight. I grind my nether crowns and bridges together in fear and trembling, and utter the most blasting execrations on the head of the master of the brute for his lack of consideration in permitting so horrific a shattering of his neighbor's tranquillity. A plague, an affliction, a flood and a couple of torments—with maybe a visitation of complete madness—on the proprietor of a canine creature that is left on the loose after nightfall. I hate him to pieces, with a separate hate for each individual piece.

Yours sincerely,

Healdsburg, Cal. C. A. Papineau

Continued in center of page 136

NEWS FROM THE "BEST UN-DRESSED MEN" ON THE RIVIERA!

● Hottest news from the French Riviera is a new type of men's sport shirt. It's shorter—slide-fastened—hits an all-time high in smartness, comfort and utility.

Shown on this page are five American "translations" of this new style—fresh from the designing rooms of four leading manufacturers.

Notice that the "common denominator" of these shirts is none other than your favorite TALON slide fastener . . . used here because of the high-style designs it makes possible, because of its eminent convenience, because of its exclusive "self-lock" which automatically fixes the fastener opening at any desired point.

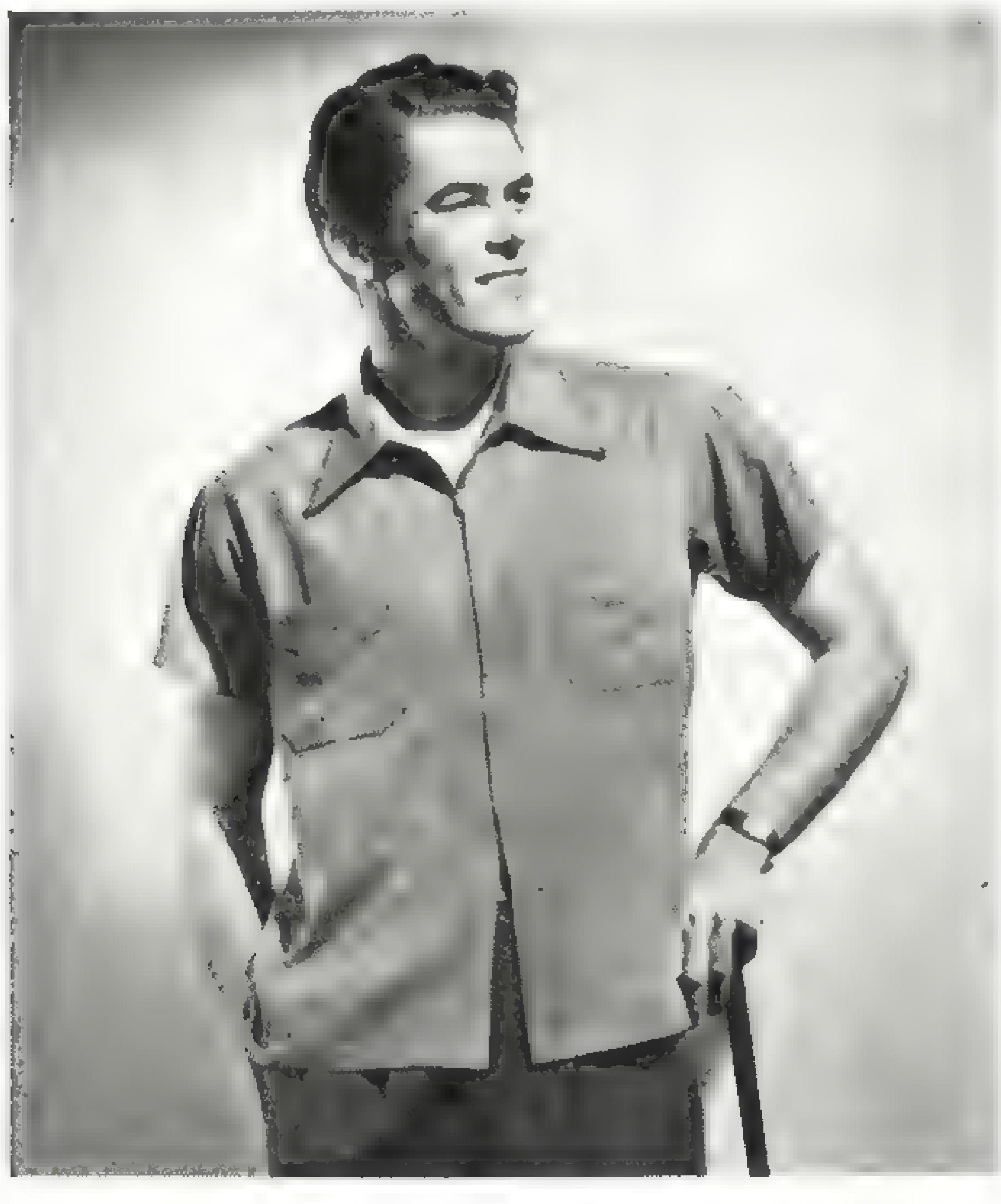
And (almost above all) because the Talon fastener is the slide fastener that defies sea, sand and the laundry!

See these new slide-fastened sport shirts at smart cruise and southern resort-wear shops. You'll like them!

Resource information for retailers available on request.

1. **PLENTY OF FREEDOM** and ventilation here! A woven cotton and rayon front, harmonizing in color with knitted back and long or short knitted sleeves. And no struggling—you get into it as easily as a coat—thanks to the convenient, separating Talon slide fastener.

2. **AT LAST, A SPORT SHIRT** that looks well outside the trousers . . . with masculine simplicity and smart styling throughout. Lacing at sides permits adjustable waistline. The Talon slide fastener has the exclusive "self-lock" which locks automatically at any point.



3. **A BRILLIANT INTERPRETATION** in summer gabardine. Surcoat construction provides this longer shirt with proper drape—makes it easy to join ends of separating Talon slide fastener. Exclusive new "self-lock" automatically locks fastener, for any length of neck opening.

4. **NEW LAPEL TREATMENT,** and side shirring for waistline shaping gives high style to this coat-type shirt. Features the convenient, separating Talon slide fastener. All shirts and slacks available in wide range of colors—in cottons, rayons, summer gabardines, etc.

5. **SMART WINDOWPANE CHECKS,** and the separating Talon slide fastener give this coat-type shirt distinctive "newness." *Slacks are slide-fastened, too . . . and may be had with all the shirts shown on this page in matching or contrasting fabrics and colors.*

TALON SLIDE FASTENER ★ MADE BY TALON, INC. ★ MEADVILLE, PA.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Elmer Roessner

Elmer Roessner wrote *How to Talk Double Talk* for his two boys in high school. He is assistant city editor of the *New York World-Telegram*, commutes to his job from an old New England farmhouse, which happens to be smack in the middle of Jackson Heights. His special joys are squash (the game) and pickled eel.

•

Earle Vonard Weller spent twenty years on newspapers and teaching journalism and English, has been an officer of several advertising agencies, has done some studies of John Keats. He was born in Los Angeles, got his A. B. degree at Occidental, his A. M. at the U. of Southern California.

•

Charles Rawlings (*Free Trade and a Misty Moon*), says love for sailing has made him a bum. There was a little newspapering, a little advertising, a mosquito-humming, sweaty period with oranges in Florida. Now he's in the Nova Scotia town of Lunenburg. He says: "Its bay has the sweetest, black-hulled schooners in it God ever let float. Its town flag is a big-bosomed nightgown, washed to the whiteness of archangel's feathers, whipping on a clothes line in a dry northeaster. It's a sight to see the town aflutter with them Monday mornings."

Charles Rawlings

Donald Barr Chidsey

Donald Barr Chidsey has contributed poetry, articles and fiction to magazines ranging from *Argosy* to the *New Yorker*. Perhaps *Marlborough* is his most widely read book. He's done newspaper work, from Elizabeth, New Jersey to Paris, France. Between newspaper jobs and before, he was at various times newsboy, golf caddy, road-gang foreman, bellboy, bartender, tearoom proprietor, bridge teacher and God knows what. He loves to fix up second-hand cars and drive them on long trips, has driven all around this country, through parts of Mexico, Canada, Cuba, Hawaii, Scotland.

•

H. E. Wenrich spent most of his childhood with his Roundhouse-Hostler father, wandering from one lumber camp to another. He reversed the usual order of things by running away to go to school. He worked in a dairy, on farms and in foundries, stitched brooms, joined the army during the war with Mexico and served in France during the World War. He spent some time in the silk weaving industry, and has written technical articles for several papers in that trade. He lives in Berwick, Pennsylvania, is married, has a daughter and a son. Just now he's on the fourth revision of a novel about Blue Ridge Mountain love.

H. E. Wenrich

Curt Riess

Curt Riess was reared and received part of his schooling in Berlin, Zurich and Paris, part in Heidelberg and Munich. He did newspaper work in Berlin for several years, covering sports at first, later motion pictures and the theatre. After the event of Hitler, he went to Paris. The *Paris Soir* sent him to New York as a sports correspondent and the following year he became correspondent for Ringier & Cie in Switzerland. His articles on America are syndicated everywhere except the Fascist countries. He has done a volume of short stories, a book on sports, one on Hollywood.

•

John Collier (*Season of Mists*, p. 42) lives in Ireland. He wrote the screen plays of *Sylvia Scarlett* and *Elephant Boy*, the books, *Defy the Foul Fiend* and *His Monkey Wife*.

•

Stanley Jones, the baby-hater, attended nine preparatory schools with, he says, complete lack of distinction. He was glad to leave Dartmouth with a degree, by virtue of the war, finding the French and American armies preferable to mathematics. Returning to enter advertising, he lacked the executive spirit and the capacity for wearing stiff collars, so he took up free-lance writing.

Stanley Jones

David Cornel DeJong

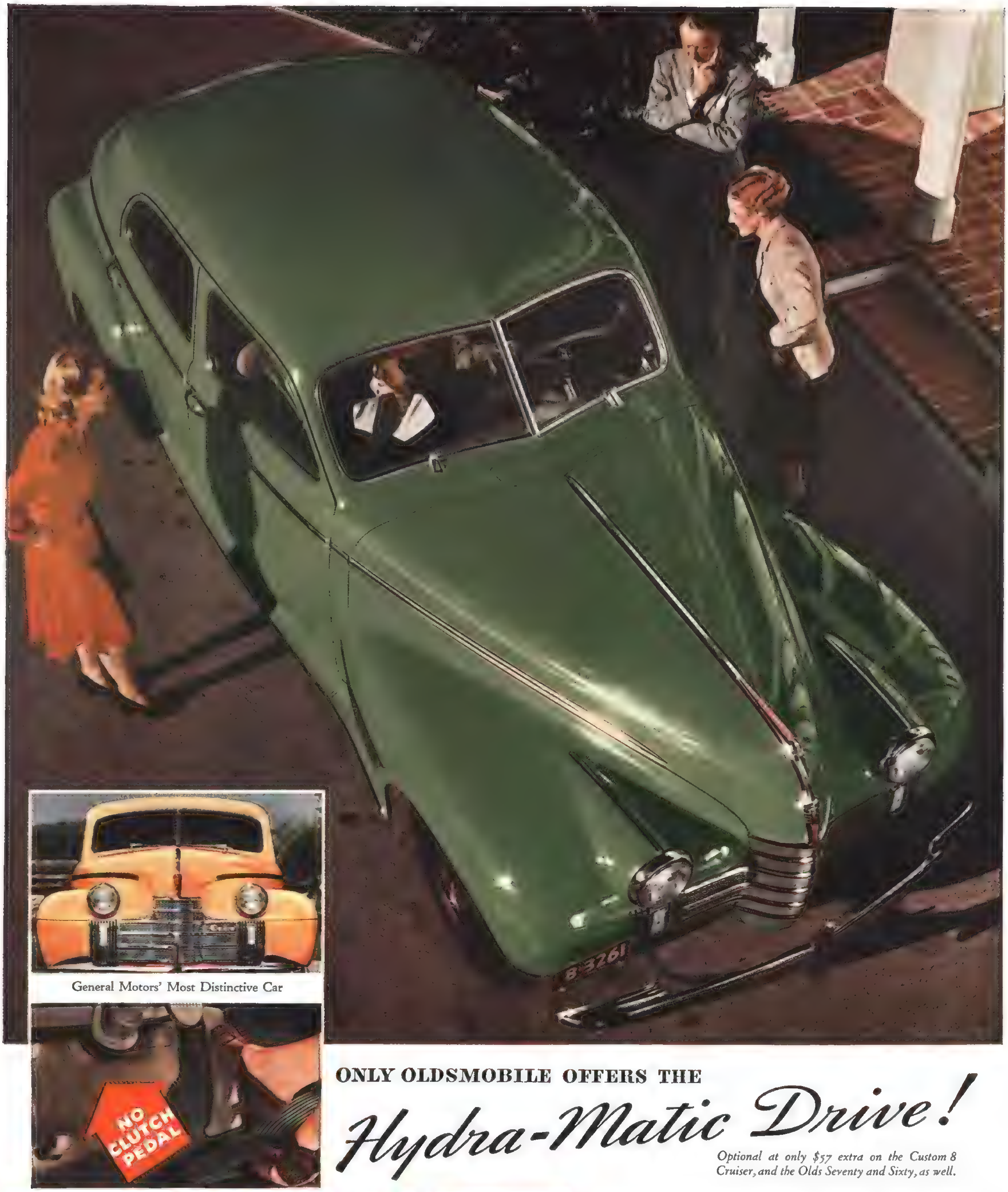
David Cornel DeJong was born in Holland, came to this country at thirteen and was reared in Grand Rapids, Michigan. He went to six colleges, got his M. A. from Duke, then got within spitting distance of a Ph.D. at Brown when he quit—mostly because Knopf accepted and published his first novel: *Belly Fulla Straw*. Two years ago he got a Houghton Mifflin fellowship to write a novel based on his family's background in Holland, called *Old Haven*. Then he made his first trip to Holland to check his book. He volunteers that he's currently unmarried, likes skiing, skating, shopping at the five and dime.

•

Lt. Horace S. Mazet says: "My brother, a prominent bone surgeon, in the East, introduced me to a patient in his hospital; this man was one of those directly concerned with diving operations on H. M. S. *Hampshire*, having suffered his disability down below on the wreck. His story and *The Second Hampshire Tragedy* are closely interwoven." Mazet has spent the last ten years flying with the United States Marines at various posts; currently with the Reserve Squadron at Oakland, California. He wrote the first complete story of sharks ever published. It was called: *Shark! Shark!*

Lt. Horace S. Mazet

Most Modern Car in the World!

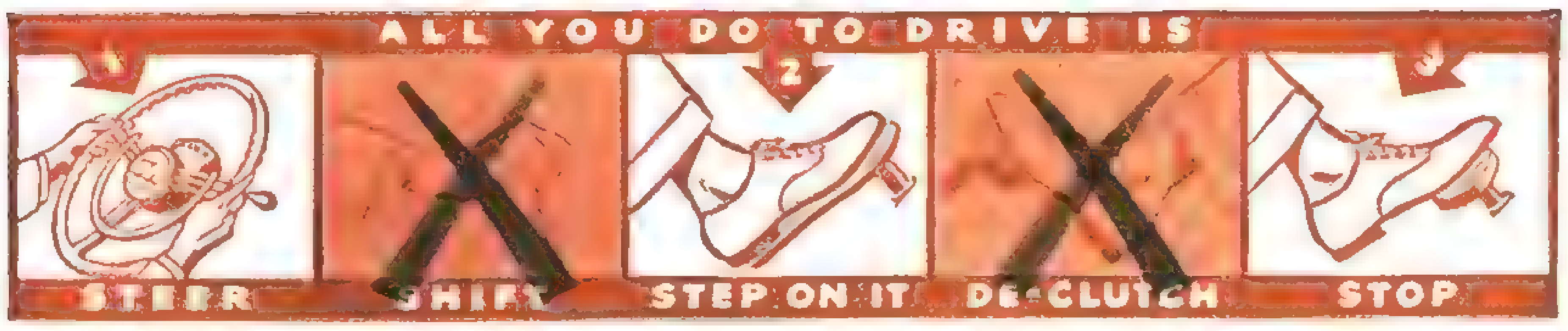

B-3261
NO CLUTCH PEDAL

General Motors' Most Distinctive Car

ONLY OLDSMOBILE OFFERS THE

Hydra-Matic Drive!

Optional at only $57 extra on the Custom 8 Cruiser, and the Olds Seventy and Sixty, as well.

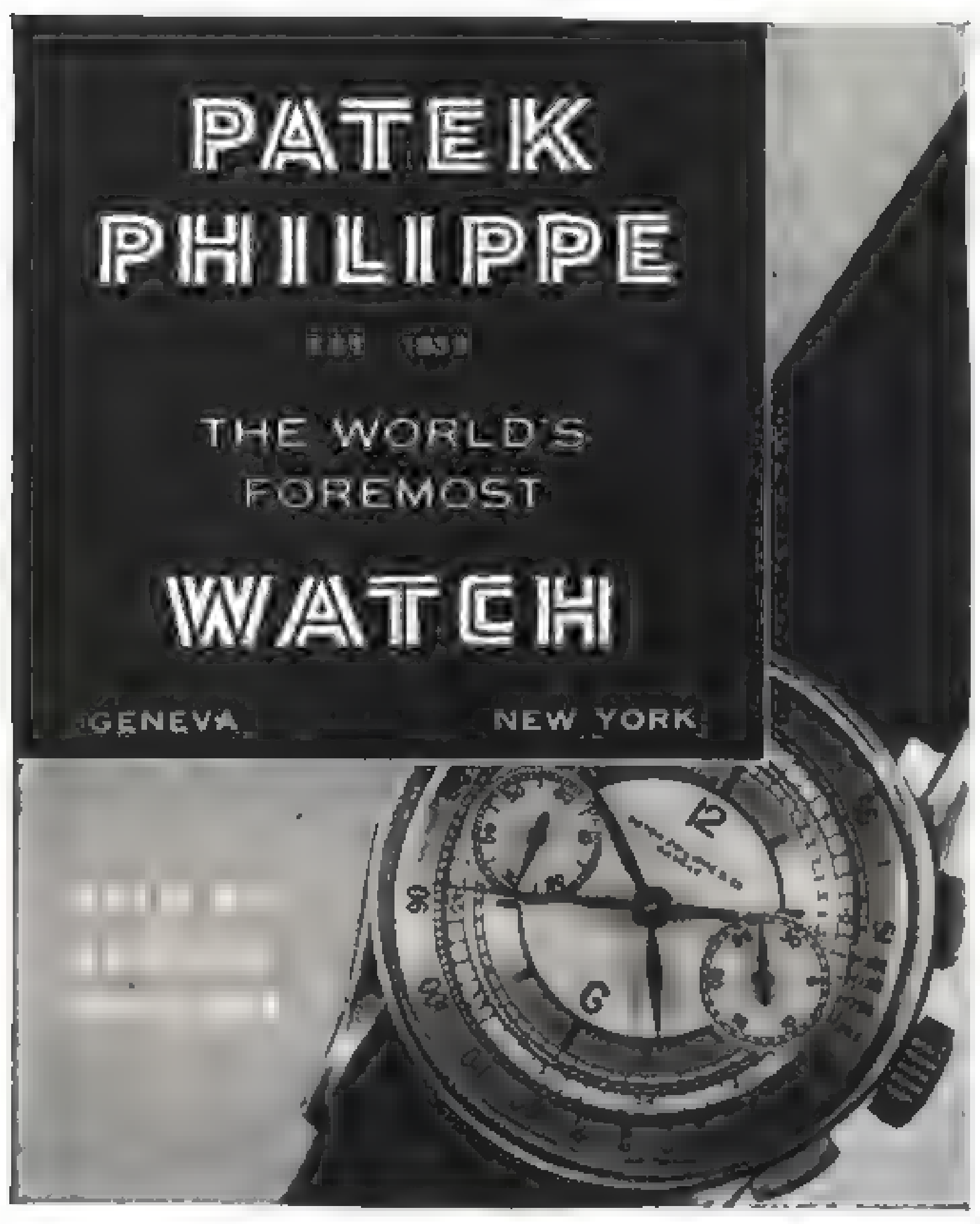

ALL YOU DO TO DRIVE IS
1
STEER
SHIFT
2
STEP ON IT
DE-CLUTCH
3
STOP

OLDSMOBILE'S magnificent 110 H. P. Custom 8 Cruiser stands in its own right as America's super-luxury car of moderate price. Add Oldsmobile's exclusive Hydra-Matic Drive and you have the *most modern car in the world.* With Hydra-Matic Drive, you have *no gears to shift—no clutch to press.* You get smoother, more dynamic performance and you save on gasoline. Visit your Oldsmobile dealer today and try the one BIG new motoring advance of the year!

OLDSMOBILE "CUSTOM 8 CRUISER"

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



STOP YOUR COLLARS FROM CURLING
with invisible Spiffy SELF ADJUSTABLE STAY
PREVENTS CURLING
PREVENTS WRINKLES

HOLDS YOUR COLLAR NEAT AND TRIM

Gives starched collar "smartness" without starching yet with soft collar comfort. Invisible. Fits all collars. Saves laundry bills. Lengthens life of collars, shirts. Get a SPIFFY today at your men's shop or jeweler. If he cannot supply you, send 25c for silver, 50c for DeLuxe 24K gold finish. State name and address of dealer who was unable to supply you and we will include FREE an attractive tie chain.

CREST SPECIALTY CO., R-663 W. Washington, Chicago.

The Gift that Leads

The Hull AutoCompass is a leader in popularity as a Christmas gift...and leads motorists over the most difficult routes without a lost mile. Comes in attractive holiday package. Streamlined Bakelite case, genuine sapphire bearing, built-in compensator. Only $2.95.

See it at your dealer

Hull Mfg. Co., P. O. Box 246-G1, Warren, Ohio

PERSONNA

announces the new

HOLLOW GROUND
•BLADE•

The greatest improvement since the invention of the safety razor

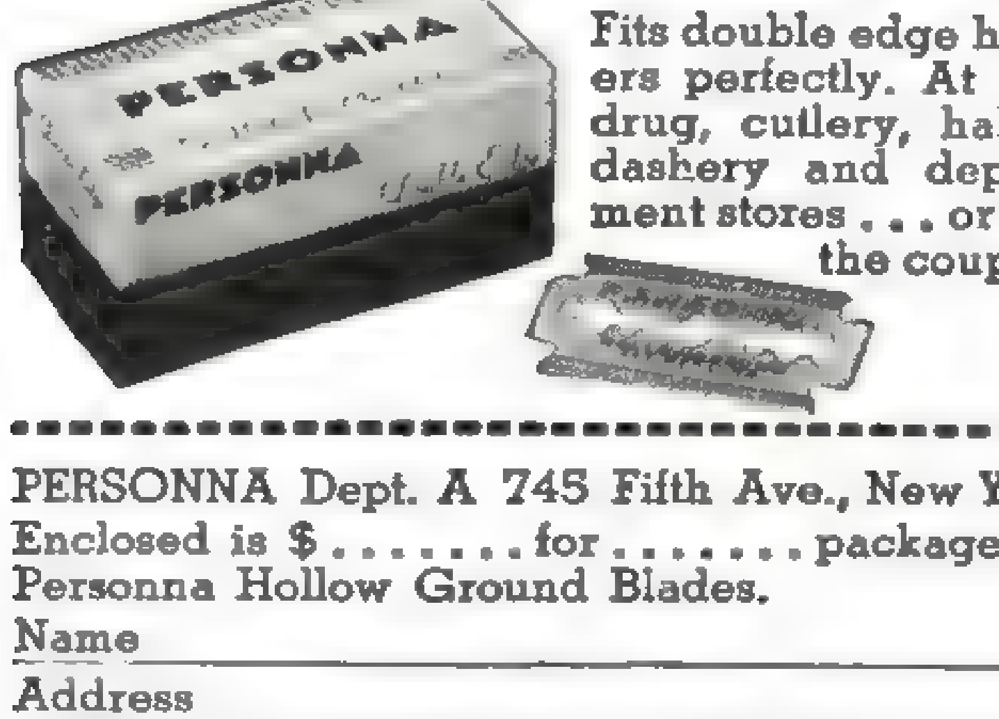
Don't confuse the Personna Hollow Ground blade with anything you have ever seen or tried. Personna is utterly different! For the new Personna blade is *hollow ground*—just like your barber's razor. You can see the difference with your eye, you can feel it when you shave.

PERSONNA is built up to a standard—not down to a price. Each blade is custom-made, a masterpiece of the cutler's art. You'll enjoy a surprising number of perfect shaves from each Personna. We *guarantee* you 10, but most men get 20 or more.

GIVE HIM A YEAR'S SHAVING COMFORT!

Three packages of Personna will see most men through a whole year's shaving. The gift *de luxe* to please any man.

10 BLADES FOR $1

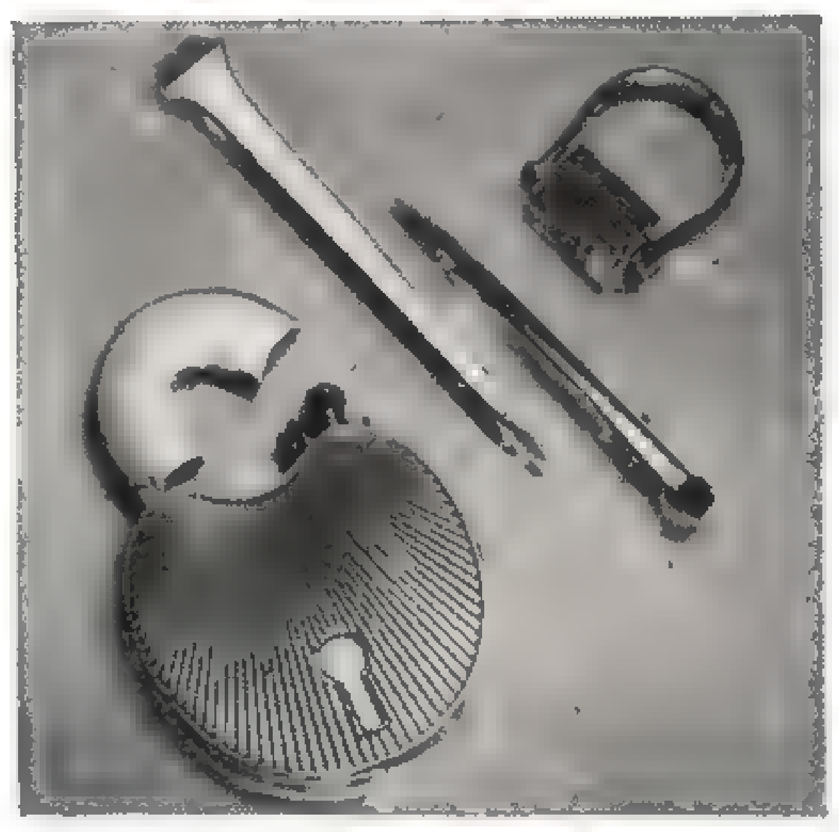


Fits double edge holders perfectly. At fine drug, cutlery, haberdashery and department stores . . . or use the coupon.

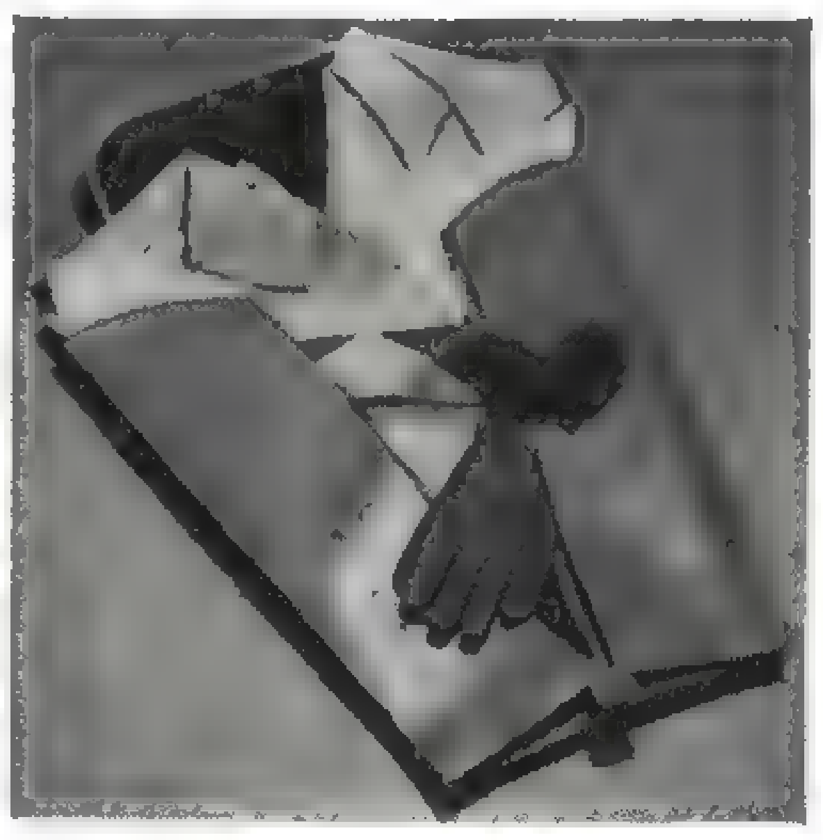
PERSONNA Dept. A 745 Fifth Ave., New York
Enclosed is $ . . . . for . . . . packages of Personna Hollow Ground Blades.
Name
Address

Guarantee: *10 perfect shaves from every blade or money back*

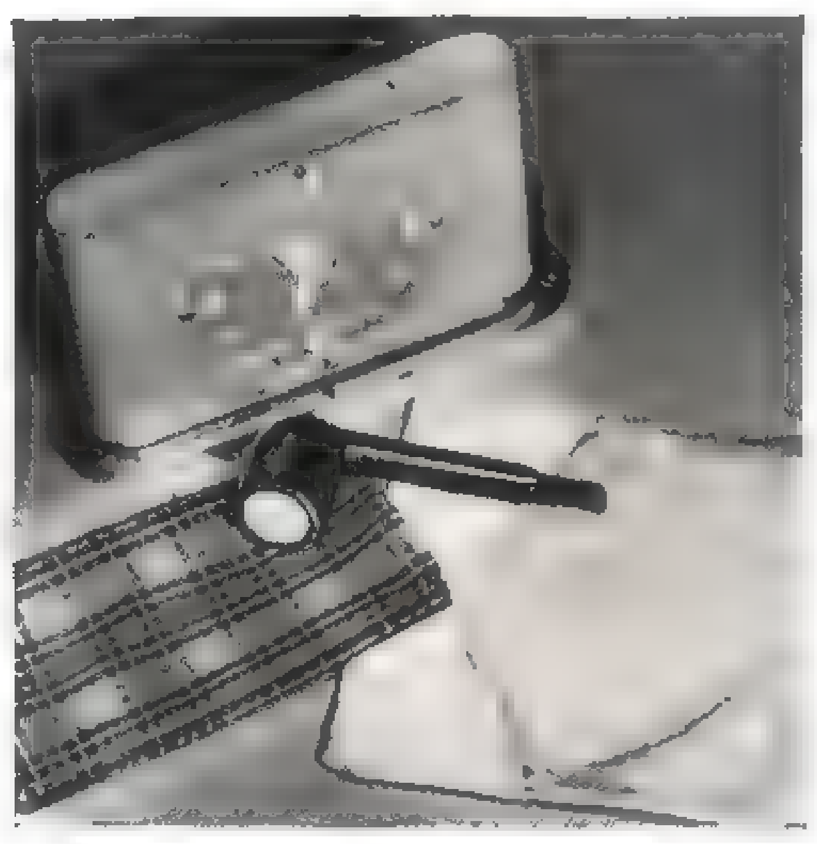
He-man Gifts



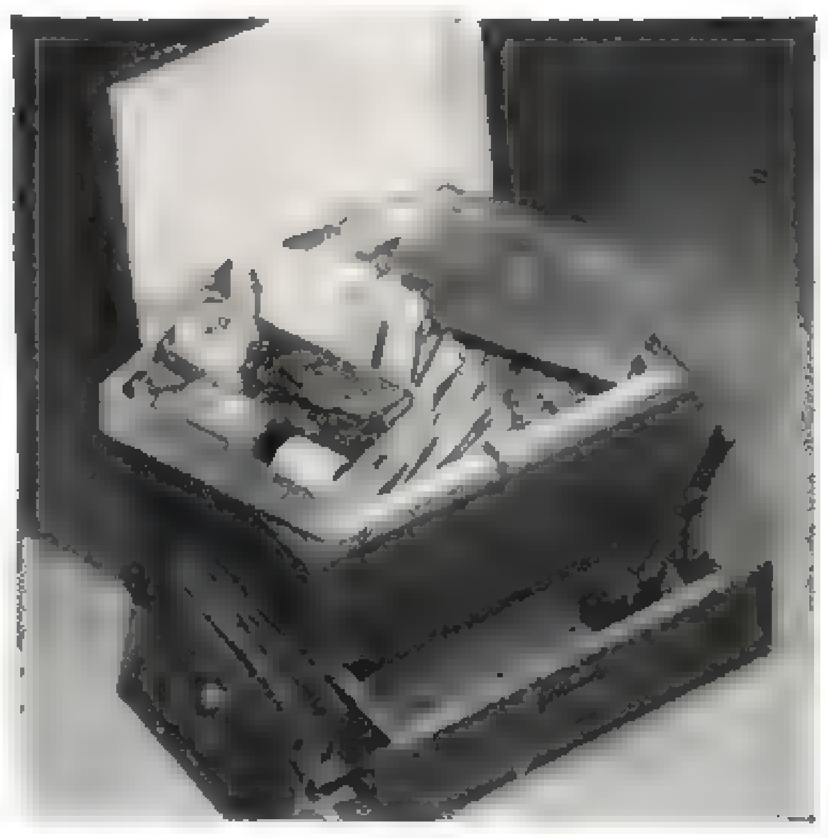
CARRYING THE GOLD STANDARD. Raise it high—these are all 14 kt. trinkets that might well be the laurels of that arduous shopping trip you didn't make. In the usual order, a gold padlock cigarette lighter, tie and collar clip set in horseshoe nail guise, and a swivel ring—space for a crest on one side, his initials on the other.



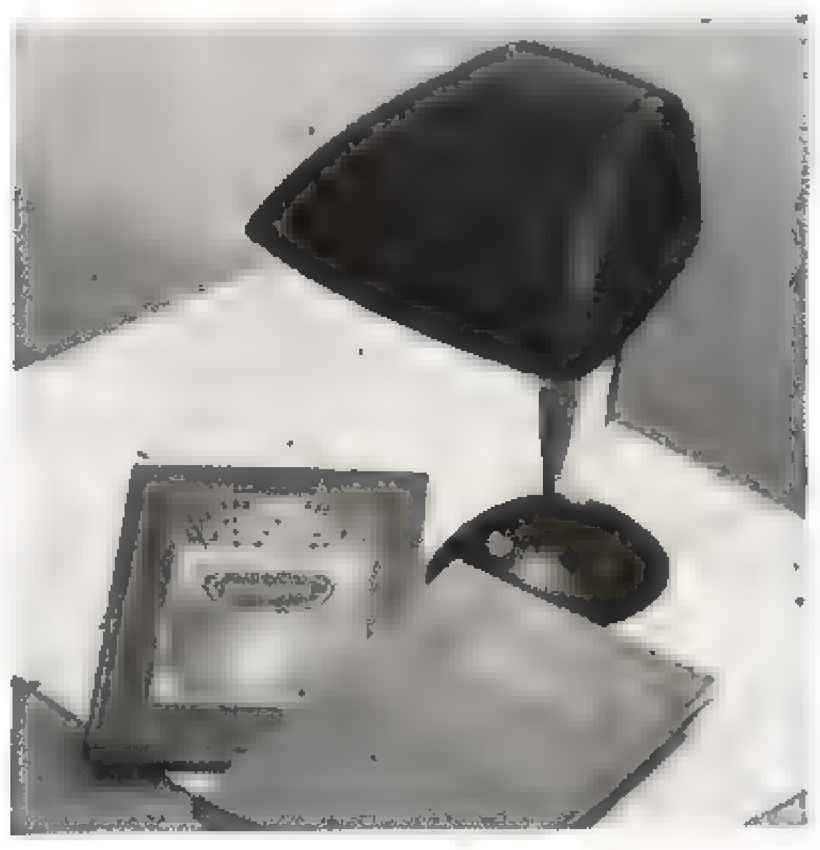
THE CASE FOR SHIRTS. It actually holds twelve shirts, this case of scotch pigskin, and has room to spare for gloves, ties and handkerchiefs. It's a single, solid piece of pigskin. The two of its possible dozen present for the moment are an English poplin matte and a Scotch flannel. The gloves are English hogskin, the tie partly cashmere.



CLOCKWATCHER—PIPE SMOKER. If it's a clock he's wanting, we cheerfully suggest this time piece *extraordinaire*, dressed up in sun tanned pigskin with a crystal dial. The movement is an 8-day Swiss. The tartan and suede tobacco pouches have that practical "flip-top" arrangement which does away with all tobacco leakage. And the pipe's own claim to fame is a meerschaum bowl minus the meerschaum's usually ungainly shape.



PALAIS DES PIPES. That "man who has everything" is back again but here's one that will really silence him—a tobacco bar with everything any pipe smoker ever wanted. In the walnut cabinet are a 12-pipe drawer, complete pipe workshop and a full-stocked humidified tobacco compartment. The pipe itself is a newcomer, has a removable disc cover that makes it spark and windproof.



NEW YEAR—NEW LIGHT. Walter Teague designed this new polaroid lamp that should do famously on "his" desk at home or office. The polaroid light-control material cuts out reflected glare, greatly increases visibility and illumination. It's aluminum and plastic. No better gift for the music lover than a set of specially Christmas-bound scores of famous operas—in cloth or leather.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

No. 1 SKIER!

When Hannes Schneider, World's #1 Skier, says Northland Skis handle more easily, last longer, and won't fold up on you when you turn on the heat, he means it. Hannes Schneider uses Northlands exclusively! The Father of Modern Skiing demands the best in skis... he gets the best in Northlands. The ideal Christmas gift for him or for her! You can have the Best in Skis at a price you can afford. Write today for illustrated folder.

NORTHLAND SKI MFG. CO.
World's Largest Ski Manufacturers
11 Merrian Park St. Paul, Minn.

Parker
ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH
SAFE for TOOTH ENAMEL

TEETH LIKE MOVIE STARS!
Cleaner — Brighter — Beautiful

Enjoy HOLLYWOOD Glamour—with teeth like the Stars. Cleaner, healthier, more lustrous than you ever dreamed of with old-fashioned wasteful brush method. Your friends will marvel at the attractive change overnight. The DENTIST-CLEAN quality of ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSHING will amaze you.

BRUSH YOUR TEETH JUST LIKE THE DENTIST DOES

SAFE-SIMPLE-EASY TO USE. Reaches every tooth—removes all particles between teeth. Children enjoy it. Saves on Dentifrice, Brushes and on Dentists' bills too. Quickly pays for itself. One unit for entire family — individual brushes, easily changed. IDEAL FOR CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Order yours TODAY direct from this "AD"—send only $5, or we'll gladly ship C.O.D.

ONLY $5.00
Postpaid, including 5 Brushes.
Extra brushes 10c each.
Rubber Suction Gum Massage 25c

PARKER BRUSHES 100 W. NORTH AVE.
CHICAGO, ILL.

31 SUPER-SMOOTH SHAVES GUARANTEED FROM EACH GILLETTE TYPE BLADE

The new, amazing *Hydromatic* Razor Blade Sharpener saves you 700% or more on razor blades! With a *Hydromatic*, one ordinary gillette-type blade will give several weeks—not just two or three days—of superlative shaving. The *Hydromatic* does what no other device can do:—it automatically puts super-keen *precision edges* on blades—edges even finer than those on brand new blades! Test it yourself. See what grand shaves you get. Results guaranteed or your money back. Durably, dependably constructed of Stainless Steel, du Pont Pyralin and Plastacele. An ideal gift. $1.00 postpaid.

FANGER LABORATORY
1940 11th Ave. Oakland, Calif.

MOTHERSILL'S
SEASICK
REMEDY
6

STOPS SEA SICKNESS

For Xmas
and the
New Year
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
8 YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES

8
YEARS
OLD
86 PROOF

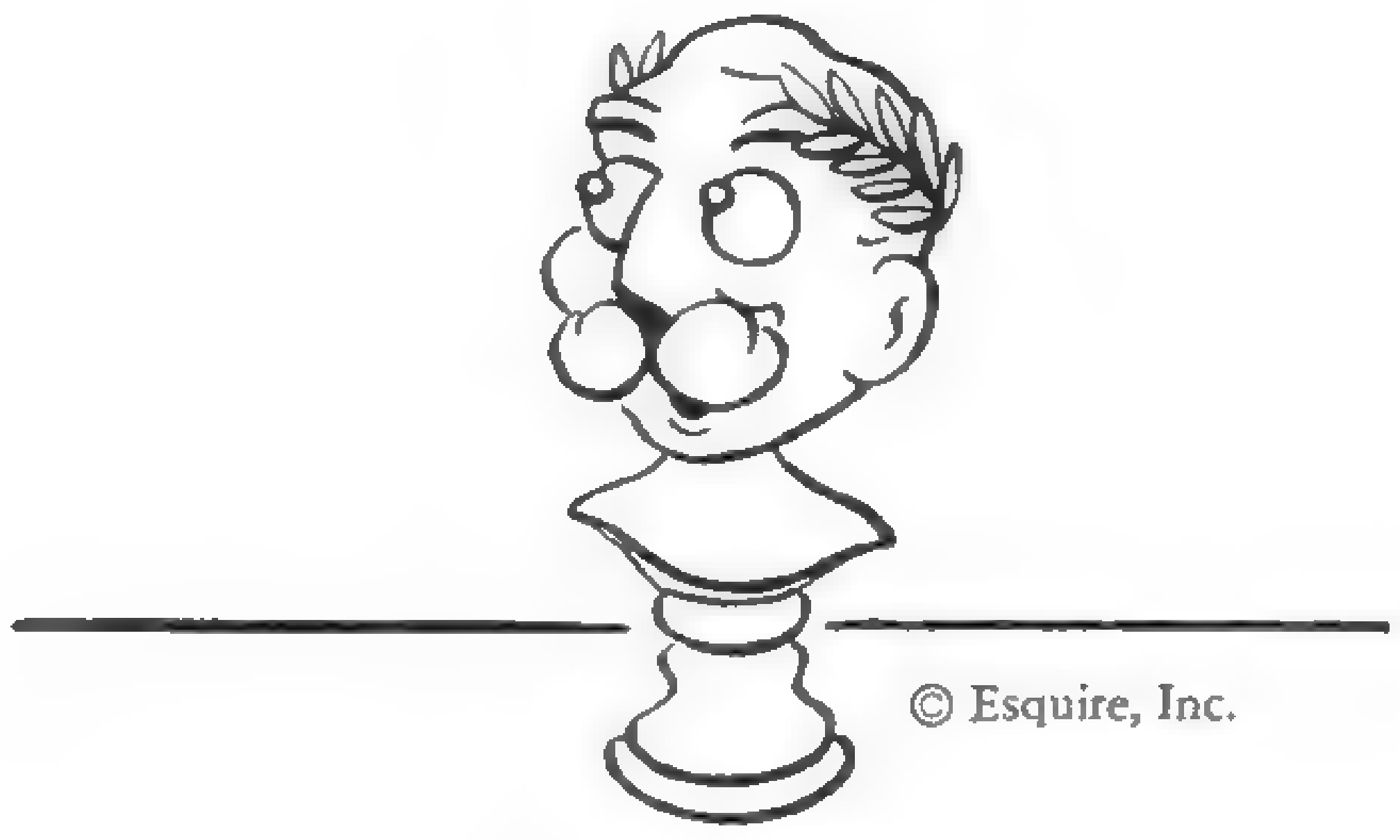
The world over, VAT 69 is the Gift that is "No. 1 in Good Taste"

ICH DIEN
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE
PRINCE OF WALES • 1936

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M.
THE KING OF SWEDEN

"Quality Tells"

Sole Distributors for the United States PARK & TILFORD Import Corporation, New York, N. Y.



© Esquire, Inc.

THE GREEKS HAD A PHILOSOPHY FOR IT!

2300 years ago . . . Epicurus, the Greek philosopher, decided that the greatest good in life was . . . pleasure! And so he forthwith set out to capture just as much as possible of it for himself.

Since then much water has gone under the bridge . . . yet today we still remember Epicurus. For his name has found a place in our vocabularies to denote one who enjoys good living, good food, good clothes, and good fun . . . which is where ESQUIRE enters the picture!

ESQUIRE has always, like Epicurus, maintained that pleasure is the greatest good . . . that laughter is the hub of human behavior . . . and that life, far from being grim, is good clean fun . . . and plenty of it!

Hence ESQUIRE grinds no ax . . . save one to wield against those who bow at the altar of gloom. ESQUIRE takes no sides . . . but rather makes you hold your own with merriment. ESQUIRE carries no torch . . . yet casts a warm bright light where light is most needed!

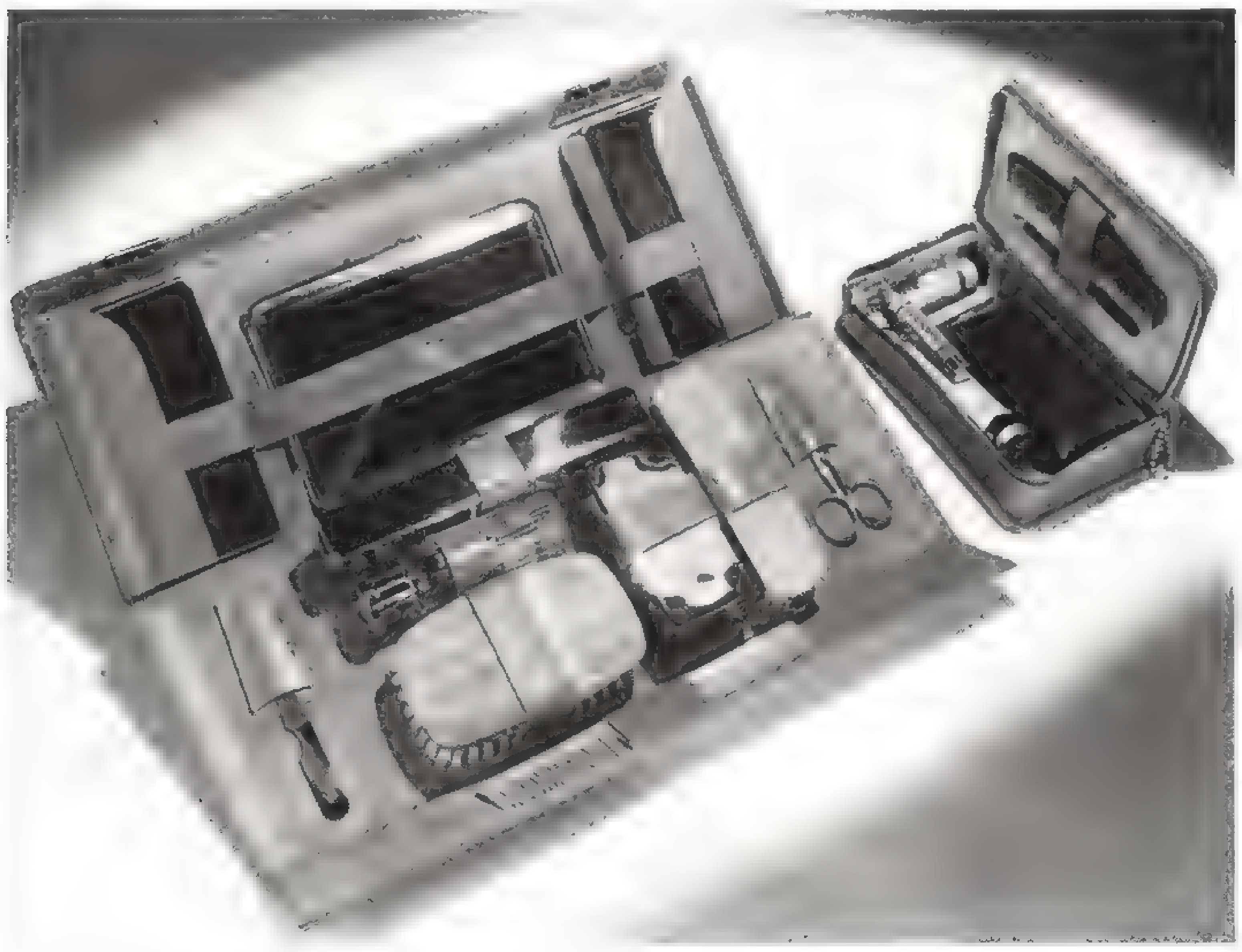
That is why . . . more than any other magazine . . . ESQUIRE characterizes the very spirit and essence of today. That is why throughout 1940 . . . as in each of its past years . . . ESQUIRE will continue to add spice and pleasure to our world of today!

"Let others serve posterity. As for me who live *in* this moment, I shall also with all my might live *for* this moment!"

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Christmas Gifts from Brooks Brothers

For last minute Christmas shopping, Brooks Brothers' stocks include hundreds of good-looking, useful suggestions—which do not require sizes, fitting, or other individual specifications of the recipient in order to be intelligently and *quickly* purchased. Prices range from a few dollars or less up to fifty dollars or more—Brooks standard throughout.



FITTED DRESSING CASES range from $6 to $250. Those illustrated are: Cowhide lined with suede, containing 11 toilet articles, $20; and pigskin with slide fastener, containing 6 toilet articles, $6. PIGSKIN UNFITTED DRESSING CASE (not illustrated) with oilsilk lining for wet toilet articles, and slide fastener, $12. Boys' Shoe Polishing Kits are $6.50.

IMPORTED WOOL MUFFLERS illustrated left to right (top): Knitted wools, such as hand-knit Fair Isle patterns (5¾ inches wide), $9 to $15; and plain colors with fringed ends, $5 to $12, and (bottom) woven woollens in plaids, $4; checks, $4; tartans, $5; plain colors, $5. Many color combinations. SILK MUFFLERS (not illustrated) are $5 to $14.

BROOKS ENGLISH BRIAR PIPES, sterling silver mounted (from top to bottom): 37F, $7; 16F push-stem, $8; 38MF, $7; 58F push-stem, $7; 14F, $7; 80F, $7. BROOKS ENGLISH BRIAR PIPES, special shapes (not illustrated): 114F, Octagonal, $6; 95F, "Bowler," $6; 301, Poker, $6; 520F, "Forward Seat," $6; 47, "Bulldog," $6; Captain Warren meerschaum lined, sterling mounted, $14. BROOKS ENGLISH PIPES in styles similar to those illustrated—but plain briar, vulcanite stems, without sterling bands—$6 and $7.

BROOKS DRESS SETS, left to right (top): Dinner Jacket Set, cuff-links, studs, and waistcoat buttons, black onyx, platinum center and 14-K back, $68; cuff-links, studs, waistcoat buttons, smoked mother-of-pearl with 14-K white gold edge, $42; plain 14-K gold cuff-links, $21; plain 14-K gold studs, $12.50; 3 white cultured pearl and 14-K studs, $24. (Bottom) Dress Sets, cuff-links, studs, waistcoat buttons—white agate, gold plated mounting, $25; mother-of-pearl, platinum, 14-K mounted, $48; jet, 10-K white-gold mounted, $28. Other Dress Sets range from $25 to $100.

SKI JACKETS in specially weather-proofed imported English poplin with slide fastened pockets: (top) collar-attached model with slide fastener, $16; and (bottom) double breasted lapelled model, $16. Cream color.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVE. COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. · NEW YORK
NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET · BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET · NEW YORK

"346"
"346"
Brooks Brothers

"346" BROOKS BROTHERS' PIPE TOBACCO. A special blend of the finest imported and American tobaccos prepared exclusively for Brooks Brothers. Pound tins are $3.50. Half-pounds, $1.75. BROOKS TOBACCO POUCHES, $2.75 to $4.50 in many styles and materials.

PARK & TILFORD

Private Stock

A Blend of Straight Whiskies in Rye or Bourbon

P&T
FOUNDED IN 1840
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
RYE
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
ONE QUART 92 PROOF
Bottled by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
New York

A Tradition of Quality for 100 Years

America's Luxury Whiskey

PARK & TILFORD
Distillers, Inc., New York, N. Y.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

HOW TO TAKE THE BATTLE OUT OF BRIDGE

Culbertson on bridge battles—"Ninety-five percent of the arguments is whether hubby had an opening bid or whether wifey should have passed." "In other words, the fighting is about bidding, and who was right or wrong. And what is being done about it? Does anyone look up the rules? No, too much trouble. Instead the battle continues until one or the other is out-shouted or out-talked."

And Mr. Culbertson has followed up his words with action. He has plopped his entire bridge system right on the bridge table, squarely under the noses of the players. He has charted all bidding rules on a specially constructed table cover which the players can use and consult without getting up from the bridge table until practice has made them all perfect. Culbertson calls this unique table cover the Table Teacher.

"In my new Table Teacher," says Culbertson, "I've made it possible for average players as well as beginners to play bridge without fuss or argument. No previous study or memorizing anything is now necessary. Players absorb the rules while playing. All information is given when and where it is needed most—right in front of all players."

Culbertson admitted his Table Teacher will not end the remaining five percent of the bridge arguments between husband and wife.

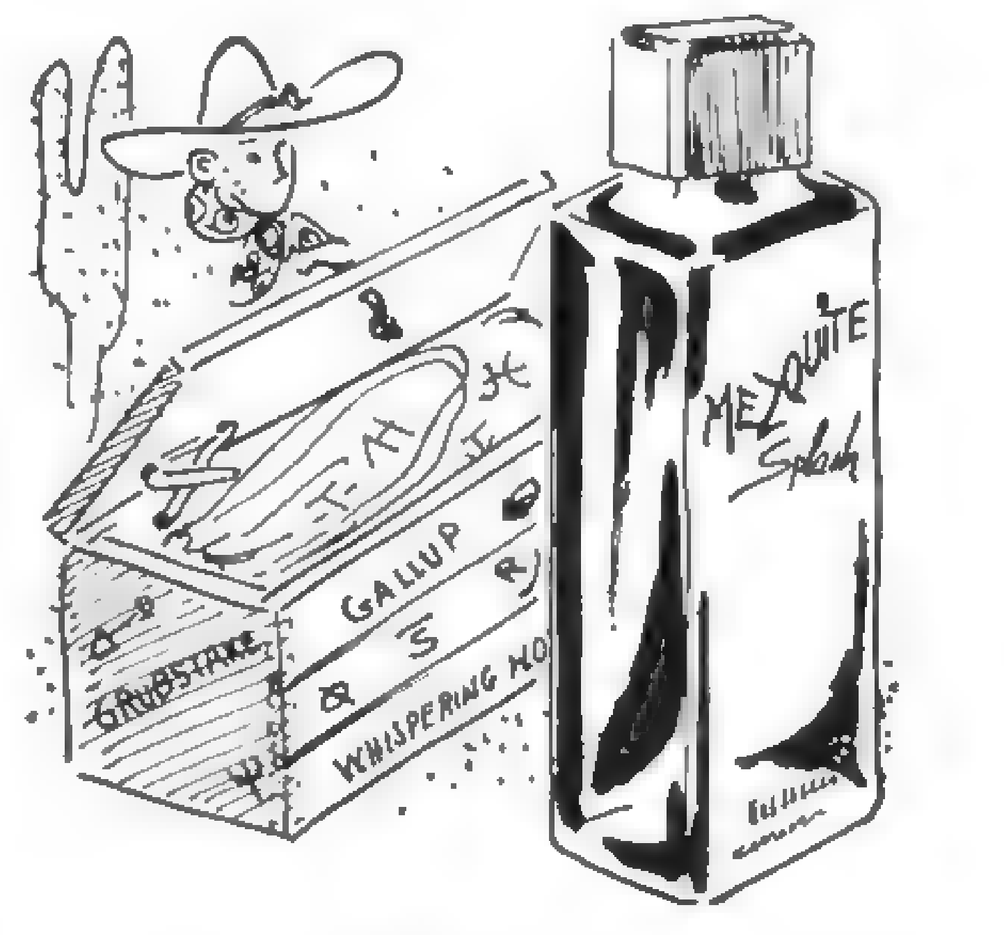
"Why not?" we asked.

"Well, that's a delicate subject," replied Culbertson. "Those arguments are ostensibly about bridge, but they are really about something else that's happened before they sat down to play. Husband and wife know, or do they?"

VIVE LA SHEETS

For ye harried bachelors who have to live alone and like it, or the husband who finds his wife's housekeeping fraught with inefficiency, we give you a new quirk in bedlinens which will cut bedmaking-time in half! One of the big mills—the same one which introduced projecting size-index tabs sewn into the sheet—is making up sheets with two wide hems instead of one wide and one narrow. This may be confusing to undomesticated males but it means that either end can be placed at the head of the bed—and no more whirling the sheets around to get the "top" hem at the top—because either hem will do the trick.

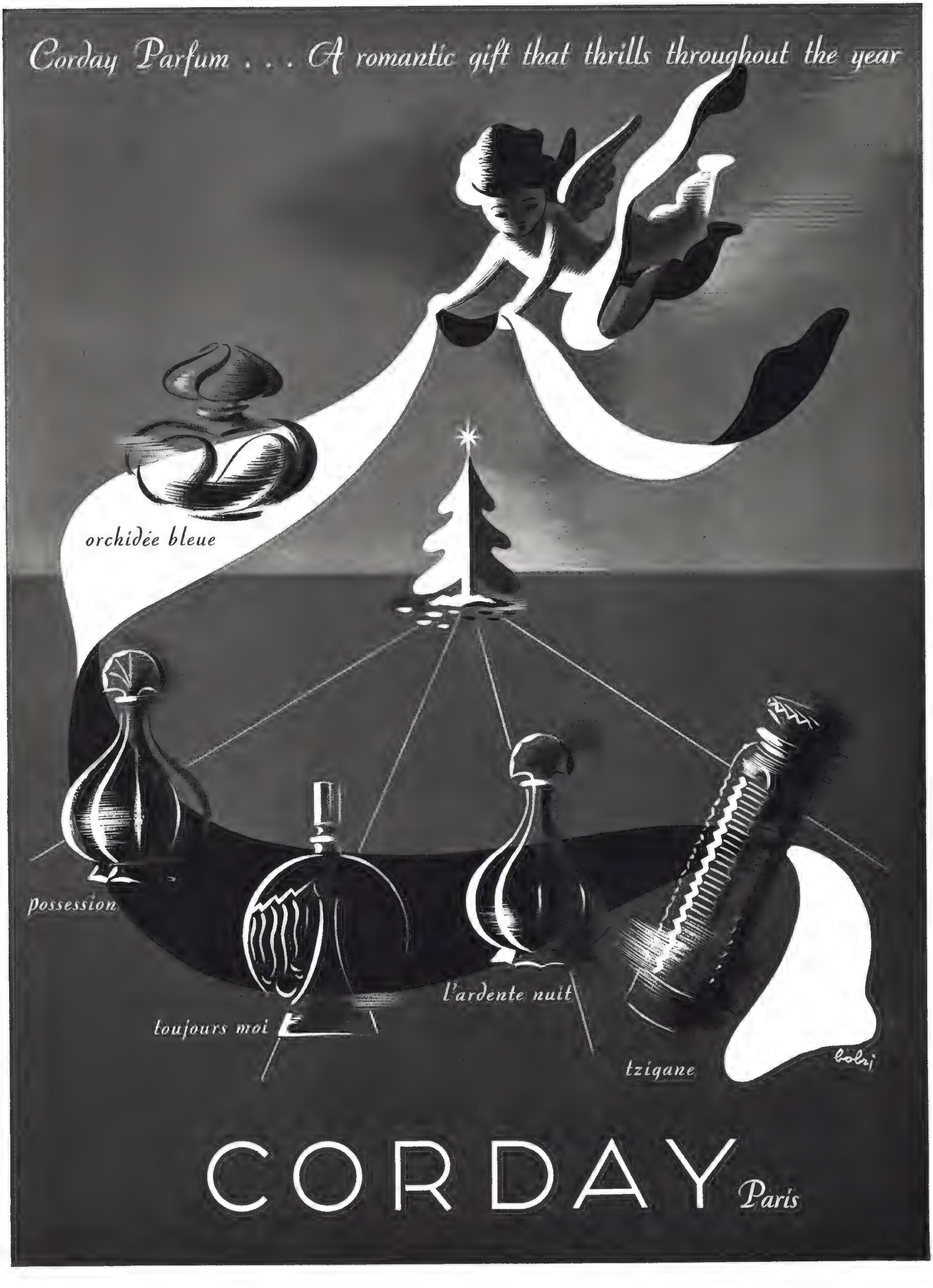
If this seems a bit involved, just look at your present sheets and you'll get the point. Aside from reducing the onerous task of bedmaking to child's play, these reversible hems (that's their formal title) add years to the life-span of your sheets because the areas of heaviest wear-and-tear are more evenly distributed. For example, if you always kick holes through the bottom portions of your sheets, reversible-hemmed sheets will make it twice as hard for you to do. Because, according to the law of averages, you will not have the same spot to kick at every night—as you did with ordinary sheets. These, by the way, are woven of heavyweight muslin and can take plenty of punishment.



SPLASH FOR HIS CHRISTMAS

Men, who would calmly sock you in the chops if you ventured the suggestion that they use perfume, have taken in a big way to the new masculine after-shower, after-shave cologne called Mezquite Splash. Some of them who have most cheerfully admitted a liking for the thing are puzzled about their unusual behavior. They are, that is, until they learn that its odor is a blend of saddle leather and rich Havana tobacco. Then they're apt to blandly declare they suspected it all the time. In addition to its rugged scent, men like the "package" it comes in. The bottle is a strong, sturdy piece of glass with a Redwood stopper, sewed with Indian tan leather thongs. It comes in a soft, suede bag that's branded with reproductions of authentic ranch brands. The bag resembles the cowboy's poke or chuck bags All this comes in a box of California Redwood that's branded by hot irons with names of typical western towns, such as Tombstone, Helldorado and the like. Another solution to Christmas gift problem, no?

Ranger


Corday Parfum . . . A romantic gift that thrills throughout the year
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possession
toujours moi
l'ardente nuit
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Not ready for "express train" running downhill? Then you can choose no better spot than MONT TREMBLANT to improve your technique! MONT TREMBLANT'S new Ski School is under the direction of the world-renowned Hans Falkner—founder of the internationally-celebrated Austrian school at Ober-Gurgl. A few chats with Erling Ström in the ski shop will add infinitely to your knowledge of waxes, boots and bindings.

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Choose accommodations to fit your taste and budget from MONT TREMBLANT'S variety. Fifty rooms with private baths in the handsome new Lodge. Twelve de-luxe rooms; twenty-three rooms with adjacent baths in the smaller Lodge; a beautifully appointed eight-room cottage; forty cabins ranging in size from one to four rooms. Come up!

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AMERICA'S FINEST SKI RESORT

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

MR. SCHORR AND THE FUTURE OF OPERA

War has always had a disastrous effect on the cultural arts of the world — musical, literary and plastic. And today, with many of the governments of Europe again in general conflict, America stands alone as the one great nation which can—and must—preserve and develop the peacetime arts.

That's the conclusion reached by Friedrich Schorr, leading Wagnerian baritone of the Metropolitan, who has gone into the situation rather thoroughly. He points out that opera, specifically Wagnerian opera, will be one of the first musical arts to be seriously affected by the present war. "Wagnerian opera," Mr. Schorr states, "will slowly die out in this country, unless the famous singers who have achieved their success in this branch of opera will do their best in insuring its future."

In explanation of this statement, the baritone calls attention to the fact that since the outbreak of the European war, young American singers have been unable to go abroad to gain the experience which is so vital in the portrayal of difficult Wagnerian roles. The provincial opera houses of Germany, Austria and Italy, Mr. Schorr states, have hitherto offered the perfect training ground for young singers. But now, this door is closed, and they must look to America to supply them with the background and tradition which the proper interpretation of operatic music requires.

Mr. Schorr, who has been the mainstay of the Wagnerian wing of the Metropolitan for the past 16 seasons, maintains that the art of Wagnerian opera can be perfected and continued in the United States — but it is up to those artists who have already achieved first rank as Wagnerian singers, to pass on their knowledge to the opera singers of the future.

They can do this, he continues, by devoting at least part of their time to advising and coaching promising students who are no longer able to develop their art in the atmosphere of the old-world tradition of German and Italian opera companies. Consequently, Mr. Schorr henceforth plans to divide his time between singing at the Metropolitan and teaching opera singers of the future.

America, according to this distinguished baritone, has produced many beautiful powerful voices. The best vocal equipment in the world is right here, he says. "But it takes more than a beautiful voice to make a great singer. There must be many years spent in study, in learning the background of the music, in developing technique and understanding of the roles to be included in the repertoire."

Mr. Schorr believes that a young singer, trained by a thoughtless teacher who encourages him to make his public debut prematurely, before he has been instilled with the "life" of the music he is to sing, or before he has acquired a complete understanding of the Wagnerian tradition, is very unlikely to be a success or ever reach the portals of the Metropolitan.

Just what is the Wagnerian tradition? According to Mr. Schorr, it is a thorough familiarity with all details; a knowledge of the history of the story and the role to be portrayed; a full understanding of the libretto and score; and an ability to create a character who will live on the stage as a human being—not simply as a vehicle through which lovely sound is poured forth.

He deplores the fact that it should be deemed necessary for all aspiring opera singers to get their training in Europe. "If vocal teachers in this country," he says, "will make it a very integral part of their course to instruct their students in the history and 'vital statistics' of the music they are learning, and if the great opera stars will undertake to further Wagnerian art through encouraging and advising talented singers, there is no reason why this country should not develop operatic stars of the future who can rightfully take their place beside the great of today.

During the past few years, he points out, there has been an increased interest on the part of the American public in Wagnerian opera. This is partly due to the radio, and also to the fact that the Metropolitan has acquired several remarkably fine Wagnerian singers. If this interest in the great operas of Wagner is to continue, the Metropolitan's leading baritone continues, it will be necessary to acquaint the American public even more thoroughly with the music of the opera, for the audience—as well as the singer—must know "what it is all about" if the work is to be a success.

Mr. Schorr is confident that there is a place here for many more really good opera companies. These companies will be a great success if they are staffed with capable stage-directors to guide young singers, good orchestras and top-notch conductors. In this way, American singers will be given the opportunity they now sadly lack, to acquire actual experience in the opera.

Ranger

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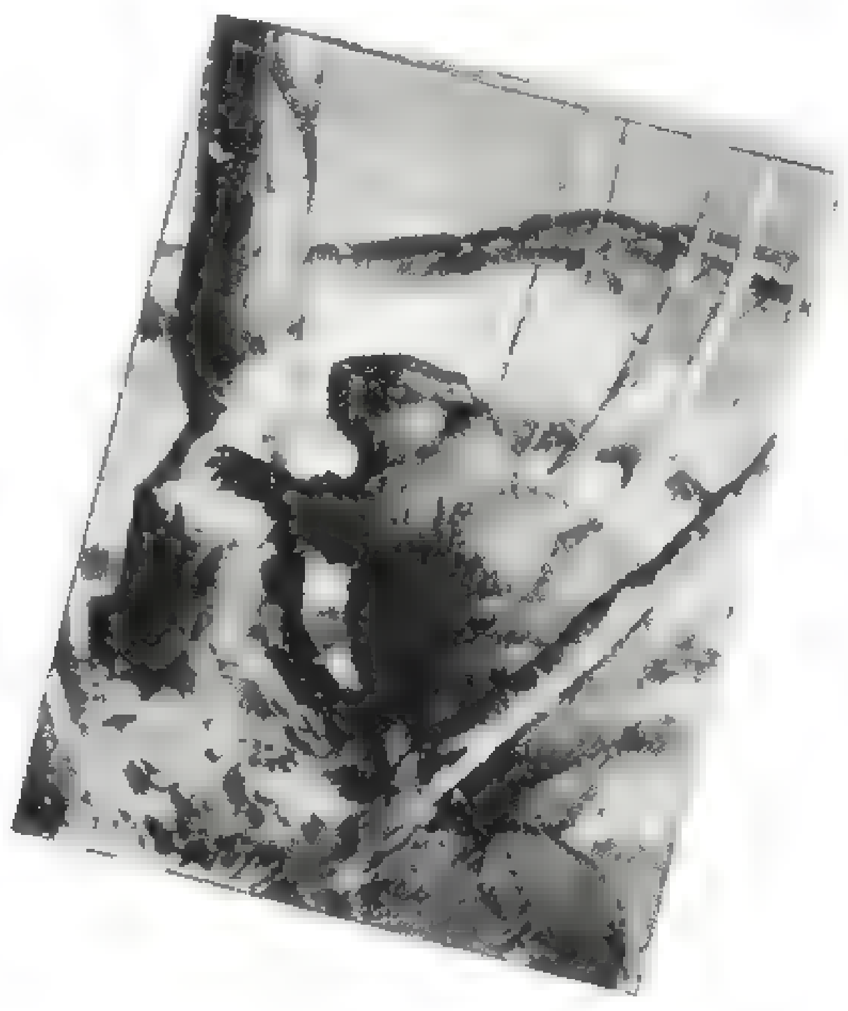

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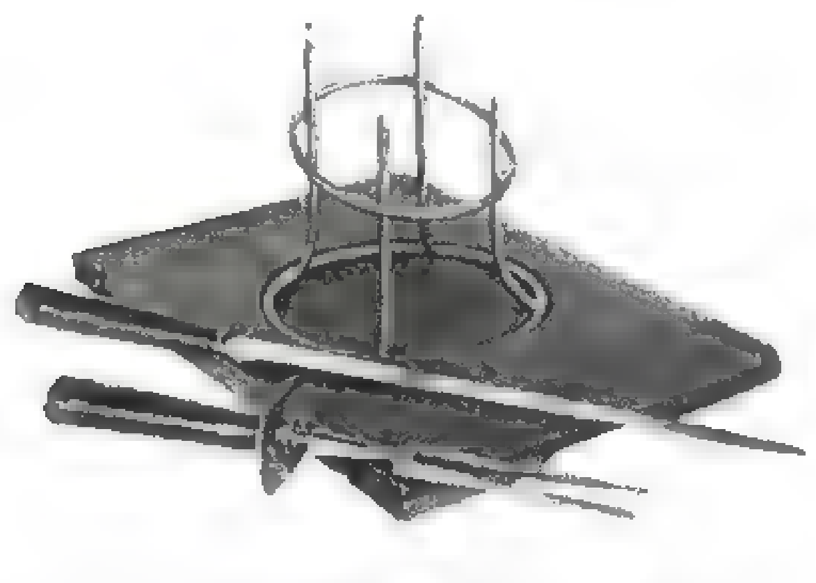
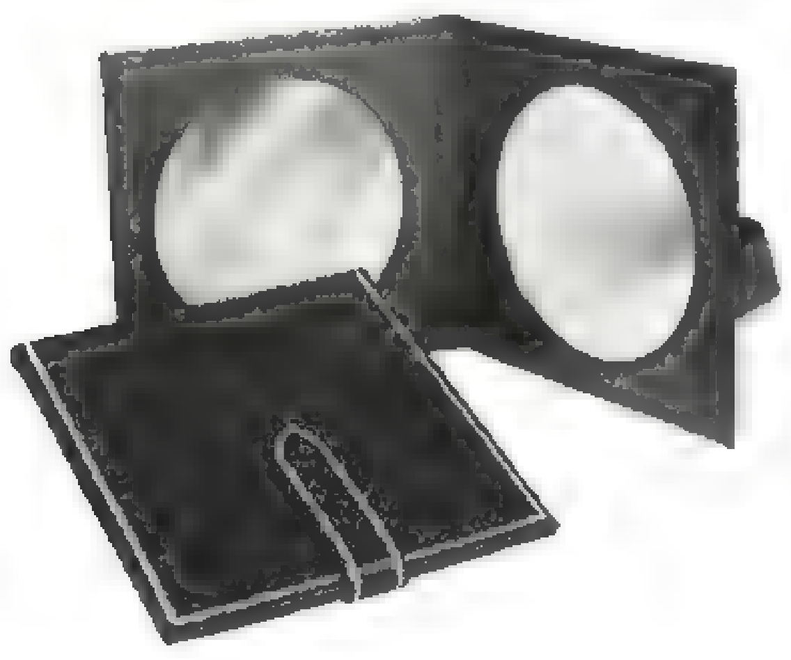
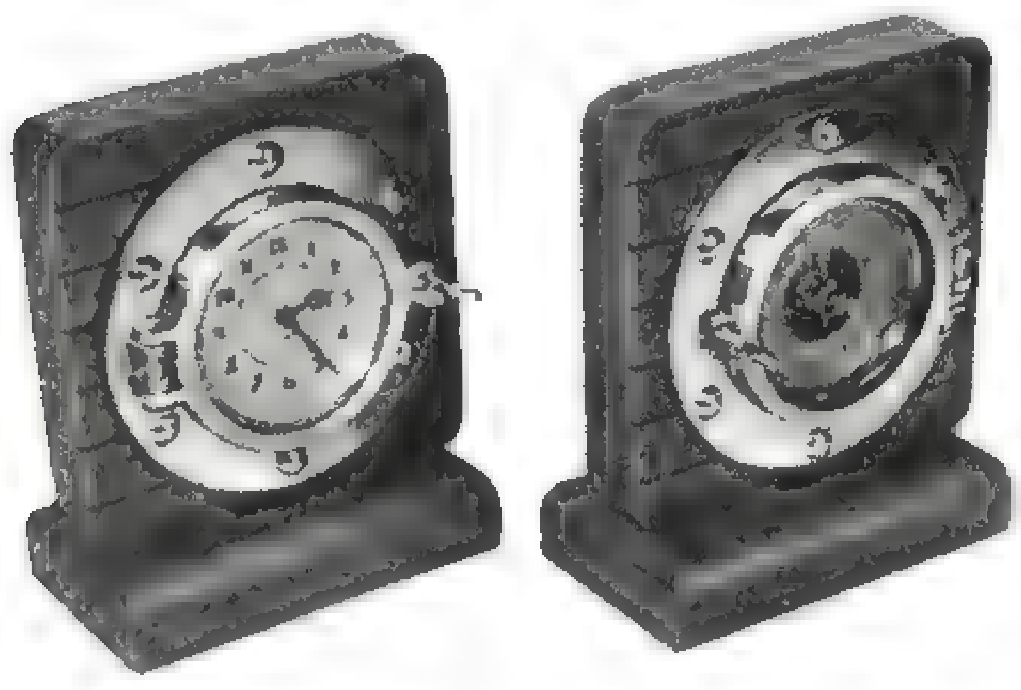


CARVING SET—For the expert touch. Solid walnut board with chromium spike holder for ham or roasts plus carving knife and fork. $15.



PIGSKIN TRAVELING MIRROR—One side contains plain mirror for general view, opposite side is magnifying for make-up refinements. $6.50.

ASPREY REFERENCE LIBRARY—Walnut or mahogany stand with 8 volumes of practical every-day information. Red or green bindings. $35.

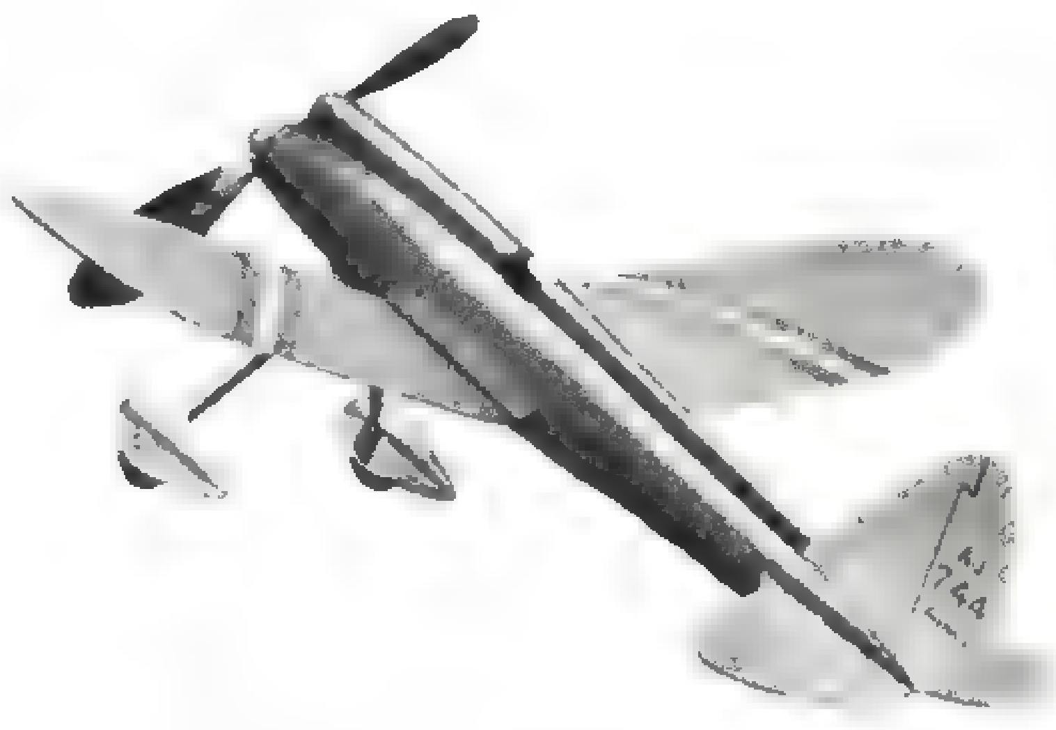


MARINE BOOKENDS—Heavy wooden bases support an 8-day clock at one end and a fine barometer at the other. Both mounted in brass port-holes. $30.

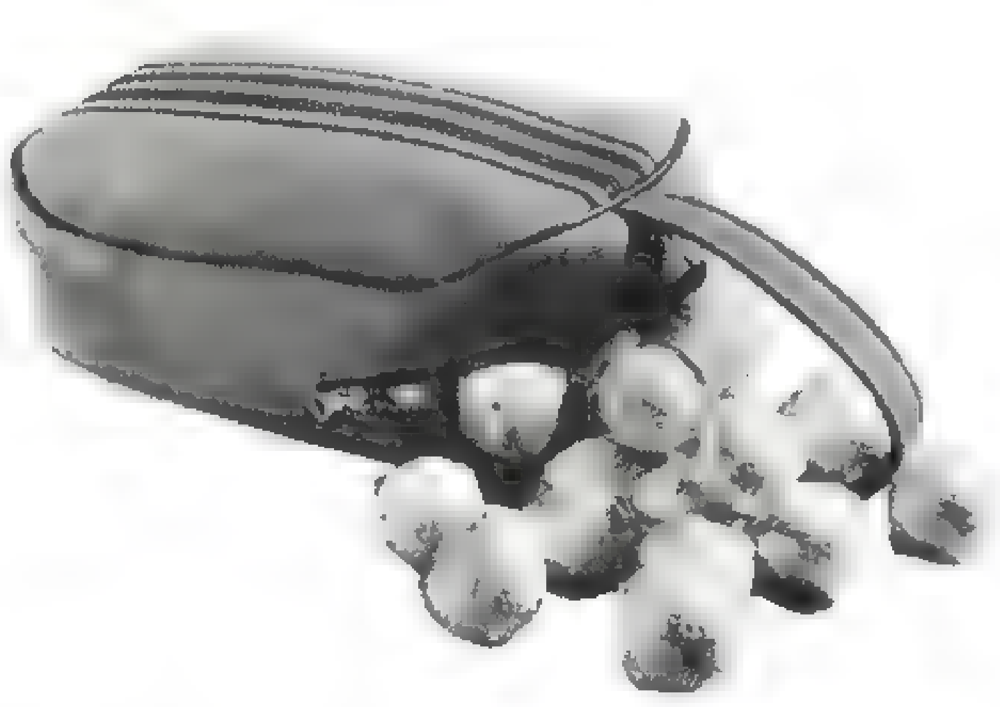
CANE SEATS—Sturdy ironbark shanks, polished aluminum fittings and dark pigskin trim. Churchill Downs, $10. Saratoga, $15. Steeplechase, $20.

TEAKWOOD MANUSCRIPT BOOK—Hand-carved cover with inset antique parchment map binds paper leaves for mounting photos, records, etc. $15.

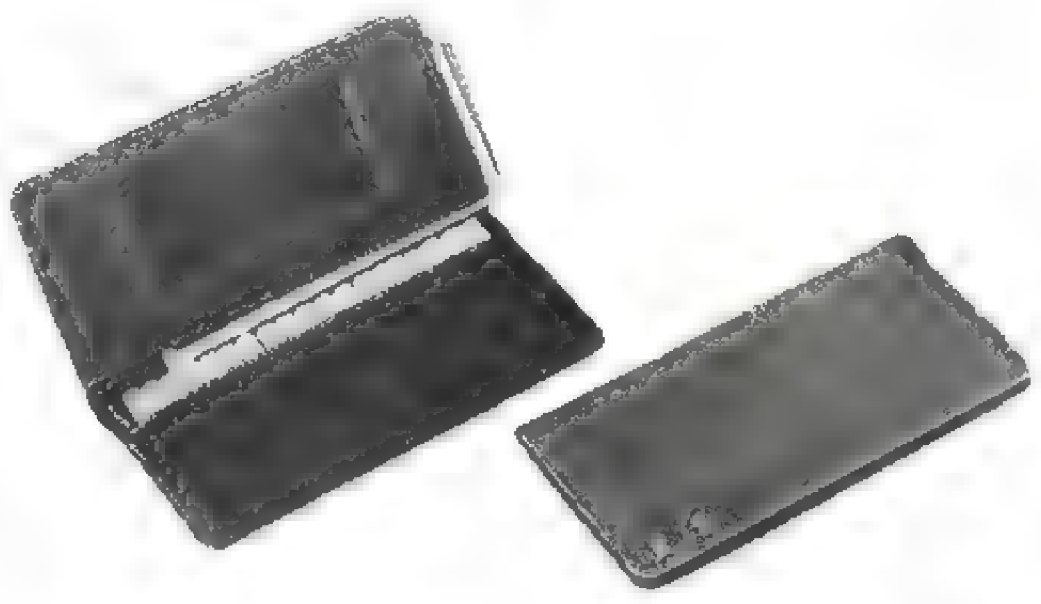
BUTLER'S TRAY—Mahogany finished stand holds portable tray. With chromium lining and green, red or bone-white leatherette panels. $15.



HIGH-SPEED MONOPLANE—Streamlined balsa wood plane that takes off on 300-foot flights. Red and silver. $3.



GOLF PRACTICE BALL BAG—Whiff away at the two dozen extra-tough practice golf balls. This handy bag also holds a large bag of tees. $7.50.



CIGARETTE CASE AND WALLET—Flat case for cigarettes and bills without folding. Black pinseal or English pigskin, $6. With sterling silver initials, $7.50.

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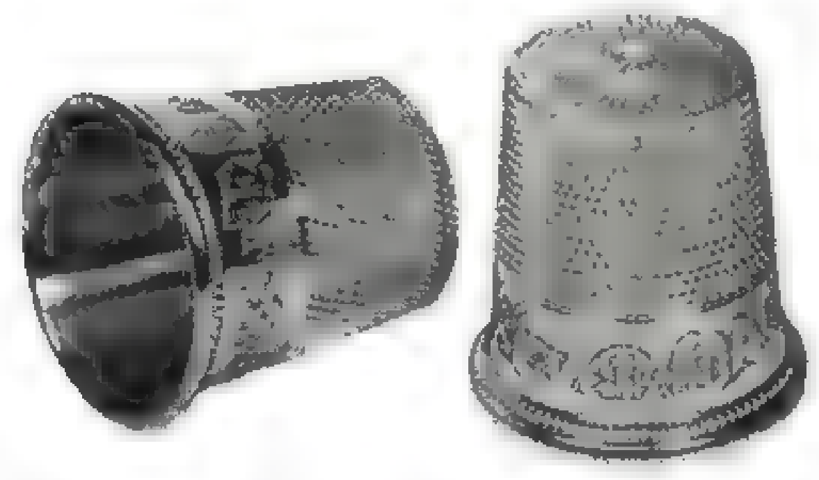
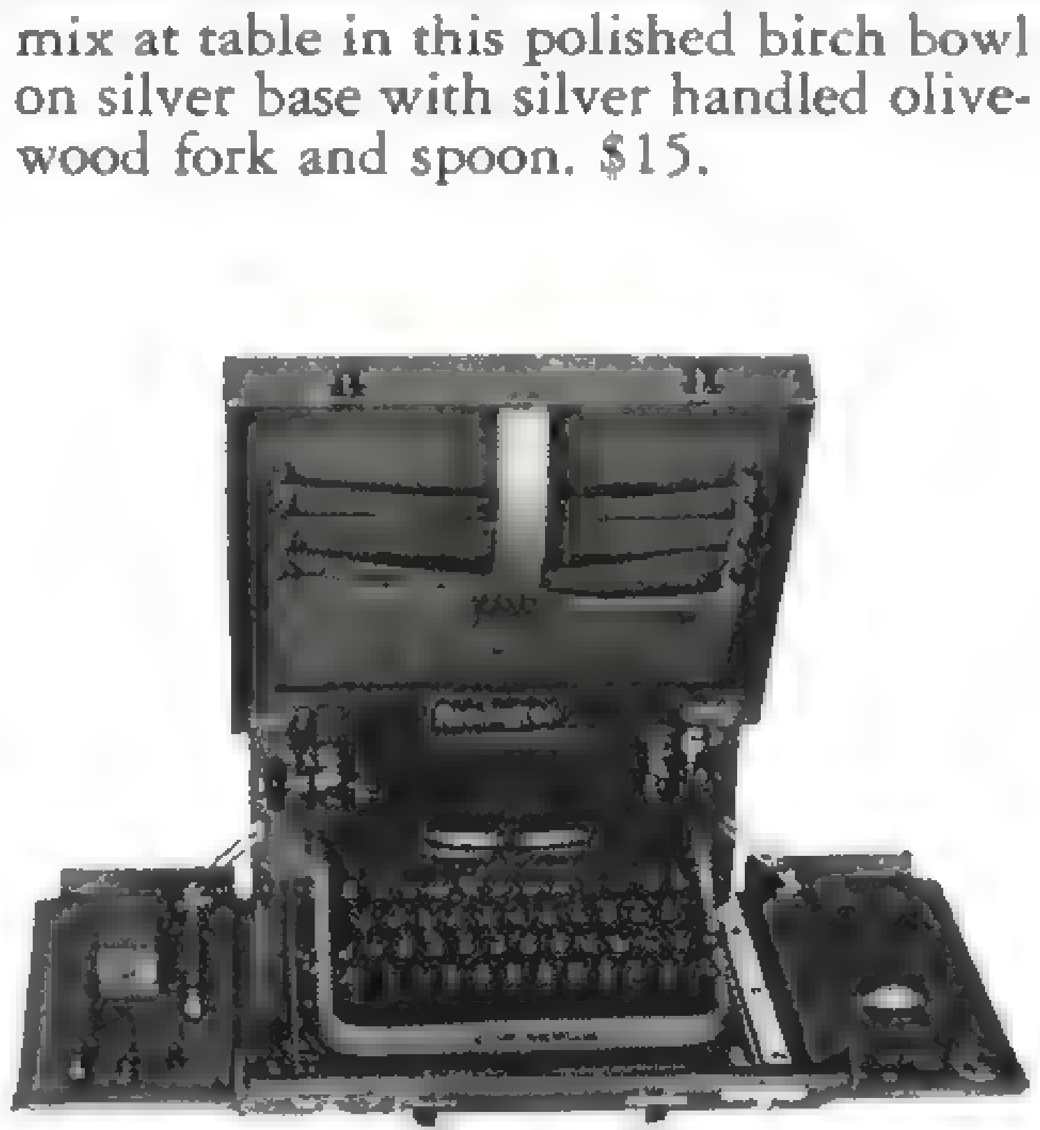


THIMBLE JIGGER—Of sterling silver. Holds generous jigger, yet is engraved to say "just a thimbleful." $5.

SILVER MOUNTED SALAD SET—Let him mix at table in this polished birch bowl on silver base with silver handled olive-wood fork and spoon. $15.



THE PRIVATE SECRETARY—A Remington Noiseless Portable with all necessary stationery articles. In cowhide case, $133. In pigskin case, $143.

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

INVESTIGATING THE SCRIPT TRUST

Frank and Anne Hummert are an industrious young couple you probably haven't heard about who perform the rather amazing feat of conceiving, writing, producing and directing no less than twenty dramatic and musical radio programs, some of which have been on the air for seven years. Their joint careers would make commendable models for young writers to investigate. We bumped into them recently and were properly and promptly astonished. They were working on "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round," "Our Gal Sunday," "John's Other Wife" and a couple of others.

The Hummerts work within the fastness of their estate near Greenwich, Conn. There they dictate script serials and ideas to a battery of stenographers and junior writers. After the ideas have been whipped into shape by the Hummerts who scan every line of dialogue, it is then made ready for the microphone.

They are quiet folk who eschew the Gay White Way for hard work in the country. Frank Hummert is a former newspaperman from New Orleans. He has ridden with the Texas Rangers and is a great favorite with the men who ride our Western Plains. His petite wife, Anne, has been a journalist too. On assignment in Paris, she interviewed such international, page one personalities as Queen Mary, the Prince of Wales, Lloyd George and Briand.

They follow two principles in formulating their script serials. First they describe most of their serials as success stories of the unsuccessful. For example, "Just Plain Bill" deals with a humble barber who is always in financial difficulties. Secondly, many Hummert scripts are already familiar to the public. In transcribing these stories into radio serials, they work on the assumption that the public is anxious to follow the lives of the characters after the last chapter of the book or the final curtain in the theatre. Such is the case with "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Stella Dallas," and "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

What is their technique? "Guiding the destinies of twenty-odd script serials is an involved process. Often, we are asked whether we write all the dialogue. That is quite impossible. After we have conceived our plot, designed to keep the characters active some three weeks, we outline the episodes scene by scene, adding dialogue here and there. The outline goes to a writer for additional dialogue. Then a final conference for padding or cutting and the episode is ready.

Sometimes script-writers get a creative urge. In the serial "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," Pa Wiggs had been in an automobile accident and a writer thought the script ending the week needed additional punch. We could not be reached, so he went ahead and had Pa's leg amputated. Pa had to finish out the series, much to our regret, "on one leg."

As the years go by, characters in the stories grow older. Usually their growth does not keep pace with the passing of actual time and juvenile actors outgrow their roles. We were fortunate in having the services of the Donnelly Brothers, skilled radio actors in their early teens. Andy Donnelly got too mature for his role on the Helen Menken serial "Second Husband" and we called in his brother Tom. They are almost vocal twins and no harm was done.

Our three musical programs, "The American Album of Familiar Music," "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round," and "Waltz Time," adhere almost invariably to one formula. We like to feature simple tunes which can easily be whistled after one or two hearings."

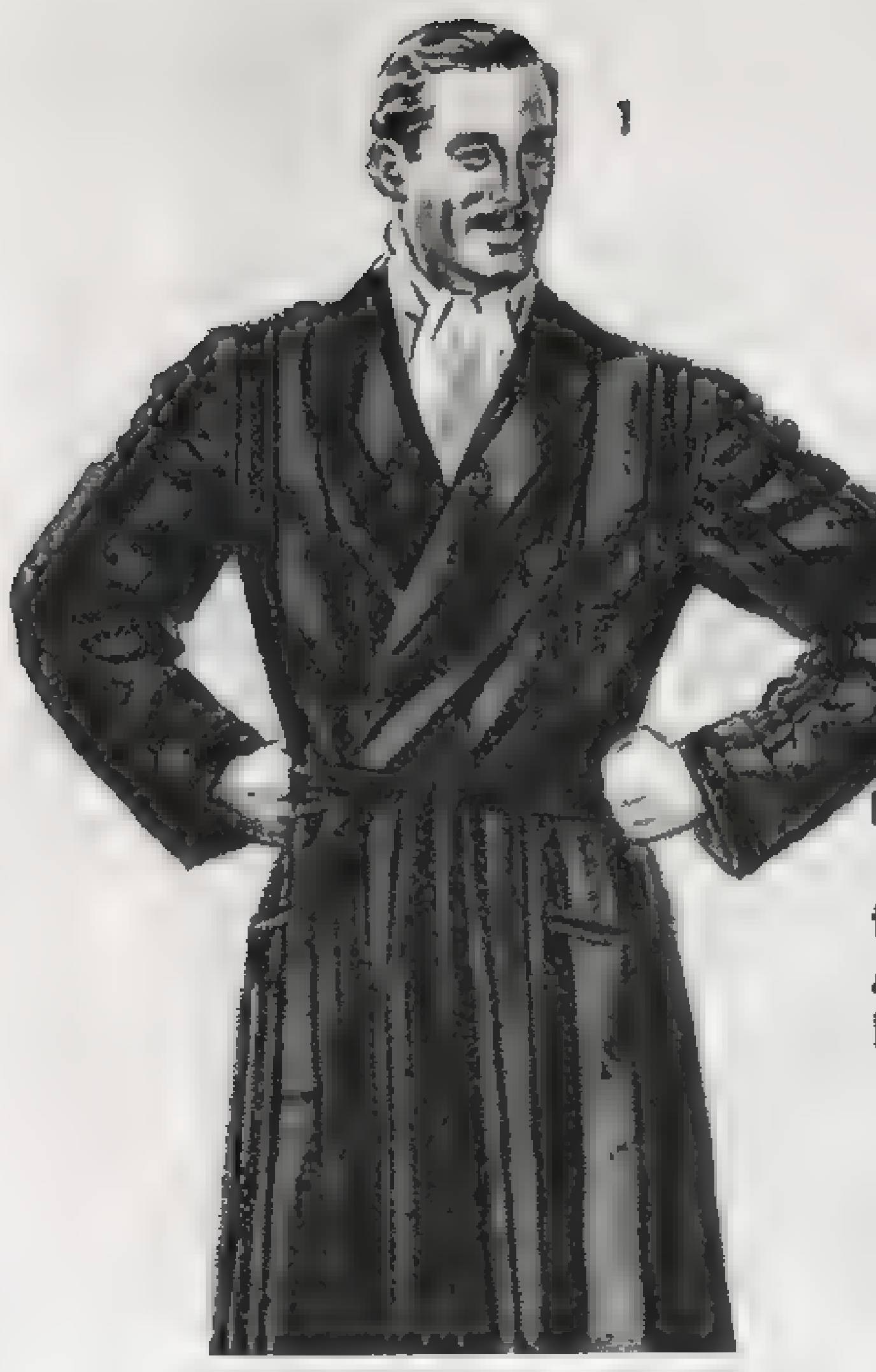
CHIPPING THE BANANA

Newcomer to the cocktail party feed basket and already one of the most popular types of cocktail eatables are the crisp, good banana chips that are appearing at many a soignee soiree around town these days. The chips, which faintly resemble their better known potato cousins, are cut by a secret process—it's been tried before but this is the first successful attempt. The bananas are imported from Porto Rico, Honduras and Cuba but the cutting is done in town. To women with waistline worries, the manufacturers cheerfully announce them non-fattening.

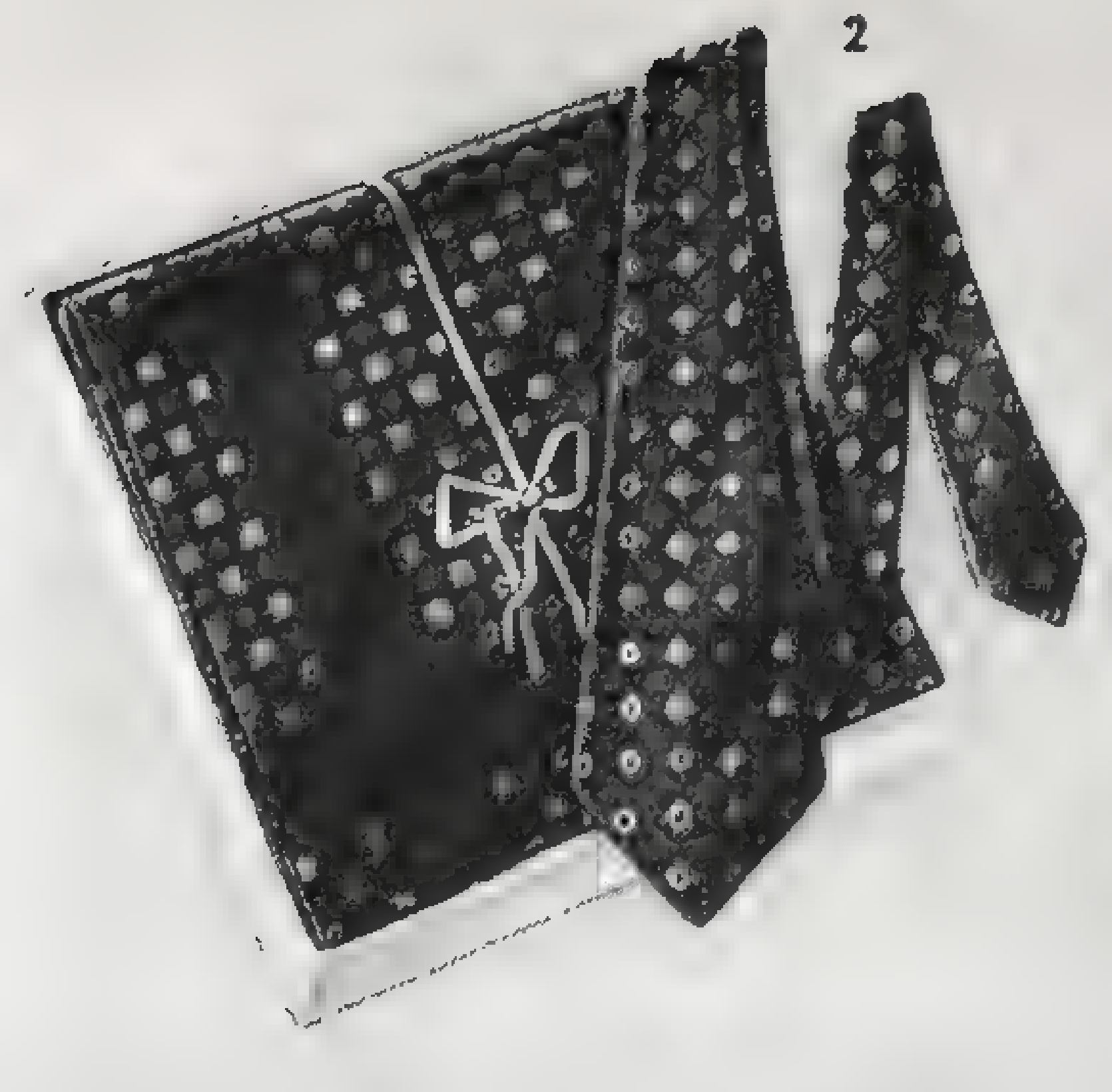
BINGO AND BANK NIGHT IN THE HOME

Another gift suggestion along unusual lines are professional home movies, available in a variety of subjects large enough to cover any man's hobbies and cater to his whims. If he has a home projector, you've no more present problems. Among those we liked best were—Bali, an eyeful of the tropic isle and its customs, women and other scenery . . . Fresh Water Fishing . . . News Parade of 1939, with its historic events . . . War in Europe . . . and Football 1939, outstanding moments of this year's gridiron classics. All these come in 16 MM and 8 MM sizes.

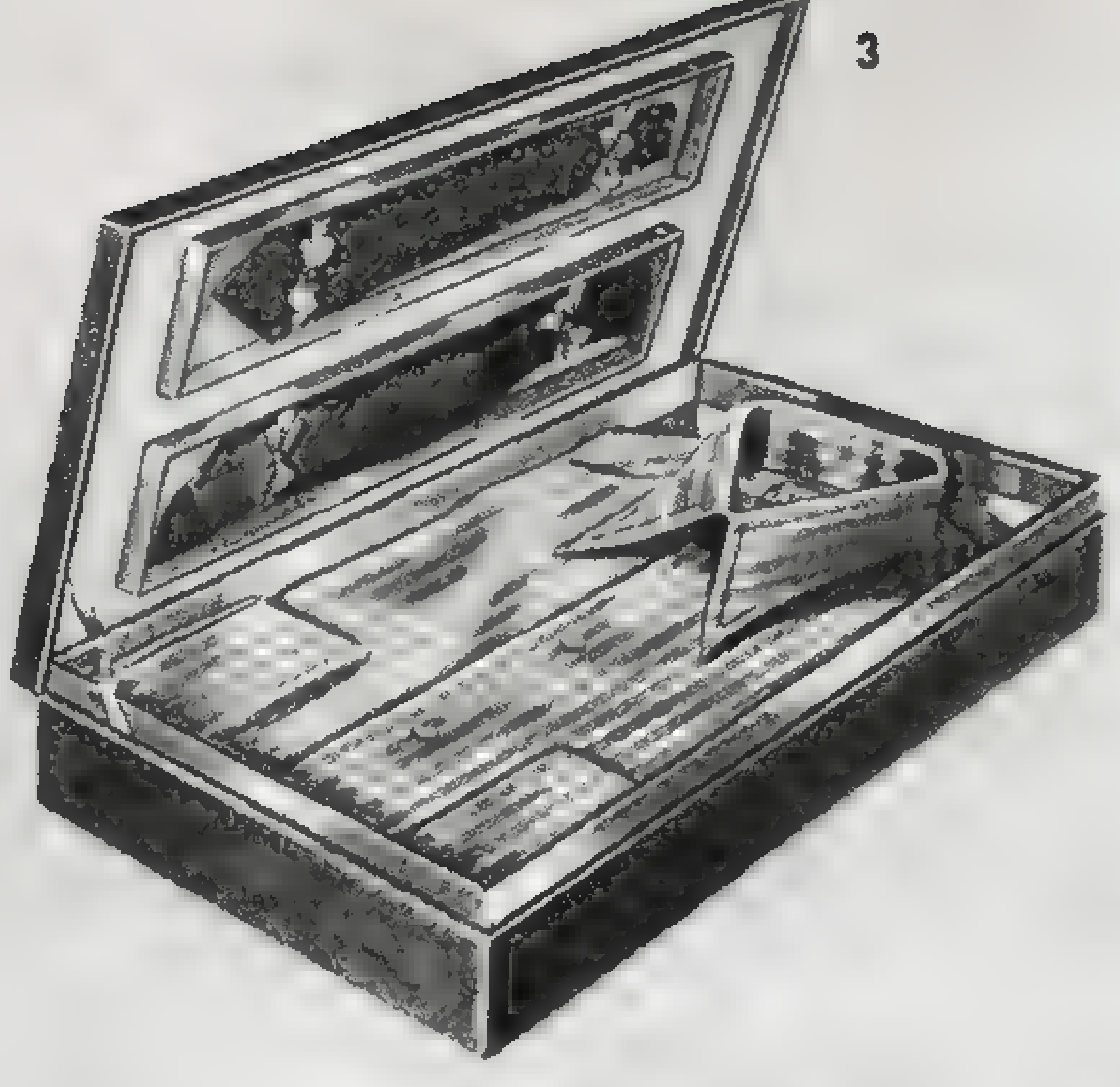
Ranger



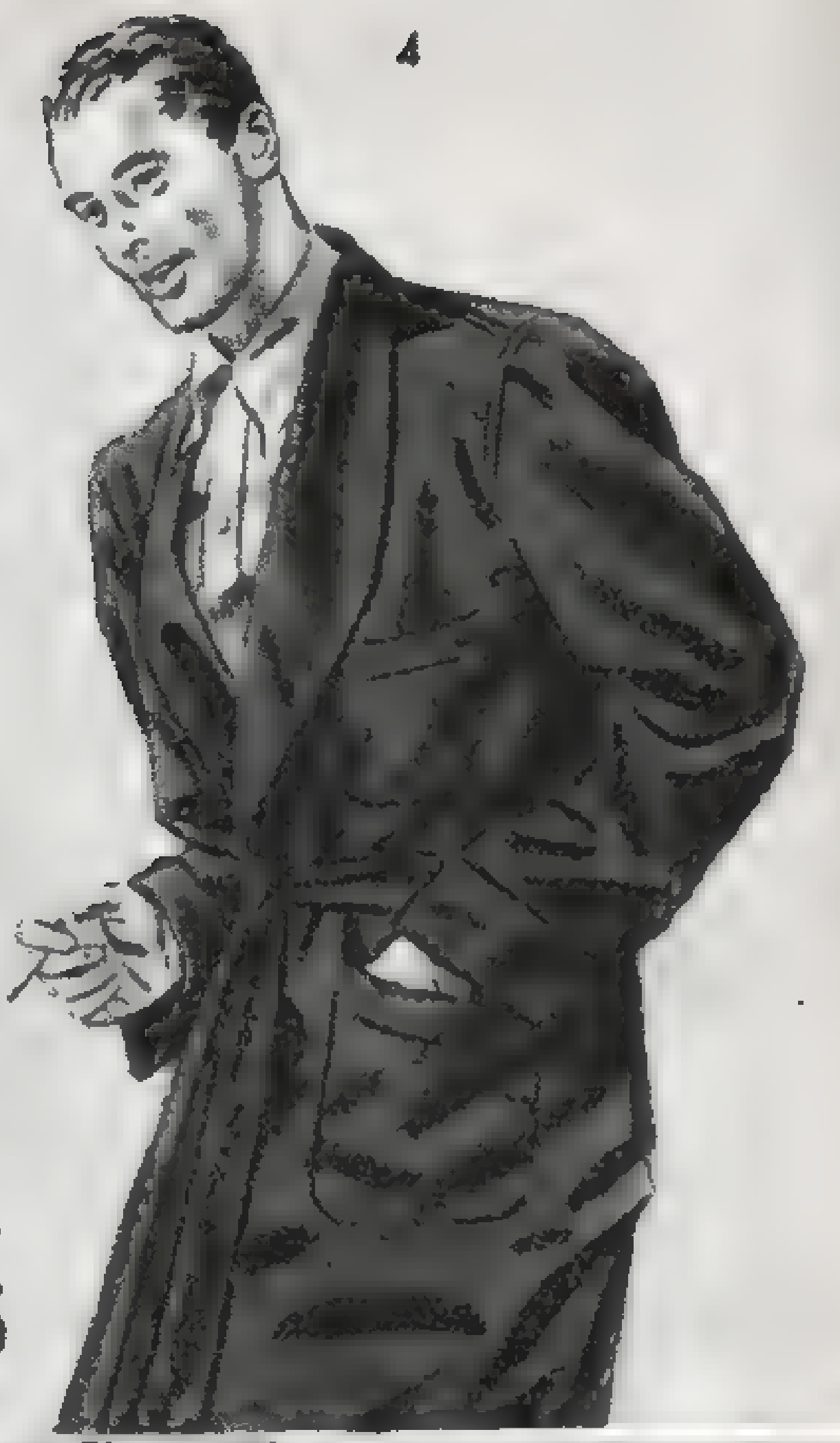
FAILLE ROBE: satin-striped, fully silk-lined. Maroon with blue striping, or navy with maroon. Small, medium, large, extra-large. $10



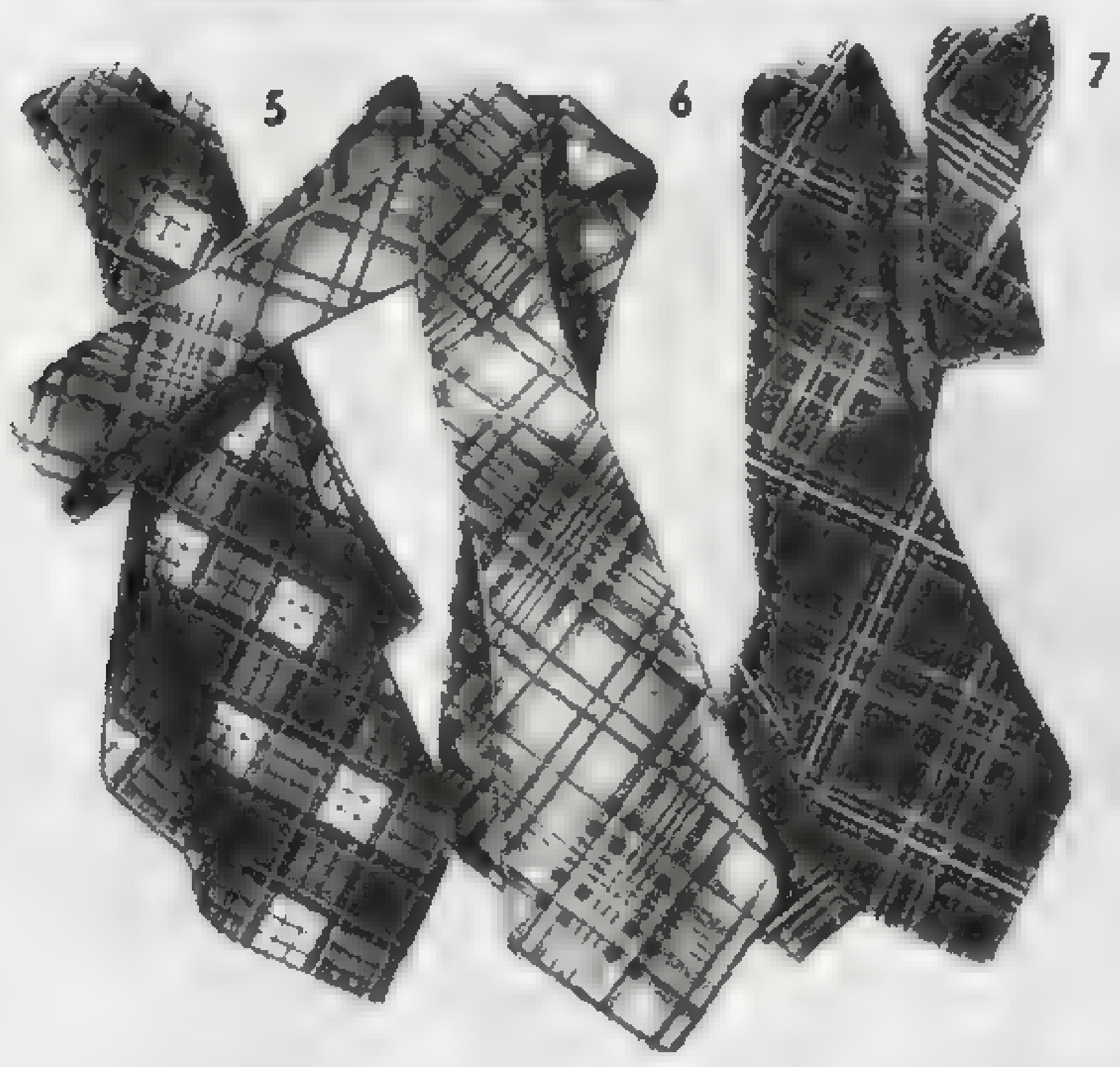
TIE-AND-'KERCHIEF SET of imported all silk foulard, hand-blocked in England. Authentic foulard patterns, in blue on blue, blue on maroon and maroon on blue. The set, $2.50



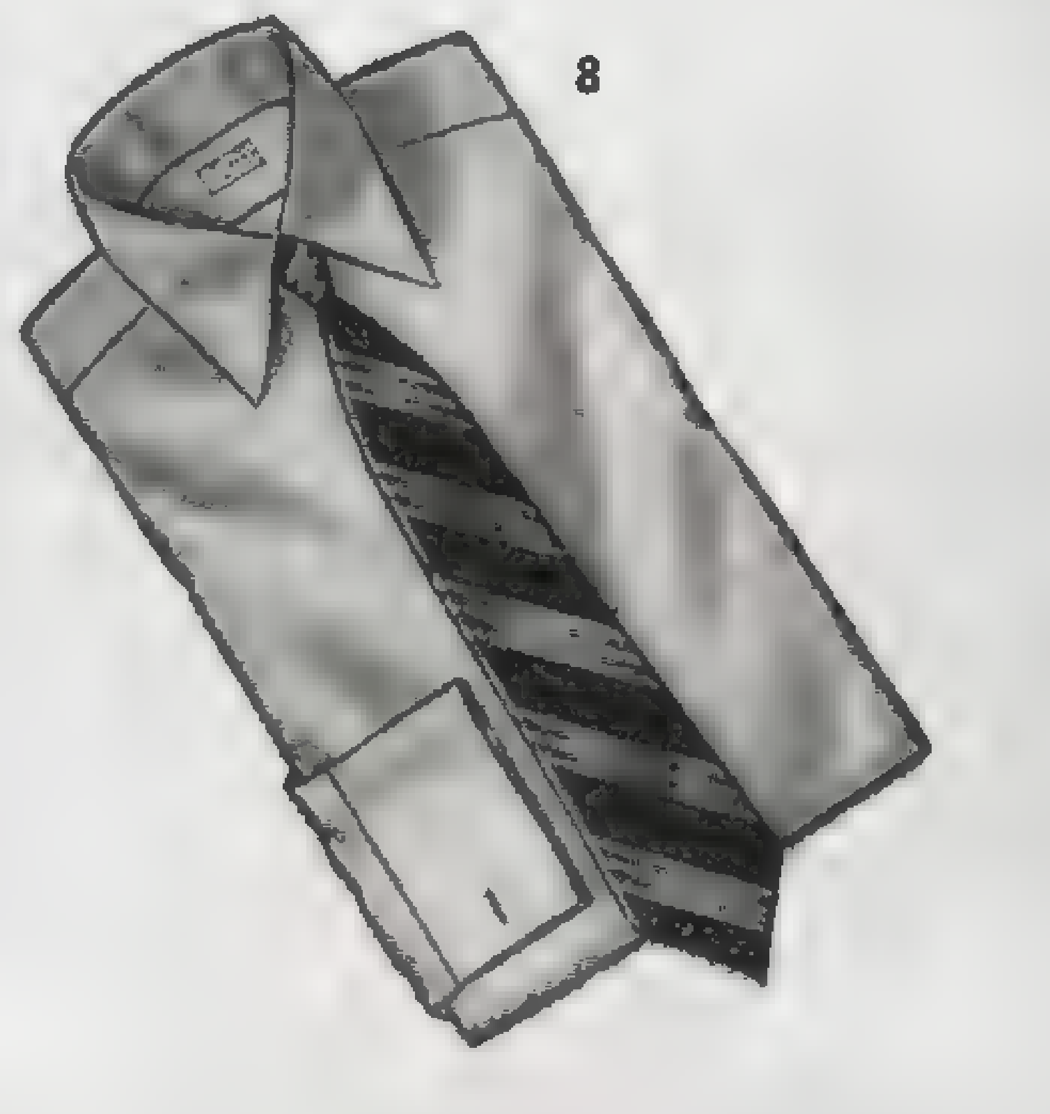
GIFT SET: Candy striped shirt (sizes 14-17, 33-35), hand-clocked lisle socks (9½-12), tie of hand-blocked imported English silk-and-wool. Set in matching colors, in handsome box, $5



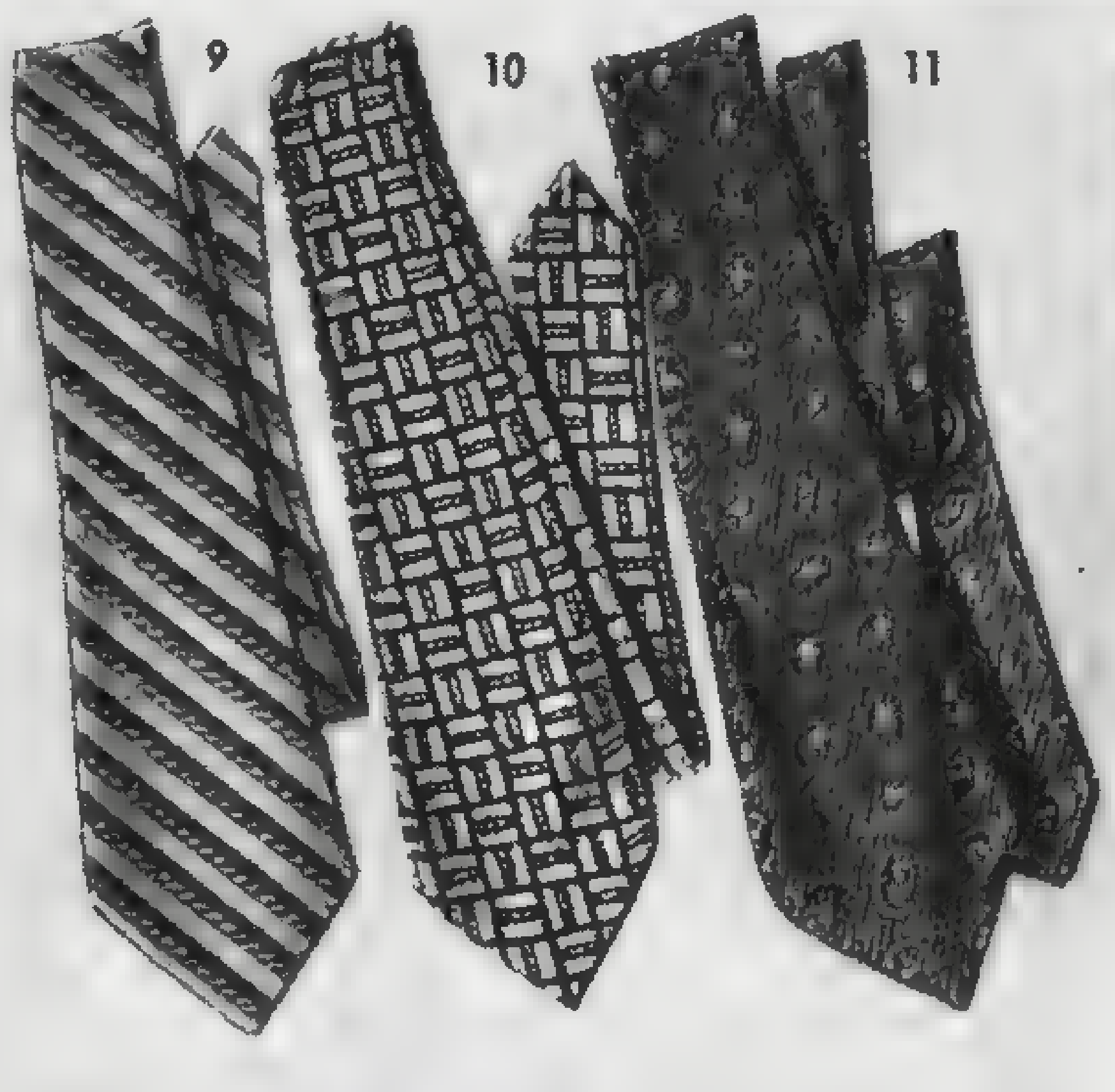
GABARDINE ROBE: all wool, light in weight. Full turned-back cuffs, roomy pockets. Maroon or blue. Small, medium, large, extra-large. $10



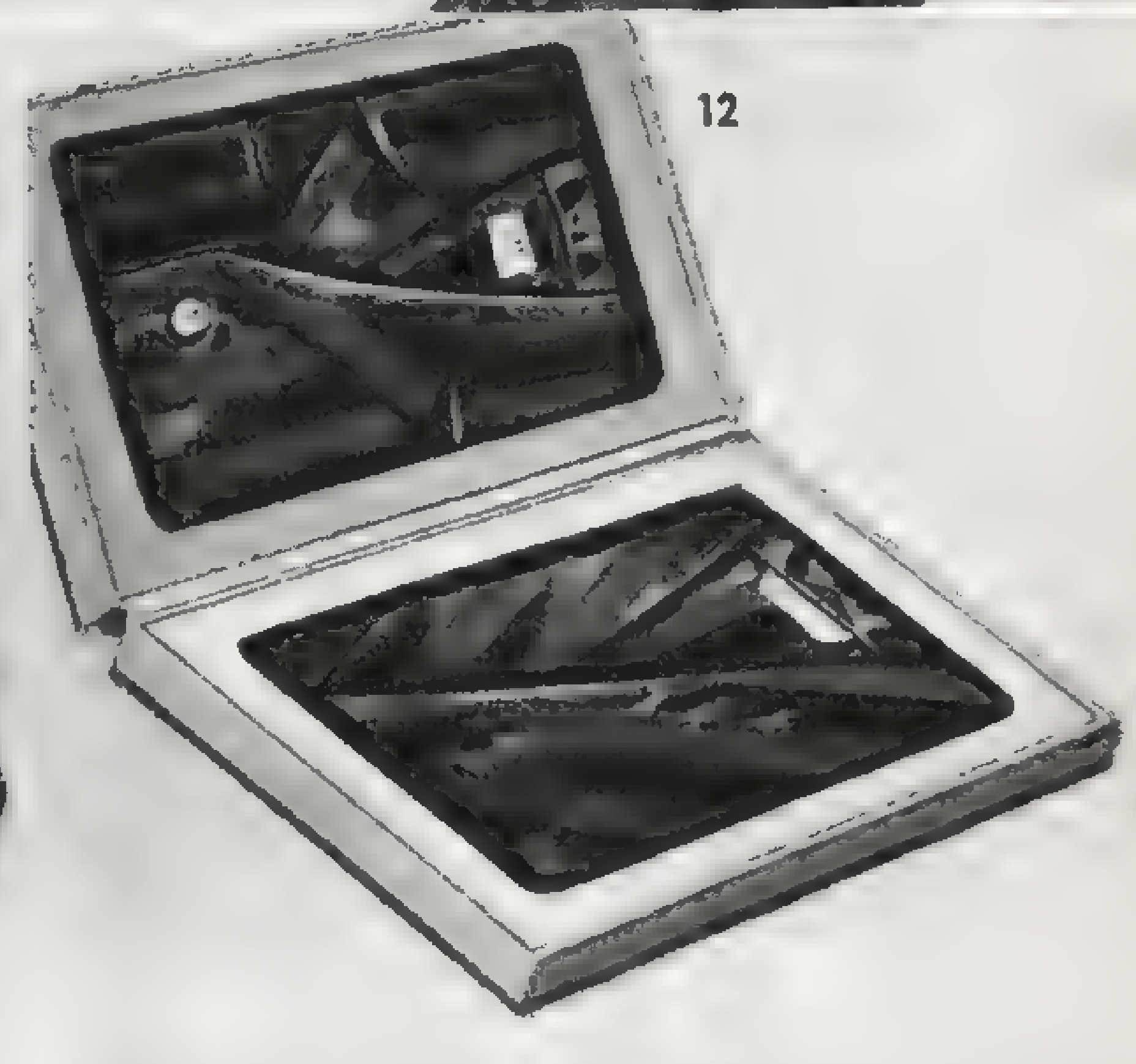
TIES: Botany wrinkle-proof ties in colorful clan plaids. Exclusive fabric that hangs out smoothly overnight. Choice of 54 plaids. $1 *Write for free booklet, "The Call o' the Clans."*



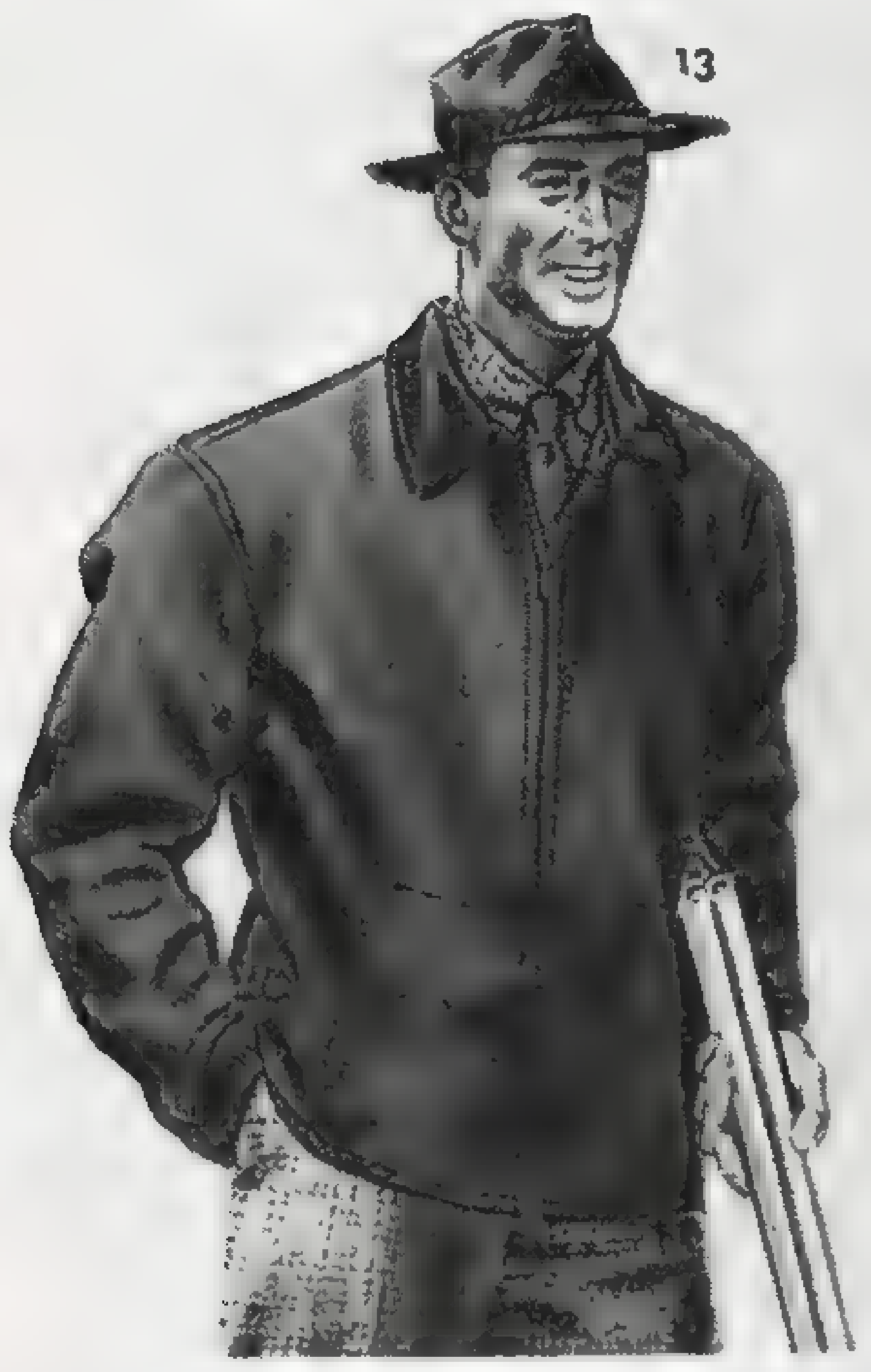
SHIRT: Iridescent broadcloth, in our exclusive shell tones of blue, tan, green and gray. French cuffs. Collar sizes: 14 to 17; sleeve-lengths: 33 to 35 . . . $2.25. All silk tie . . . $1.50



TIES: (9) all silk woven twill, 10 three-color combinations, $1.50. (10) native Macclesfield silk, maroon, blue, green, $2. (11) ancient madder hand-blocked foulard, dusty tones. $2.50



ROBE-AND-PAJAMA SET: satin-striped, Crown-tested rayon. Robe: wine, navy, green, $4. Pajamas: wine, navy, light blue, green, white, tan, $3.95. Small to extra-large. Boxed set, $7.95



WINDBREAKER: Imported nut-brown suede. Zip-in lining of camel cloth, with knitted cuffs and waist. Sizes: small to extra-large. $15

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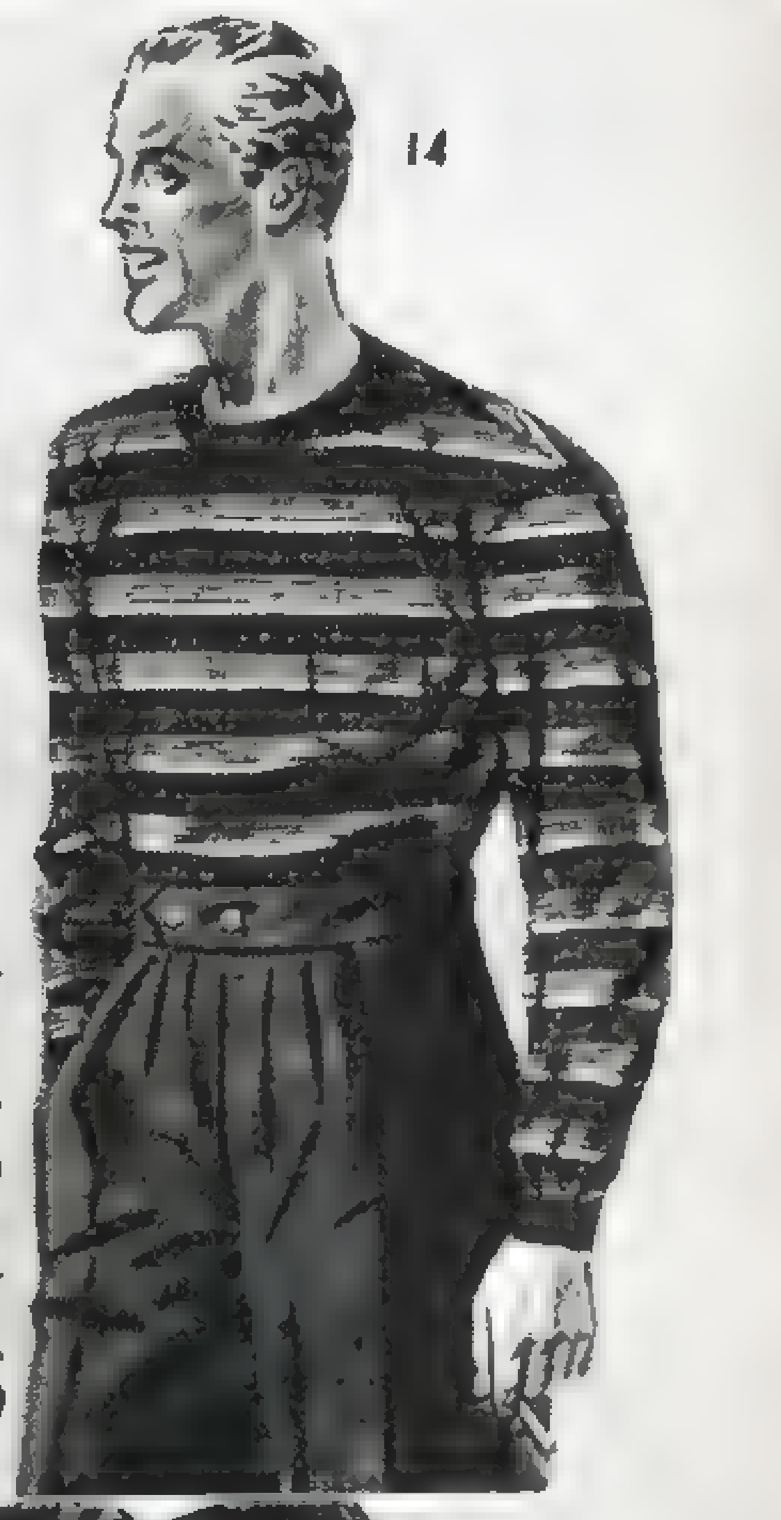
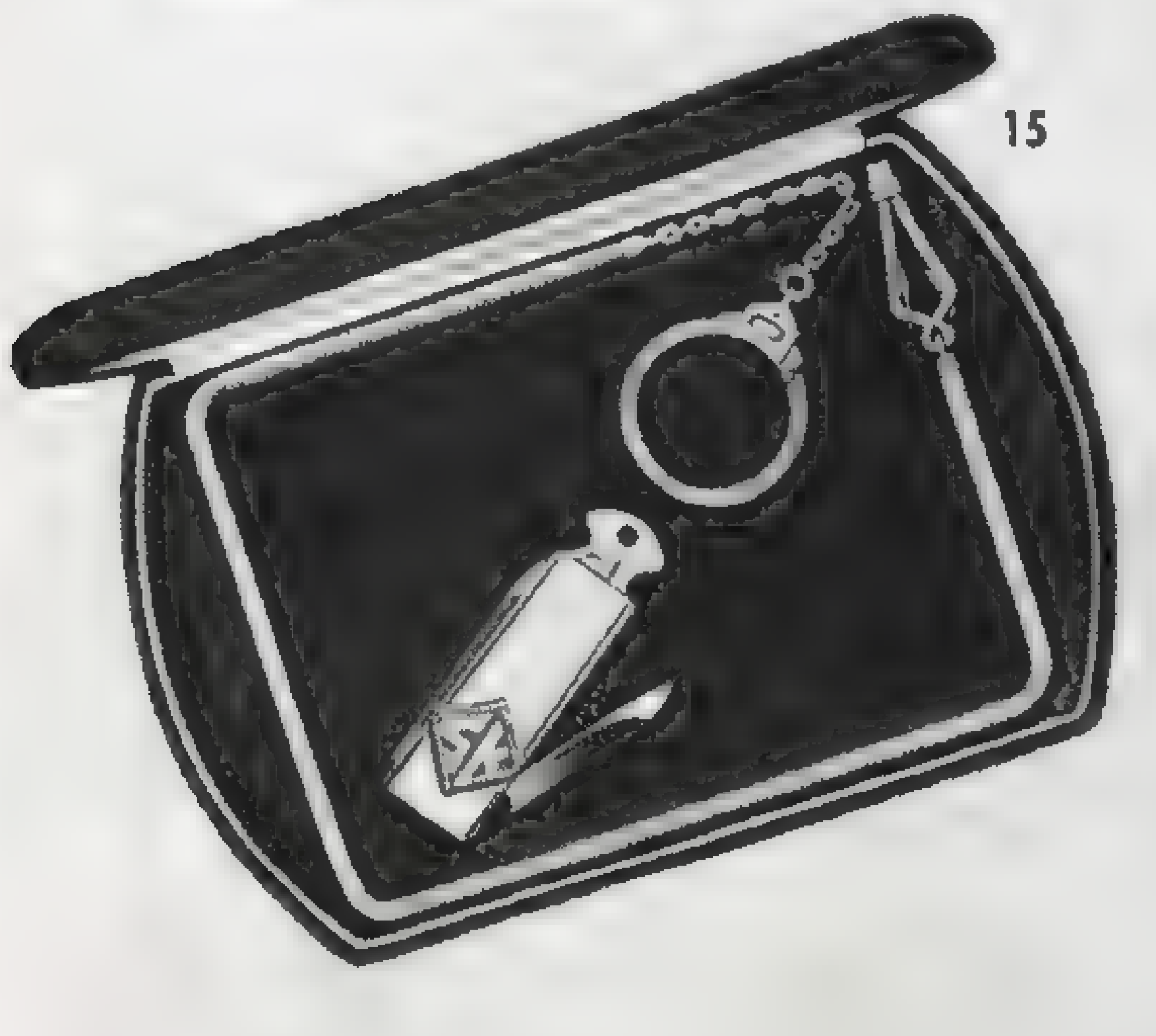
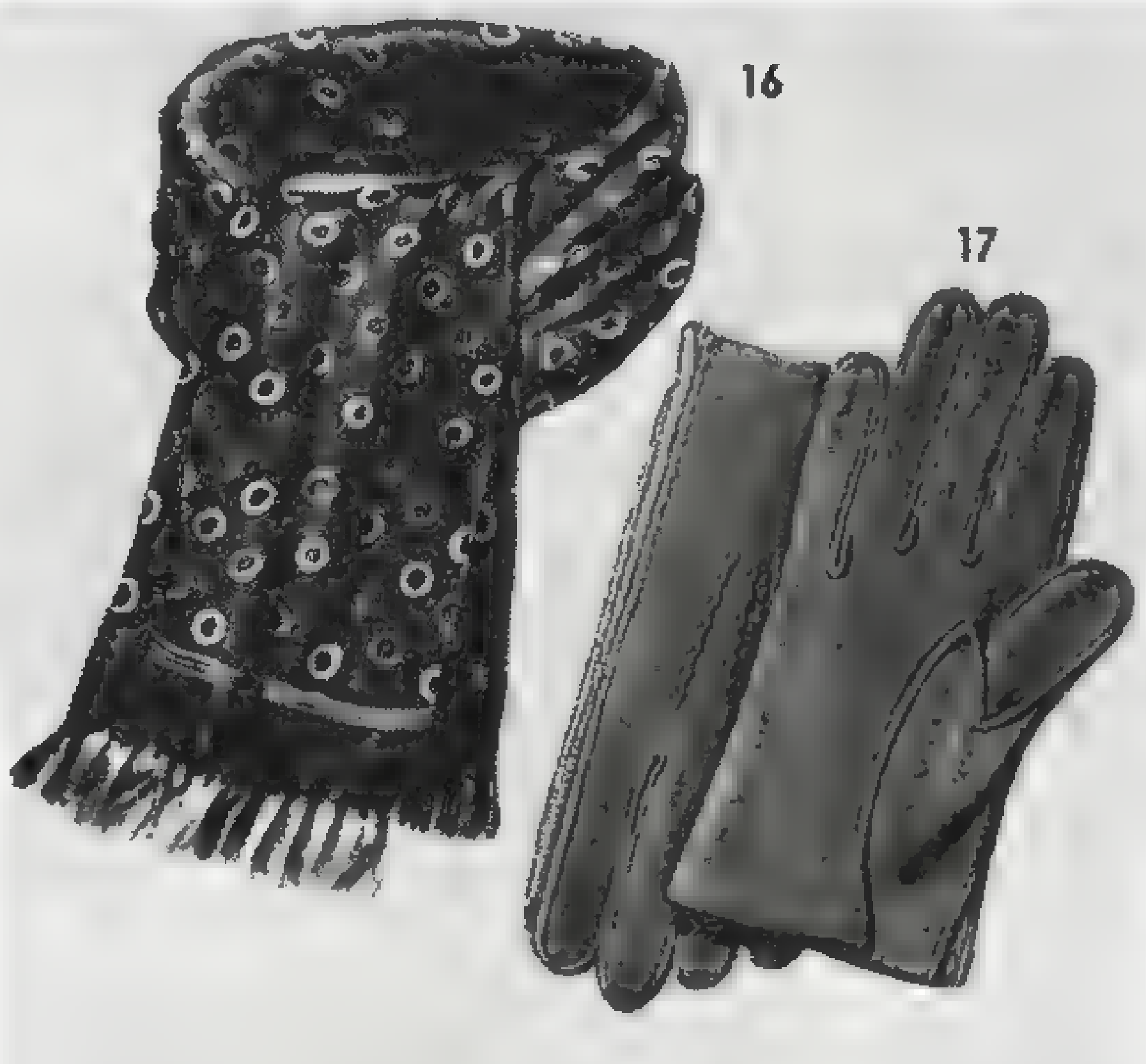


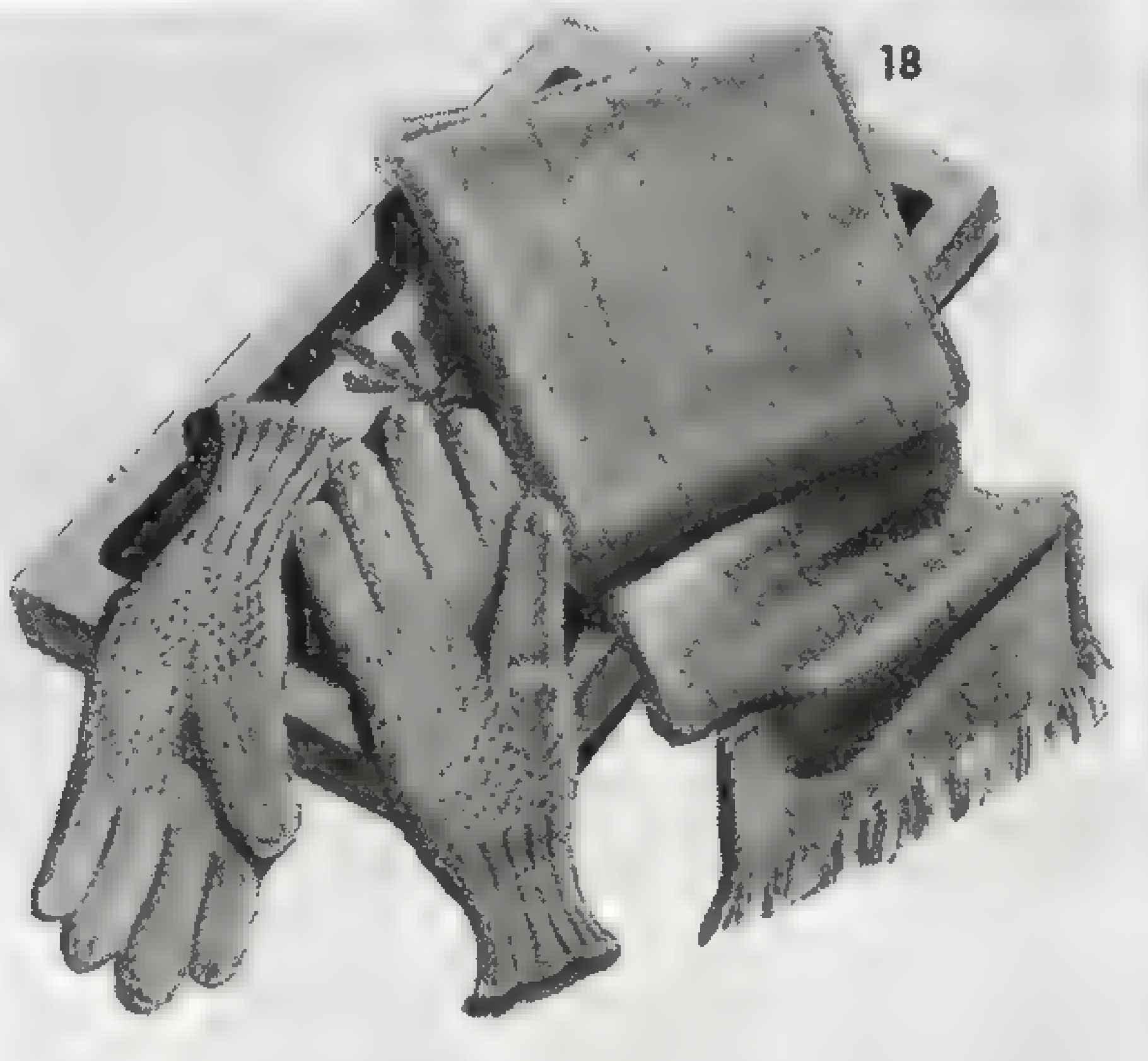
"FIRST-NIGHTER" PAJAMAS: Knit top, broadcloth trousers. All-blue, all-green sets, or maroon tops with gray or black trousers. Sizes A-D. $2.50



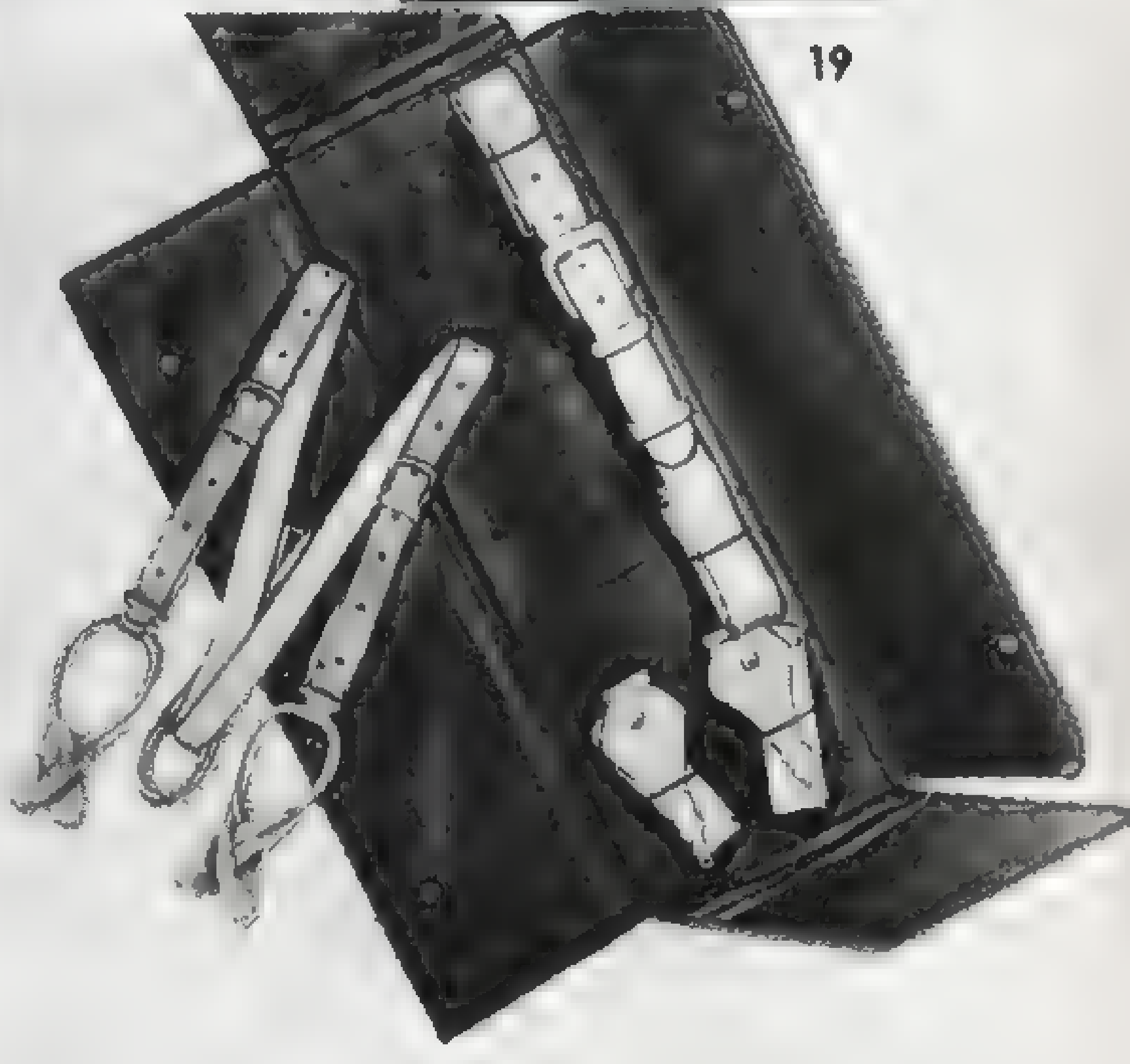
DUO-GRAM SET: gold finish key-knife, key chain and key ring. Key-knife, with his initials, contains blade, nail-file and key-blank to be cut to fit his own lock. Complete in velvet box, $5



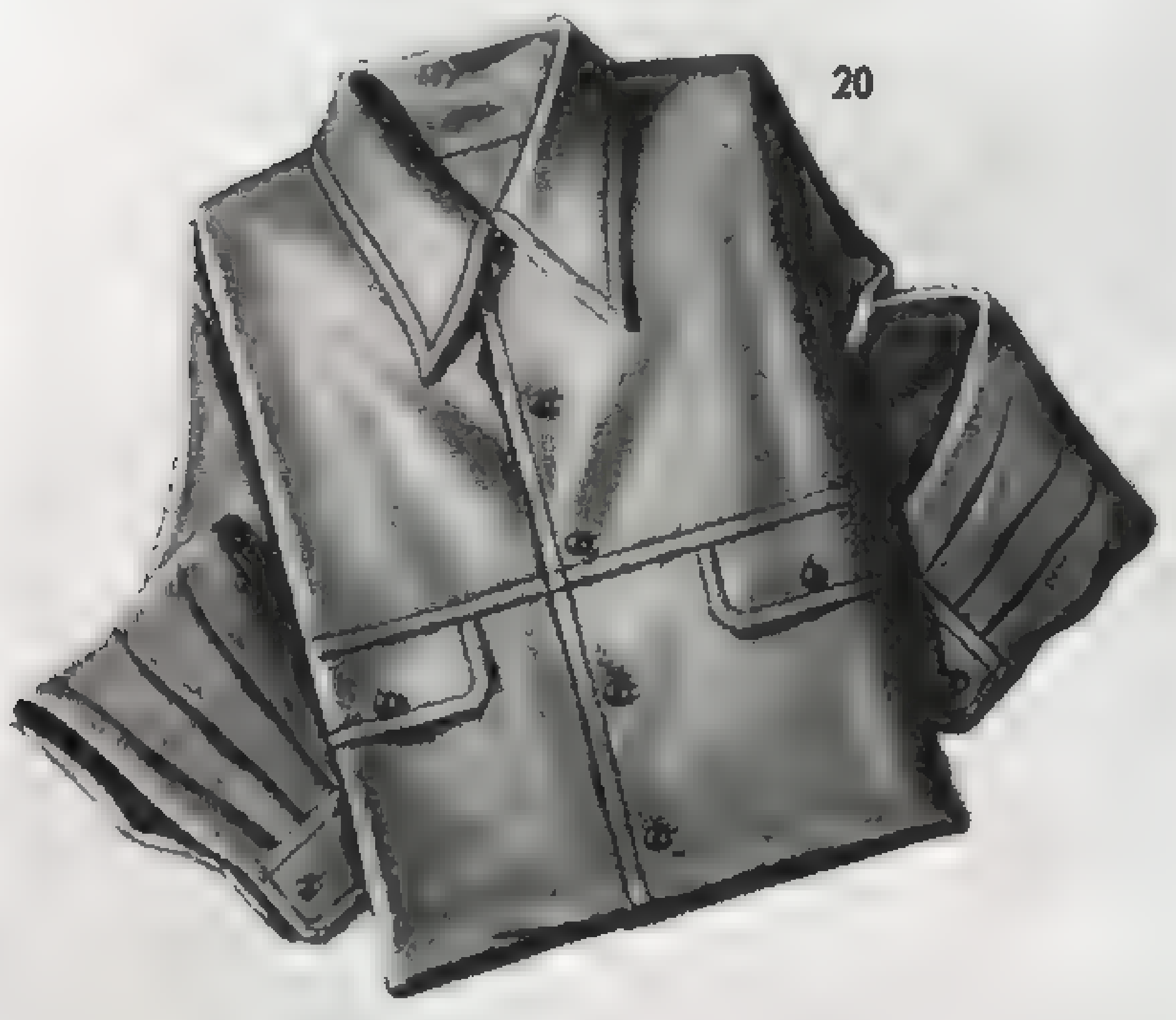
MUFFLER of imported silk foulard, hand-blocked in England; wine, brown, navy, green. $2.50
GLOVES: new side panel construction, in mocha or peccary pigskin, slip-on style (7½ to 9) $4



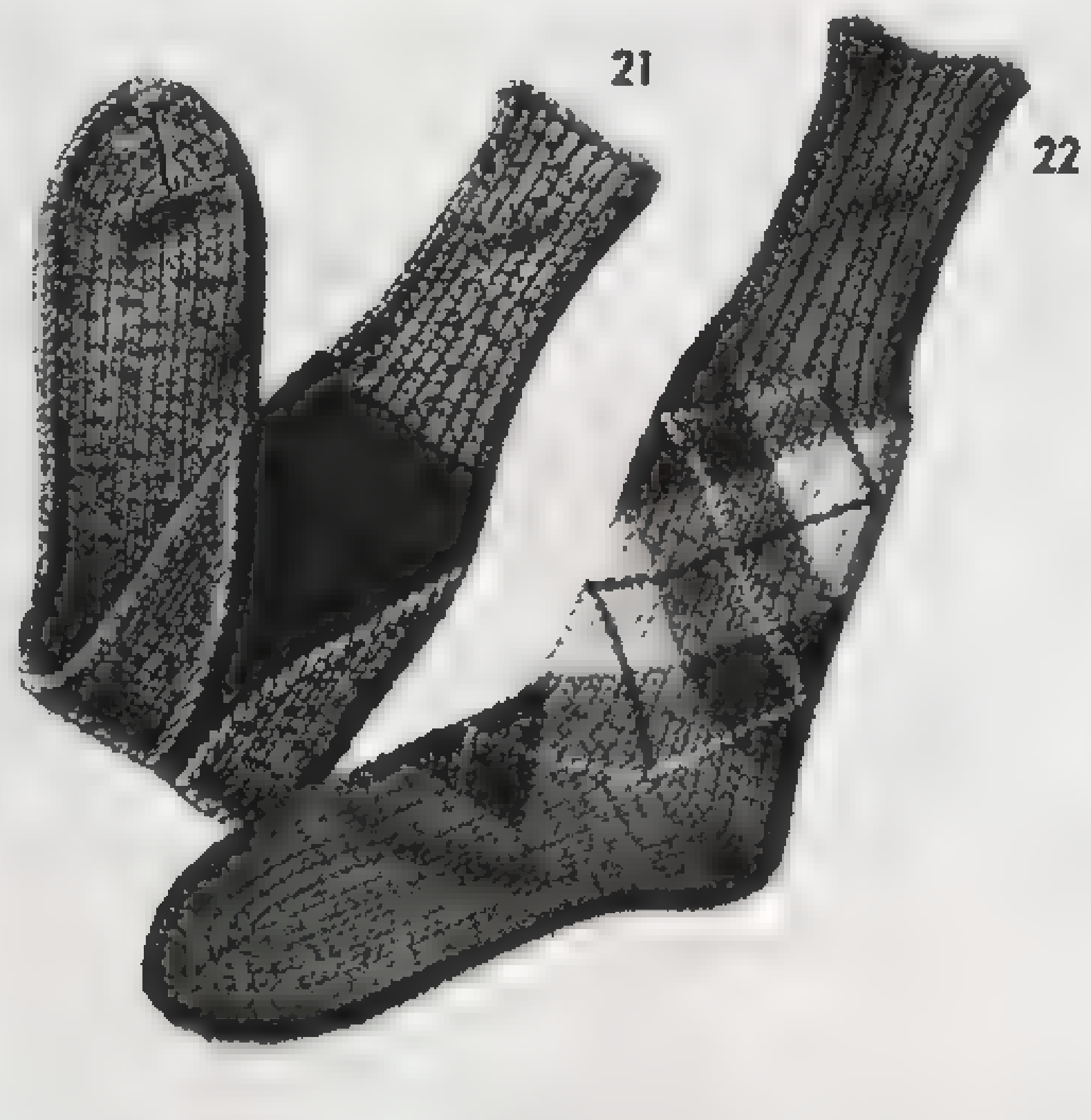
GLOVE AND MUFFLER SET: all wool zephyr yarn in chevron weave. Matched sets in solid maroon, canary, green or white. Sizes are small, medium, large. The set, boxed, $2.50



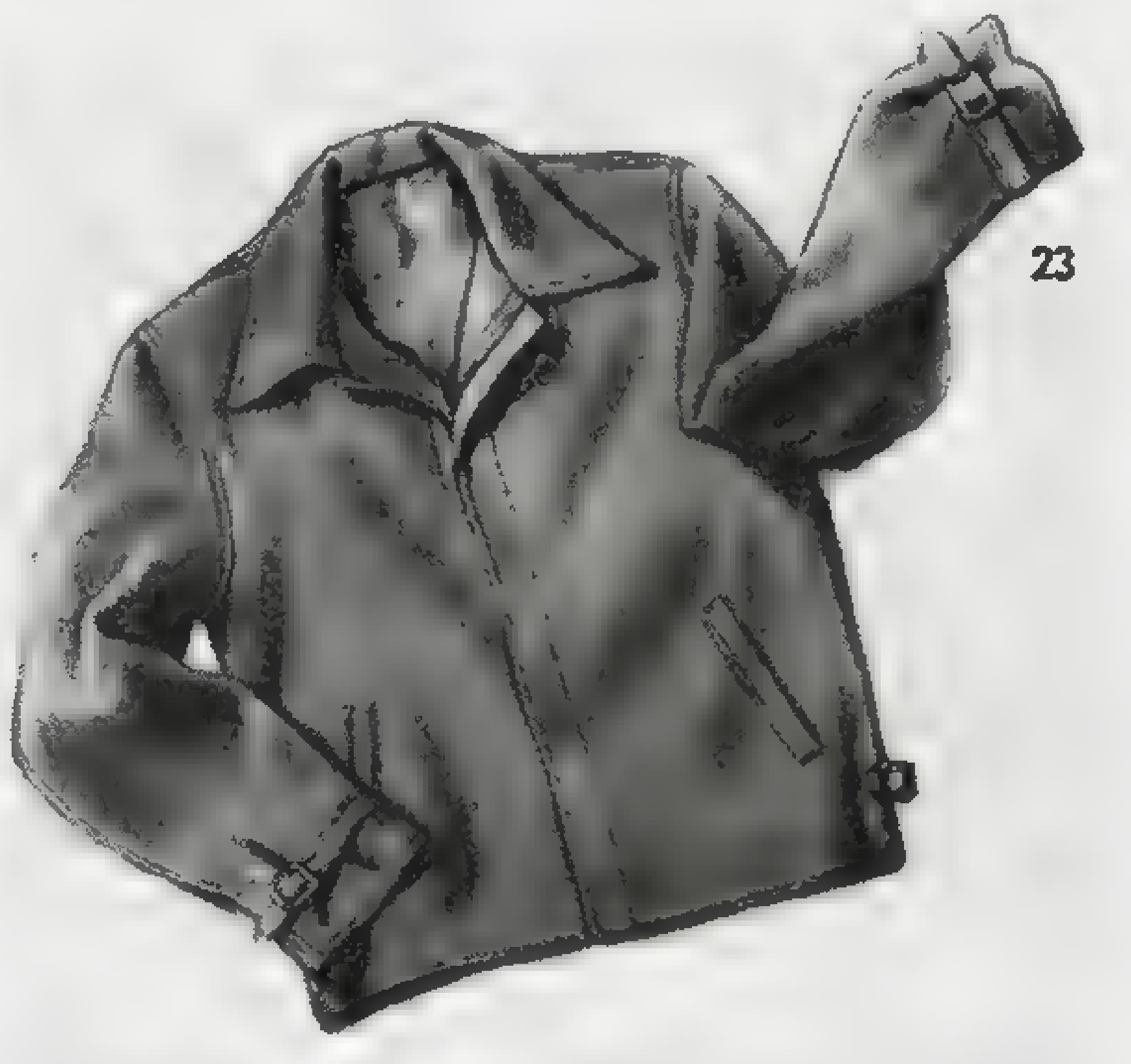
PIGSKIN ACCESSORY SET: suspenders, garters and belt in pig-grain case, which can be used as traveling case after accessories have been removed. Belts, 30 to 44. . . Complete, $3.50



SPORT SHIRT: all wool flannel, in exclusive new shoulder and yoke construction that gives added freedom of action. Blue, tan, apple green. Small, medium, large, extra-large. $5



WOOL HOSE by Westminster. New wedge pattern wool hose in Tartan colorings, $1. Hand-framed Argyle wool hose, imported from England, $2. Both come in sizes 10½ to 12.



REVERSIBLE WINDBREAKER: Turn out camel cloth side on bright, windy days. Change to water-repellent poplin side when it rains. Tan. Small, medium, large and extra-large. . . $10

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

BOOMERANG!

Round-Up's sport department, which last month turned up with the submarine fish hunting gun, has a new one for us, a sport they predict that should catch on quickly with those who go in for unusual forms of exercise—boomerang throwing. It's, of course, not new to Americans but since a New York company has started turning out good, inexpensive boomerangs, there's been a decided uptake in its popularity. The simplicity of the thing evidently appeals to beginners. All you need is an open field, stone and dew-free, if possible. Experts here caution that bystanders be gently removed before you begin your first lesson. You grip the boomerang on one end and hold it in your right hand so that the flat side points away from your body. The other end should point back over your right shoulder. It's thrown straight forward, parallel to the ground with a slight flip as it leaves the hand. This causes the rotary motion necessary for circling.

There are two types of boomerangs available. The small one, usually preferred by beginners, will make a curve from 50 to 120 feet in diameter. A copy of the Australian light hunting boomerang makes circles of 80 to 150 feet, the same being the real thing for the advanced thrower. The name boomerang, incidentally, comes from its historical purpose, hunting the boomer, the male of the great Australian kangaroo. The Australian aborigines however, weren't the only ones to make use of this principle. The assegai of the Zulus and our better known American Indian's tomahawk served the same purpose.

GIFT FOR MUSIC LOVERS

One of Manhattan's best known music stores has come through with an original Christmas gift proposition that should greatly please devotees of good music—fine reproduction of Louis Lupas' original charcoal and crayon portraits of the great figures of the music world. Lupas, who ranks among the finest portraitists of the day, has reconstructed the likenesses of his subjects giving the illusion of their presence and mood. Reasonably priced, the portraits can be had framed or unframed. Beethoven, Brahms, Sibelius and Toscanini and others have been completed. Among those soon to be released are Bach, Debussy, Chopin and Wagner.

REPORTER ON THE CAMERA FRONT

A friend of ours, who occasionally reports on new finds in the photographic field, turned up with a story on a new refinishing service the other day that we thought definitely worth passing along. He knows a good deal more about the fine art of the camera than we do so we let him put it his way.

"There has always been in photography the desire for some sort of control. Every picture ever taken shows in its original form a need for simple adjustment that would surely make it a better picture. There is always an accidental circumstance that usually occurs that will upset the plans of the most careful photographer.

"There may be for an example a telephone pole or other conspicuous object that will spoil the loveliness of the scene. A shot of your favorite female looked pretty good in your ground glass but in the proof the cynical camera recorded deep shadows under her eyes and her skin wasn't as smooth as it seemed to be. The photographic processes also have some short comings. Too often the print will show up streaks and scratches and many times pinholes. As much as we try, we cannot make the camera behave exactly as we would want it to. The owners of large cameras have been able to make changes and alterations by retouching directly on the negative. Unfortunately, however, the owner of the miniature camera has been unable to do the same due to the inability of working on so small a negative.

"Several years of research have evolved a process which is the solution to this perplexing problem. Not only does it eliminate grain, remove scratches, blemishes, wrinkles and conspicuous objects, but also produces a print, better in quality than can be obtained from large retouched negatives. Ordinary negative retouching has its limitations. Little can be done to improve gradation or widening the tonal scale. Via the process, this is possible, and the result is a flattering likeness, with soft, velvety tones. It's applicable to any size negative from 16 m.m. motion picture film to 8 x 10. Valued photographs, even those in very bad condition can be copied and restored to their original condition."

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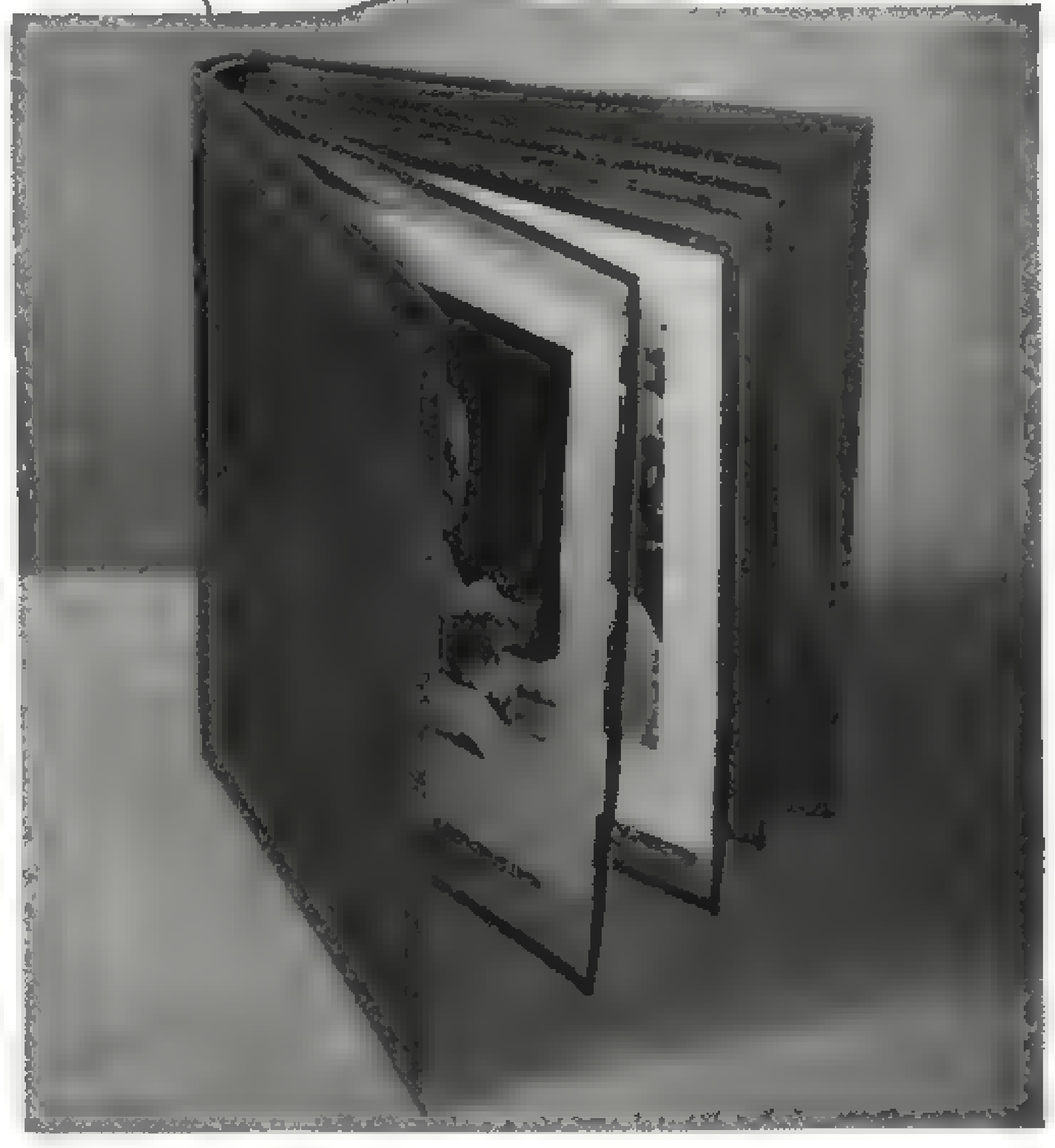

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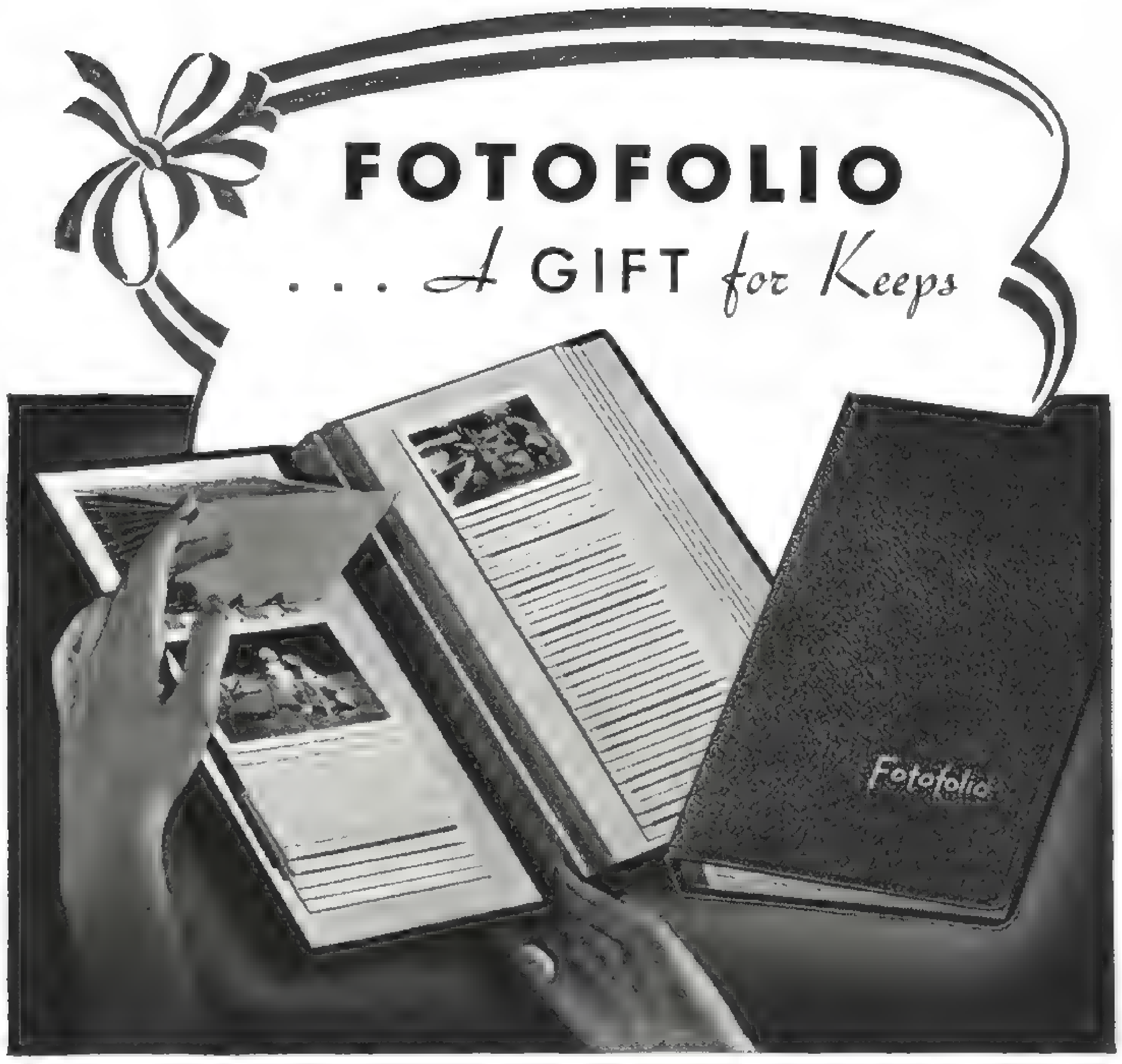

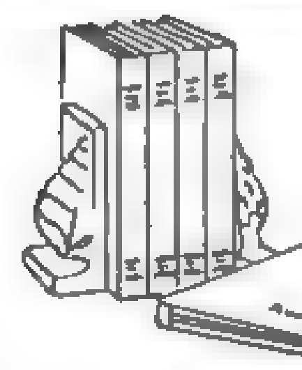

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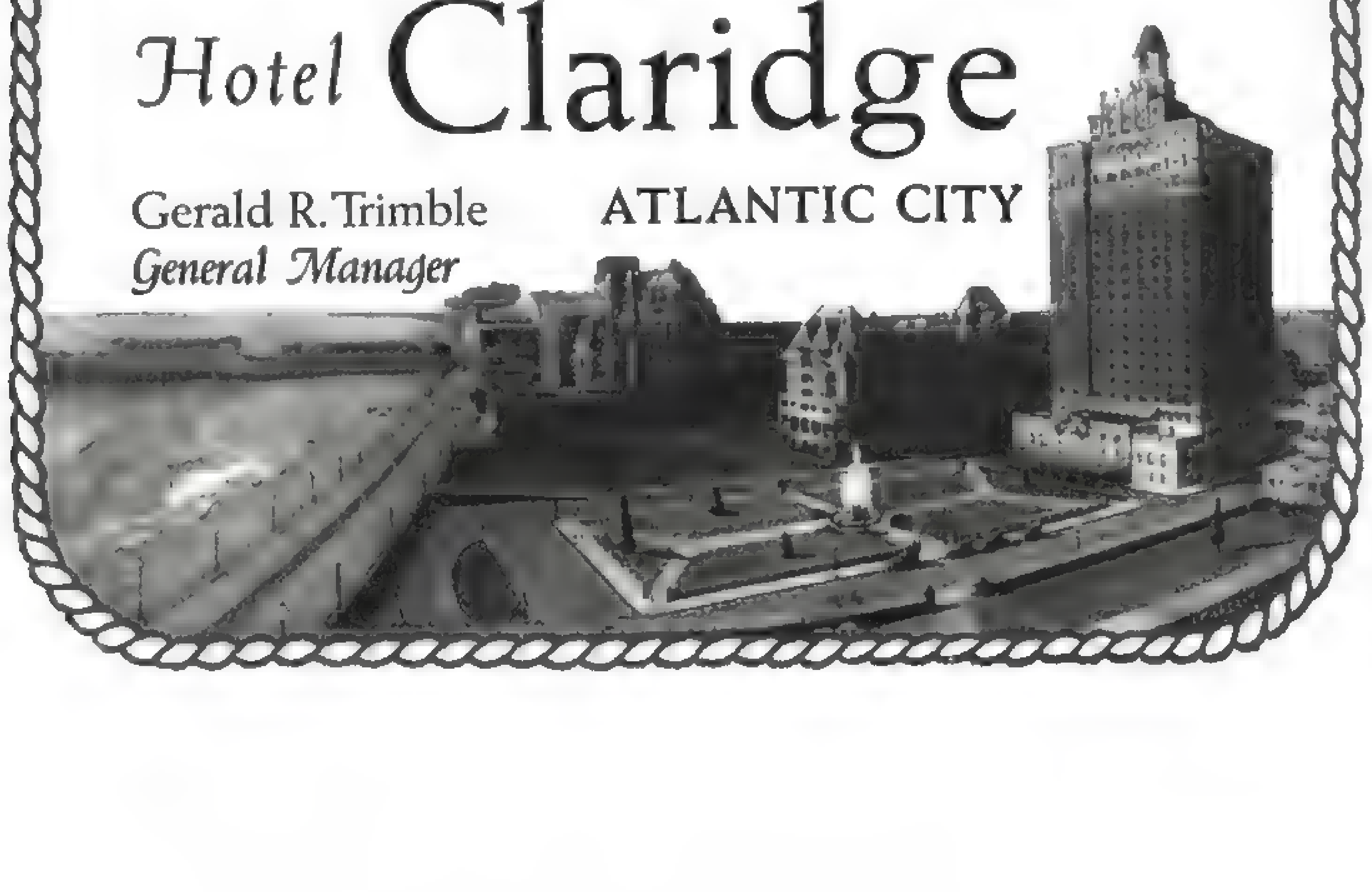

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

HE SAVES WIVES

Allen Prescott this month celebrates his seventh year as NBC's "Wife Saver." He's the stocky chap of medium height who conducts an early morning program which advises housewives how to remove cocktail stains from a rug or nail a picture without knocking down the wall. Prescott is inclined to kid his audience a bit—and they seem to like it. One time he asked women for candy recipes. He got enough in a week to fill a book—"The Wifesaver's Candy Recipes." It "just" missed the best-seller lists.

When Prescott first started out, he didn't know a can opener from a calliope. He'd clip most of his material from newspapers and magazines. Once he suggested cleaning coffee pots with lye, and housewives all over the country had coffee pot trouble. Now he checks his stuff very carefully. Prescott's best advice was that chewing gum could be removed from clothing by rubbing it with ice. One grateful listener suggested a movement to have the IRT people use it as a subway poster. But the Interborough executives turned thumbs down, considering it put their line in a bad light. Prescott has a habit—he is admittedly very lazy—of leaning against the mike when he talks. On one occasion he knocked it over, causing an unholy bedlam all over the country. He picked up the mike as though nothing had happened and whispered, "Mice!" The gag has since found its way into several films. He admits he doesn't know where he got it. Incidentally, NBC officials gave him a verbal one-two for doing it.

Some time ago, Prescott addressed a women's delegation in Radio City. He orated that housework, which is heavy manual labor, should be performed by men. He announced dramatically that women should rebel against a tradition which makes them slaves. The story made the papers, but nobody mentioned the fact that Prescott is a bachelor.

He has visions of becoming a successful comedian and has been after NBC for years to give him a chance. Because his "Wife Saver" series has been very popular—and rarely without a sponsor—the network has put him off. But finally he manoeuvred his current Saturday Morning Club series. He is a jesting master-of-ceremonies on this one, and much more enthusiastic about it than his "Wife Saver" series.

He's something of a joker offstage too. You'll find him frequently entertaining guests at small mid-Manhattan parties with his renowned Socratic dialogues on "How to be a back-seat driver" or "How to buy a hat." If his female radio audience could only hear him.

ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE

An authority on food recently opened our eyes to the gastronomic delights that can be had across the Rio Grande and was so enthusiastic about Mexican cuisine as a whole that we put our shorthand to work and took down some of the facts.

With a preface about "not all Mexican food being full of hot peppers" he first advised a fling at the tacos, which are Mexican sandwiches—rolled tortillas with meat, mostly chicken or turkey spiced with different sauces. The tortillas are round and flat like a pancake, made of grain corn. Mexicanos often eat them 3 times a day instead of bread. Mole de guajolote, which was recommended strongly, is a reddish curry of turkey, sometimes chicken, that takes days to make properly. Less hardy an experiment, enchiladas, which are fried tortillas, are dipped in a piquant tomato sauce, spread with minced chicken, garnished with grated cheese, olives, lettuce and relishes.

Then, of course, there are all sorts of tameles—not "tamali." They differ geographically, those cooked estilo Veracruzano and Oaxaqueno being in high favor with those who would know about such things. If you happen to land in Mexico's By-Way towns—Lake Patzcuaro and Lake Chapala—ask for pescado blanco, a small lake fish of delicate texture and flavor. In Vera Cruz it's called nuachinango a la veracruzana. The Mexican rival to the frog legs of the French is gusano de maguey, served fried to a crisp with tortillas and guacamole, an alligator pear salad. The papaya, which evidently deserves more than a few words of acclaim, is not only delicious in flavor but high in nutritive value. We're told that it's "richer in vitamins than almost any other fruit known."

Mexico City's restaurants are evidently quite cosmopolitan. You will find the onion soup, souffles and sauces of the French; the spaghetti, polenta and macaroni of the Italian; the goulash and paprikas of the Hungarian; the caviar and pierogi of the Russians; the sauer-kraut, sausages and ham of the Germans; the chop-suey of the Chinese and, above all, the puchero and arrox con pollo of the Spaniards. The puchero was brought to Mexico by the Conquistadores and is eaten every day. It is a stew containing mutton, fowl, sausages, slices of bacon and ham, and vegetables.

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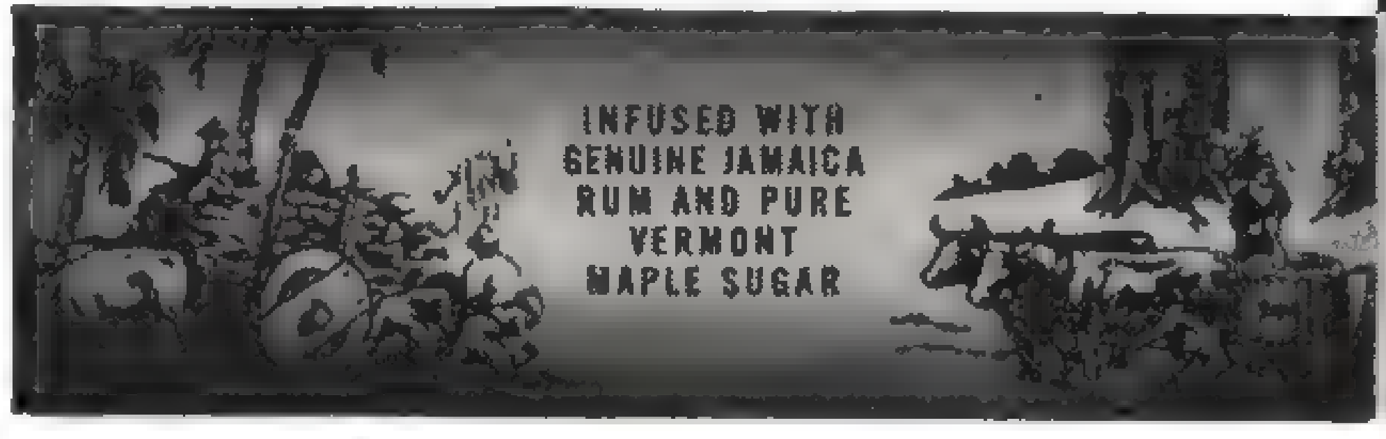

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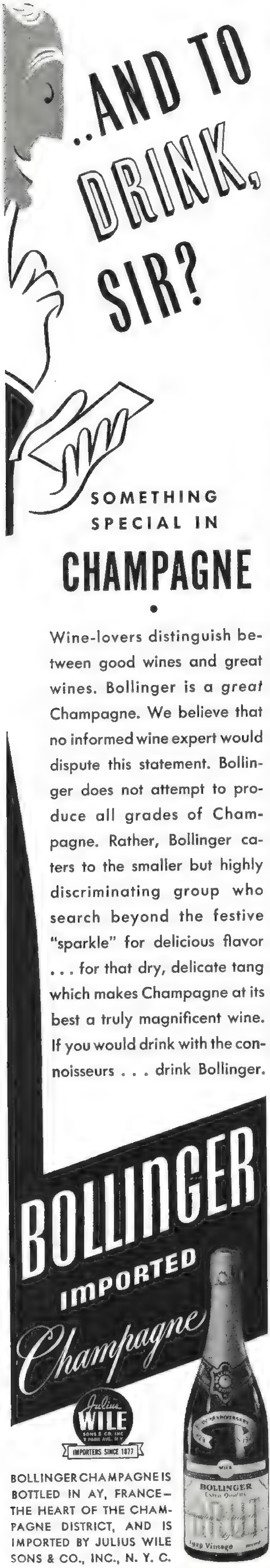

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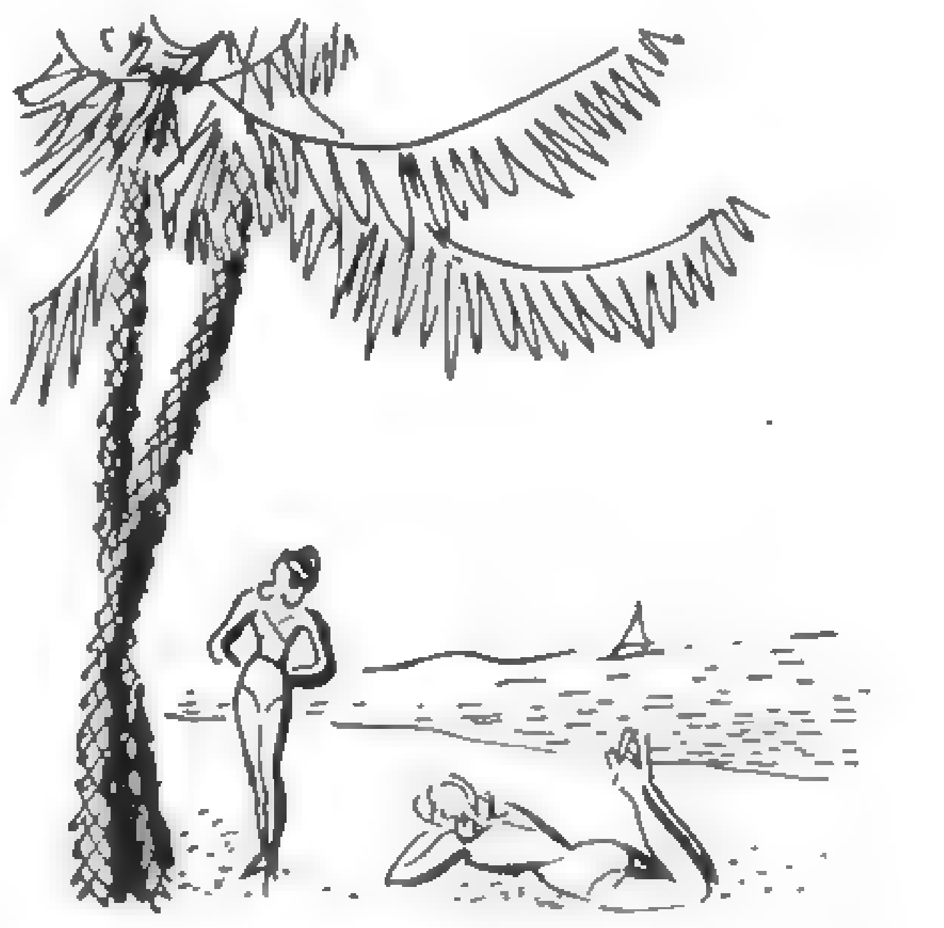
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

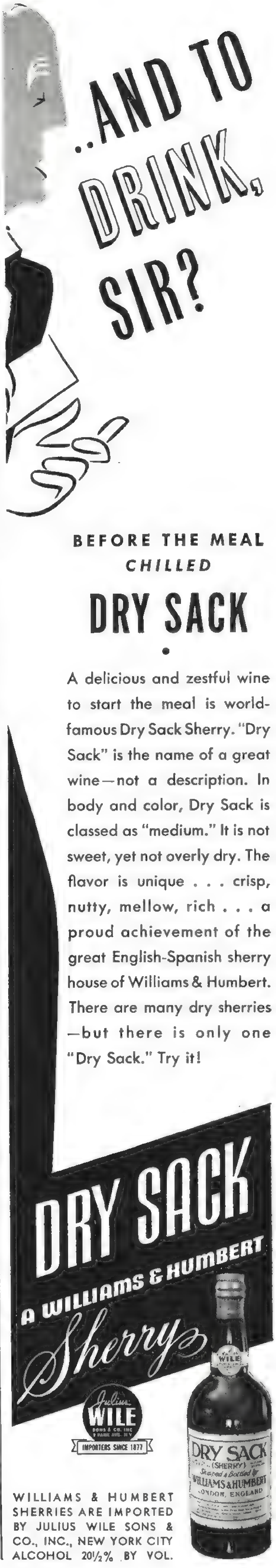
DATE LINE—MIAMI

Now that the moon is really riding high over Miami, we've finally heard from our correspondent down Florida way, Ralph Pierson. It would seem from his dispatch that Miami's night clubs, hotels and restaurants are bigger and better than ever. Here's his on-the-spot account.



Over at the Royal Palm, Mr. Childers has finished his big redecoration job and planted lush tropical gardens on both sides of the club. These gardens are lighted at night and the jasmines and gardenias are beautiful. The new cocktail room at the Royal Palm, the Bamboo Room, offers only tropical drinks; the West Indies Daiquiri is the most popular. Don Ramon called the "West Indies Cocktail King" introduces the "Drinks of Tomorrow"; his specials are Bit of Heaven, Grand Passion, Swizzle, and Ronricola. Artie Richter is at the big bar while for the amusement of the guests, Pallenberg rides around with his two bears on motorcycles. Abe Lyman is there with his orchestra; those coming include Harry Richman and the Ritz Brothers. Located on Biscayne Bay, it is very accessible from downtown Miami. The newest club in Miami is Club Bali, down Biscayne Blvd., across from Mannings where seafood is tops, this is a late spot; Al Delmonico, recently at Piping Rock, is maitre-d'hotel; features South Sea Isle drinks; ask for Bernie; the circular bar underneath the blue skyceiling seats 50. Jimmie's Bar and Don Lanning's are good spots to visit. Most of the hotels in Miami have their own bars. See genial Joe Curtis at the Marine Bar of the McAllister; he says Old Fashioneds and Manhattans are this year's most popular libations. A nice place the Marine Bar—pilot wheel lighting fixtures, red and cream decorations, air conditioned. Joe is featuring Persian lime drinks (juice of one Persian lime, one half a jigger of honey or maple syrup, one jigger of gin, shaved ice, then frappé). Across the causeway and at the Beach, Jack Dempsey's is as festive as ever. Rum drinks are the most popular here and the reigning cocktails are the Jack Dempsey and the Hannah Dempsey. Sophie Tucker opens here January 25; the orchestras are Vaughn Monroe and Vincent Bergale and his Rhumba band. Dempsey's is noted for its nocturnal sandwiches and for free rhumba lessons in the bar every afternoon; the place seats 350. His restaurant takes care of 500 guests and is famous for steaks and the health salad, the dressing for which is made by Jack's chef in New York and shipped to Miami in five gallon cans; try the Broiled Florida Pompano maitre d'hotel. Ruby Foo's, considered by many the handsomest cocktail room at the Beach (Dade Blvd. and West Ave.) opened December 1. There is a five piece Chinese band and 150 Chinese dishes are served. The walls are covered with striking hand paintings of China. More northern lobsters are used here than by any other club in Miami; Chinese vegetables are grown by a cousin of the chef up at Jacksonville. When only 25 years of age, Ruby Foo opened her first place in Boston (about ten years ago), then had equal success in New York and Hollywood. Also in the upper brackets is the Five O'Clock Club where the drinks are on the house at five in the afternoon and five in the morning; the number five is everywhere except in the most prominent spot in the club. Behind the long bar is a large circular mirror on which is a larger-than-life-size figure of a girl; her head touches 12 o'clock and her feet—not five o'clock—but seven. In February, this high spot of the Beach will celebrate the serving of its 5,000,000th drink on the house. Walter Feldkamp has the orchestra, the owner is Sartorial Sam Barken, the man with the 100 suits. By all means let blonde Sonya Zaranoff take you to her table and demonstrate her talking kettle, the only one in the world. You put the spout of the kettle to your ear and in a moment, a voice starts telling you all about yourself. The Five O'Clock features good food, will be six years old in February. Martini Simoes will take care of you; he speaks eight languages and was at the Brazilian Pavillion, N. Y. World's Fair. The Belmont has a movie night; movies are taken of the guests Wednesday and Saturday and shown every night at midnight the following week. Two bands and floor shows; is popular among those with average pocketbooks. Tony is back at the bar. The Continental seats 225; has top notch acts; Joe Lewis is now here. Cuisine is excellent. The Kit Kat used to be La Conga, a late spot; before midnight nobody there but the hired help, crowded between six and seven a. m. Popular with show folks. Ask for Joe Rooney if you're

(Continued on Page N)



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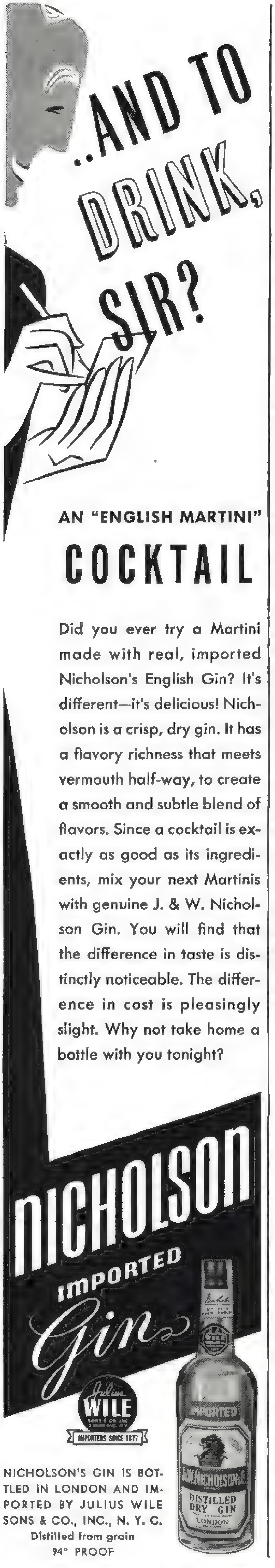

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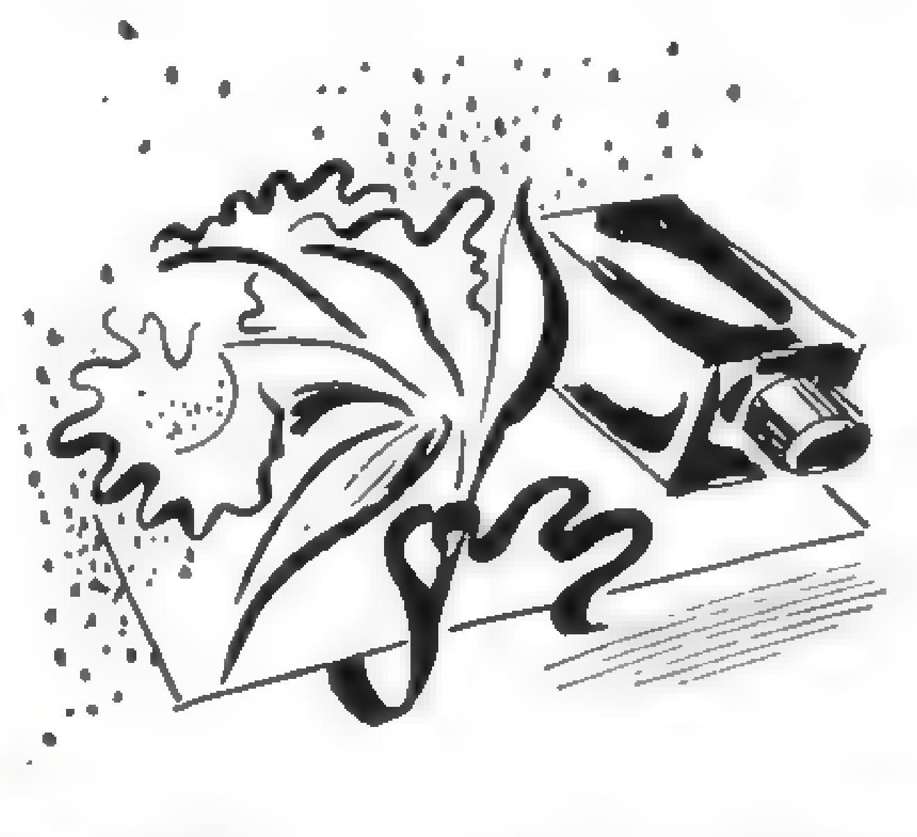
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

(*Continued from Page M*)

still on the go at six. El Chico is operated by two former bartenders, George Wills and Paul McCastland. Every Tuesday night is country store night when burros, horses and windmills are given away. Don Quintara and his band; go there sometime at the Penny Cocktail hour; the first drink is 35 cents, the second, one cent, the third, two cents . . . Mother Kelly's . . . they say he is the only man who made money at Saratoga; he never wears a coat or tie and his white polo shirt, terrific handshake and sincerity are well known. His three sons work for him, Bobbie, Stanley (the greeter), and Gerald, the bartender. Mother Kelly's seats 175 people. All clubs are getting a 24 hour a day license to operate, most are air conditioning their rooms. Piccadilly Club, Polo Bar, the new Club Deuce are in the good food category. Bill Jordan's Bar of Music is noted for its high-type clientele; behind the bar, Bill and his partner entertain at twin grand pianos. The Tavern of the Silver Meteor streamliner will get you in the mood on the way down.

ORCHID CORSAGE—COMING UP

Beaux-about-town who found nothing original about routine orchid-sending are praising the recently conceived idea of an East Side florist—said idea taking the corsage out of its ordinary sphere and transforming it into a gala little present. The shop, collaborating on the thing with Helena Rubinstein, sends out each orchid on an attractive silver card with space for a message.



Attached to the card is a small gold topped flask of Rubinstein's well-known Orchid Perfume. Naturally the perfume, highly concentrated, lasts long after the flowers have faded and reminds *la belle* of the sender. This fine two-in-one package is topped off by a distinctive arrangement of the flowers. None of them are wired, which we're told, is the secret of that "alive" look they have when finally delivered. We tried one of these combinations out (one orchid) on a frivolous friend of ours and she was quite pleased. The results were definitely gratifying.

BREAKFAST, TABLE-TALK

As breakfast, if not carefully watched, can become a pretty routine meal, we're pleased to report a new jelly that should at least brighten up the toast end of things. It's called "Buttered Grape Jelly" and very good it is. Took a year of blending, research and experimentation to perfect it and it's 100% pure. Its ingredients are choice Concord grapes, fresh creamery butter and pure cane sugar.

HOW'S HER CHARM?

Charm bracelets are now more than ever in the spotlight, what with good, old fashion decreeing quantities of dangling jewelry to complement the graceful female styles now in vogue. One of the Waldorf shops has backed this trend with a fine collection of gold, silver and jeweled charms at all prices. The shop makes a specialty of these trinkets, evidently appropriating every new design as soon as it is conceived. Each piece is something of a Lilliputian mechanical wonder. There is a bridge table, with minute folding legs; a public telephone booth with door that opens to show a minute telephone; a dog house, complete with man or dog for tenant; a mouse trap, realistically baited and set; a gold top that actually spins; a sewing machine with movable wheel and needle; a gold mesh evening bag which opens to reveal a tiny gold coin; etc. In fact, there is a miniature of every conceivable article, each one cleverly formed so that it works exactly in the manner of the original from which it is copied. If your *jeune fille* is a charm collector, you'd better stop by. If the shop hasn't the particular charm you're after they'll find it for you or have one made.

Ranger

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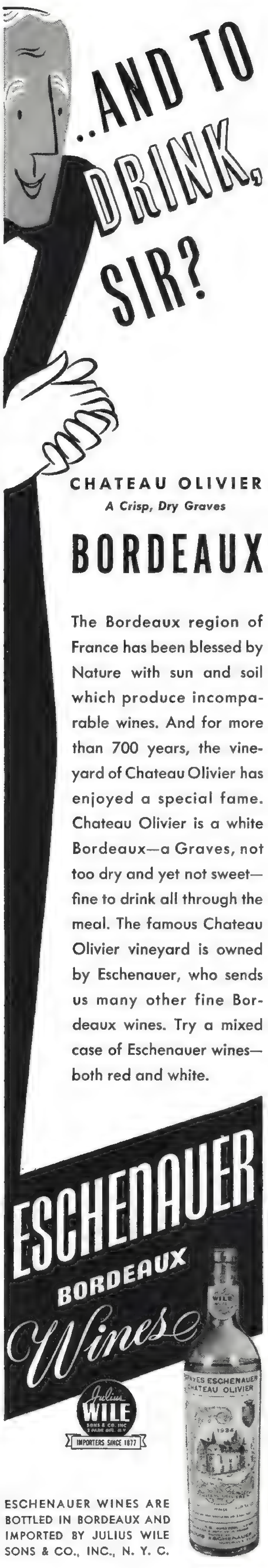
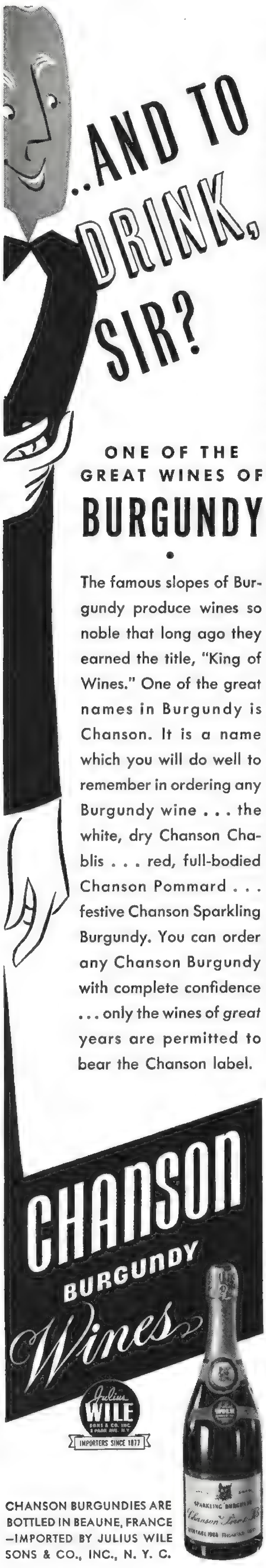


CHATEAU OLIVIER
A Crisp, Dry Graves
BORDEAUX

The Bordeaux region of France has been blessed by Nature with sun and soil which produce incomparable wines. And for more than 700 years, the vineyard of Chateau Olivier has enjoyed a special fame. Chateau Olivier is a white Bordeaux—a Graves, not too dry and yet not sweet—fine to drink all through the meal. The famous Chateau Olivier vineyard is owned by Eschenauer, who sends us many other fine Bordeaux wines. Try a mixed case of Eschenauer wines—both red and white.

ESCHENAUER WINES ARE BOTTLED IN BORDEAUX AND IMPORTED BY JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y. C.



...AND TO DRINK, SIR?

ONE OF THE GREAT WINES OF

BURGUNDY

The famous slopes of Burgundy produce wines so noble that long ago they earned the title, "King of Wines." One of the great names in Burgundy is Chanson. It is a name which you will do well to remember in ordering any Burgundy wine . . . the white, dry Chanson Chablis . . . red, full-bodied Chanson Pommard . . . festive Chanson Sparkling Burgundy. You can order any Chanson Burgundy with complete confidence . . . only the wines of *great* years are permitted to bear the Chanson label.

CHANSON BURGUNDY Wines

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC.

IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

CHANSON BURGUNDIES ARE BOTTLED IN BEAUNE, FRANCE —IMPORTED BY JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y. C.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

ANECDOTES ONLY

Up at the Plaza's Persian Room the other night we talked at some length with Eddy Duchin, having in mind a short piece on this popular young maestro who's back for another year at the same old stand and more popular than ever. The idea was a biography of sorts but Mr. Duchin, whose young life has been a full one, was in an anecdotal frame of mind. Some of the anecdotes were pretty good so we forgot the continuity of the thing and let them come. Evidently his pet concerns the piano his friend, the late John Wanamaker, sent him. It was an expensive one and came as a surprise present. A note was attached: "I hope you enjoy it. Please use our piano tuning department. Business is lousy."

His birthday unfortunately falls on the first of April. Once in Boston a small regiment of soldiers marched up to his front door, aimed a cannon at him after he'd been called to the front porch, and fired. Blanks. But he never discovered who subsidized the army.

Lou Nova danced by one night at the Starlight Roof and Eddy called, "How do you like my racket?" Nova quipped back, "I like mine better. I'm not on so long."

When Duchin played at the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt asked for a Virginia Reel. Franklin Jr. interceded: "Aw mom, don't crab the party!" After which, mom took a back seat.

He likes to tell of the first girl who sang with his band, back in 1932. "You have a swell figure," he told her one day, "why don't you do something about it?" That was before she wrapped a sarong around it—Dorothy Lamour.

In 1931, on the eve of making his first phonograph record, he hadn't been able to locate a suitable songstress. He finally used one whom he considered a promising newcomer—Frances Langford. And a couple of years later he was touring the country for Texaco, the idea being to uncover a promising vocalist in each locality visited. He found one so good he hired him—to sing ballads—the lad couldn't handle rhythm numbers. And he's still singing ballads—Kenny Baker.

He got a decided kick out of the fifteen minute radio speech he was asked to prepare on the occasion of one of his birthdays. He worked hard at it and thinks he did a good job. But he's still sorry that the joker who arranged the thing didn't have the microphone connected.

At 17, he was playing for three dollars a night with a high school orchestra—in a very short time it was the Central Park Casino, the Waldorf and the Plaza. One thing along the way has always puzzled him—society bandleader. They call him that no matter how or where he plays. It can be a Broadway theatre, one-nighters throughout the west, the Plaza or the Sunnyside Ballroom in Hershey, Pa. But labels can be helpful and Mr. Duchin doesn't worry too much about it. As a label, "the magic piano fingers of radio" didn't turn out so badly either.

FANCY FARE DEP'T

And they're all from the same famous shop. Said shop has a commendable collection of unusually good eatables . . . worth looking into before the Christmas round of entertaining begins.

OLD FASHIONED MOLASSES TAFFY—made from a recipe over a hundred years old. Cut in small pieces—good for one man-sized bite—light in color—soft, not brittle—individual pieces wrapped in waxed paper. Packed in diamond shaped, orchid color boxes. They tell us that molasses is recognized by science as containing a higher content of "useable iron" than the long praised and glorified spinach and beef liver, thus giving the sweet toothed male a chance to eat his fill of taffy with a scientific alibi. (Scare note—70% of the adult population of the country and 40% of the child population suffer with anaemia in some degree or other.)

BRANDIED PEACHES . . . in barrels with a spigot for drawing off the juice—to be used as a liqueur with a dash of cream or as a sauce on ice cream.

BIRTHDAY MUSICAL PLATES—play "Happy Birthday to You" as the plates turn about displaying the birthday cake resting upon the plate. The plates may be bought or rented.

Ranger

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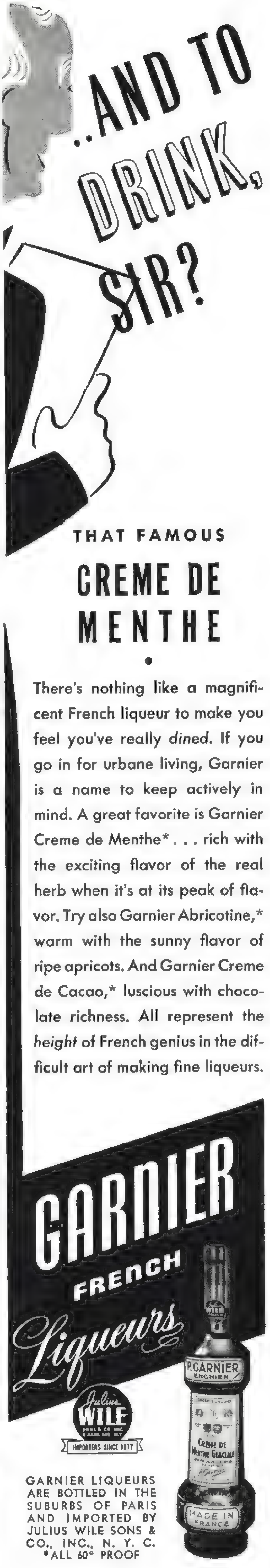

...AND TO DRINK, SIR?

THAT FAMOUS

CREME DE MENTHE

There's nothing like a magnificent French liqueur to make you feel you've really *dined.* If you go in for urbane living, Garnier is a name to keep actively in mind. A great favorite is Garnier Creme de Menthe* . . . rich with the exciting flavor of the real herb when it's at its peak of flavor. Try also Garnier Abricotine,* warm with the sunny flavor of ripe apricots. And Garnier Creme de Cacao,* luscious with chocolate richness. All represent the *height* of French genius in the difficult art of making fine liqueurs.

GARNIER FRENCH Liqueurs

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC.

IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

GARNIER LIQUEURS ARE BOTTLED IN THE SUBURBS OF PARIS AND IMPORTED BY JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y. C.
*ALL 60° PROOF

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*"Curtsy" Girdles....

For gifts sure to be joyfully received—choose brassieres and girdles by Maiden Form.

*"Inter - Lude" brassiere - $1.50; Girdle No. 1301; Pantie No. 1321 —, each $2.00.

*"Chansonette" bandeaux — $1.00 and $1.50; and Girdle No. 1310 — $1.00.

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If you could only hear it!

Hear its golden beauty of tone, impeccable purity and amazing volume. *Then* you realize why

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cannot be compared to any other. The perfect Gift for Christmas.

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

HOLLYWOOD RULES THE WAVES

In the movies, where nothing is impossible, Warner Bros. is putting a roof on an ocean. It will be a pretty serviceable ocean, studio-equipped with wild waves, spume and dashing whitecaps. It is to be the studio's permanent indoor stage for sea pictures. The sound stage—it will be the largest in the world when completed—is being used first for "The Sea Hawk," Errol Flynn's new picture. Two ships, the English "Falcon" and a slave-driven galley, will stage a battle on the Warner ocean.

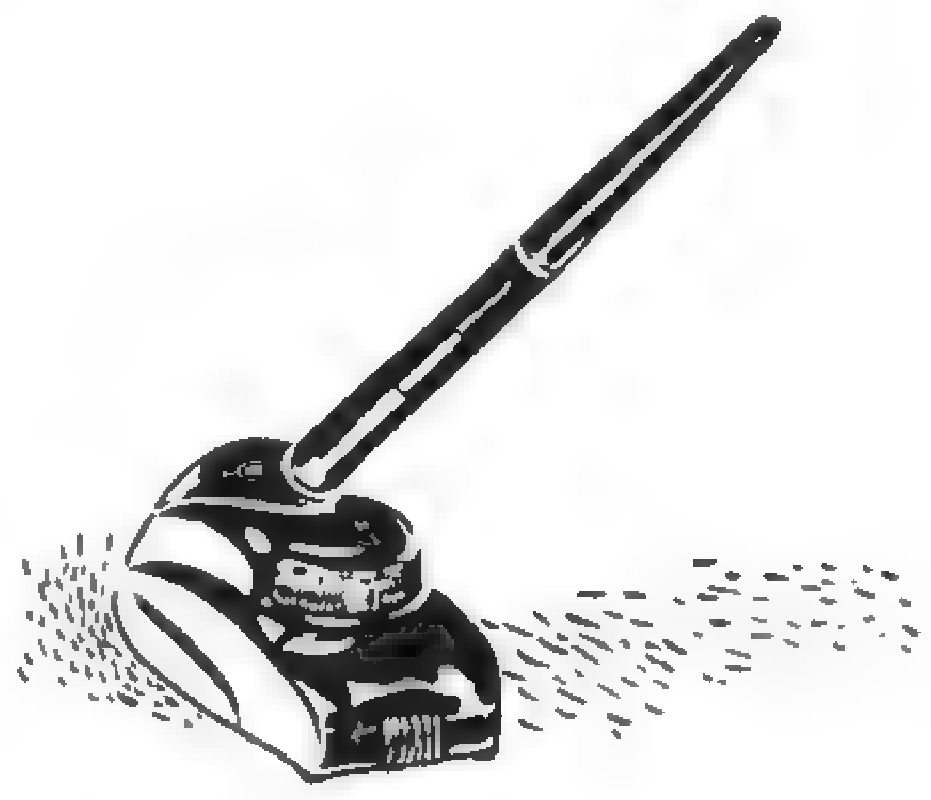
A depressed floor, constructed like a swimming pool but larger in area than a football field, is being covered by a steel roof and surrounded by walls 81 feet high. A huge sliding door will join the water inside the stage with the reconstructed Warner lake, creating an immense body of water which will permit ships to be floated from one section to the other, depending on whether outdoor or indoor filming is desired. Working simultaneously with the construction crew, a mechanical crew is installing a set of hydraulic rockers which, concealed beneath the water, will rock the ships to and fro. The hydraulic rockers — similar to the gas-station rack which lifts your automobile — will be placed at six points under a 90-foot support, so that one man can operate six levers to rock the ship.

Not long ago, the idea of building the stage was approved late one afternoon by Jack Warner, in charge of production. The plans were drawn on Friday and Saturday. On Sunday the site was graded. Monday night, the foundations were being dug. The foundations had to be sunk 16 feet for a caisson-type footing which would make the building earthquake proof. Added to that the outer wall on the open lake side must be absolutely smooth, free of pipes and buttresses, so it can be painted to resemble clouds and sky and serve as a backing for any outdoor scenes shot from within the building. To aid the cameramen who use the stage, special catwalks will be built on three walls to permit shooting from any angle. It will be possible to remove the walls, in huge panel sections around the base of the stage, if the cameraman finds it necessary to shoot from some point outside into the stage. The panels also can be removed to permit water to cascade down chutes for storm effects. As soon as the stage is finished, another crew will install huge wind machines and splashers, which will contribute to the wave effect. They will also install an entrance door, 50 by 50 feet and weighing 18 tons, which will be operated by electricity.

A scene in "The Sea Hawk" in which the "Falcon," Errol Flynn's boat, overtakes the galley to rescue some Englishmen imprisoned on it as slaves, added complications. In the scene the galley must sink so that finally one rail is awash. That meant constructing the hydraulic rockers so that they too would sink. But when Hollywood builds an ocean, they do it right. The good ship "Falcon" sunk, with one rail awash.

ART ON YOUR CHRISTMAS CARD

If there are any laggards in the audience who haven't as yet purchased Christmas cards, the Associated American Artists have quite a distinctive collection that you can snap up on a moment's notice. The collection features reproductions of original etchings and lithographs by contemporary American artists and are unusual enough to preclude any obvious last-minute look. Among the artists whose works have been used are Ernest Fiene, recently honored at the Carnegie International Exhibition, Thomas Hart Benton, Luconi, Alice Standish Buell, Irwin Hoffman, C. Jac Young, Gordon Grant and Churchill Ettinger. There are four cards specially created for the occasion by Grant Wood which present delicately colored, handsome still lifes.



EXECUTIVES WILL LIKE IT

Eleventh hour shoppers on the trail of a useful, inexpensive gift for one of the males of the family might investigate the combination thermometer and pen holder pictured above. Desk space-wasters come a dime a dozen but this gift possibility has that quality necessary for the success of all desk instruments —practicality. It's made in black, walnut and ivory bakelite, is definitely modern in design.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

To announce Esquire as your gift for Christmas

This striking characterization of the ever popular Esky as conceived by the world-famous Walt Disney will be reproduced in full colors on the distinctive Christmas card that will announce your gift of a subscription to ESQUIRE this holiday season. With your name carefully inscribed on the inside leaf, this card will be sent to reach your friends' homes just at Christmas . . . at the same time as the January issue, wrapped in a colorful holiday package.

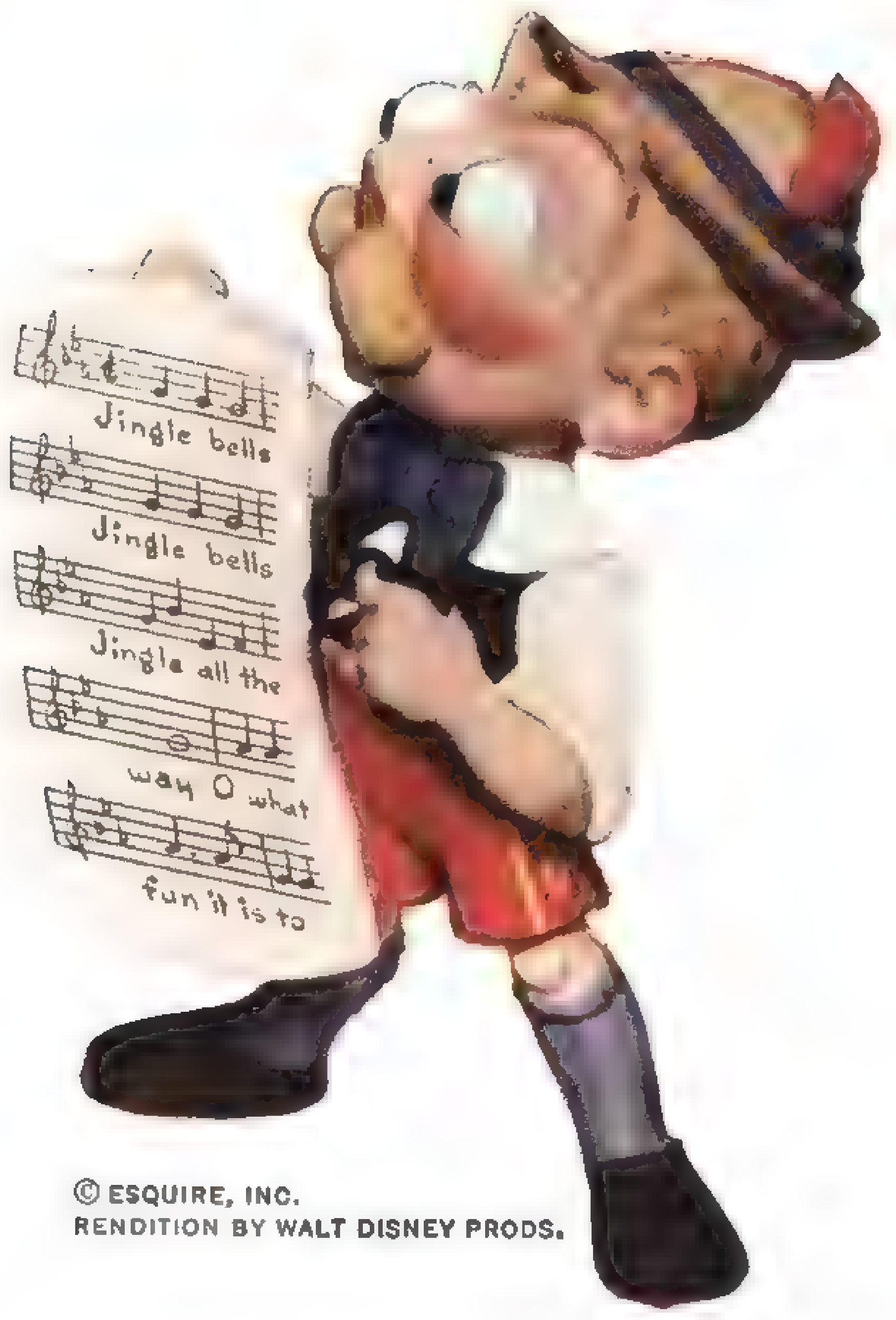
Dedicate this Christmas to his sense of humor with a gift subscription to ESQUIRE.

Christmas gift rates

(in effect now, and until January 15th, 1940)

one subscription, one year	$5 (regular rate)
two subscriptions, one year each	$8 (you save $2)
three subscriptions, one year each	$10 (you save $5)
additional yearly subscriptions, each	$3 (save an extra $2)

(for foreign postage add $2.50 per subscription)



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HOUSE OF LORDS
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DISTILLED DRY GIN
Imported from England ~of course!
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
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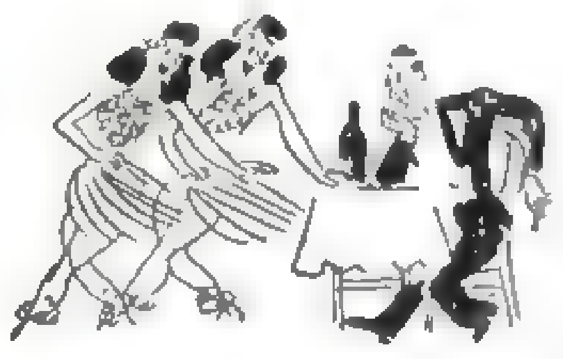
NEW YORK'S SMART FRENCH RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON PRIX FIXE $1.50
PRE-THEATRE DINNER $2.00
15 WEST 49th STREET, IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER

Spanish melon, Parma ham, Scotch grouse, foie gras of Strasbourg, Champagne, Turkish coffee — these may not seem especially Kanaka but that doesn't worry anybody at the St. Regis' Hawaiian Maisonette. You can be as mid-Pacific as you please and yet enjoy your cutlet of chick-chick Pojarksy, which was one of the menu hits of "Russe" days; or Caucasian lamb hunks, now served in a dish instead of on a flaming harpoon, the present accoutrement of pineapple transforming this delicacy into "Brochette d'Agnew Hawaii". After all, why should men of the *monde* be pedantic about their geography when there's a care-lulling orchestra in the bamboo-brake and soft-voiced, hand-waving, undulatrixies peek-a-booing through windows and gracing the floor? Especially the one in the middle, named "Dewdrop on the Half Shell" or something. Upstairs, the Iridium Room boasts bustles, skates, Dorothy Lewis, and the music of Charles Baum.

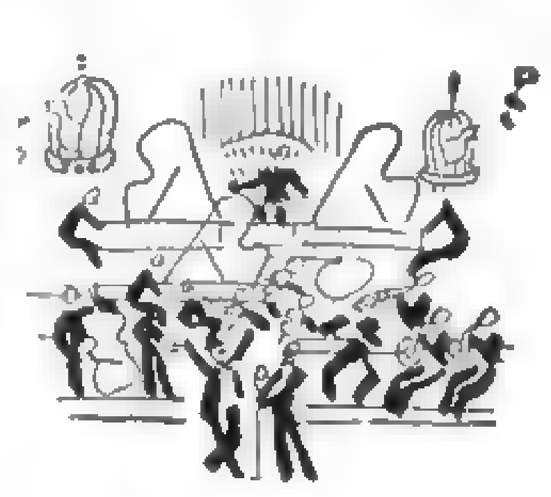


Park Avenue scions and scionesses have pretty thoroughly adopted Fred Armour's Nine O'Clock Club (125 East 54th) which used to be just a mirage. He's tossed out the Bar to make room for more tables, so that now group spirit is unanimous and buoyant, with its best manners on. Capering amid the copper glints of the décor is done to the music of Ray Benson and rumbaist Don de Vodi. The clock-face dance floor permanently registering "9" gets to be many hours in arrears.

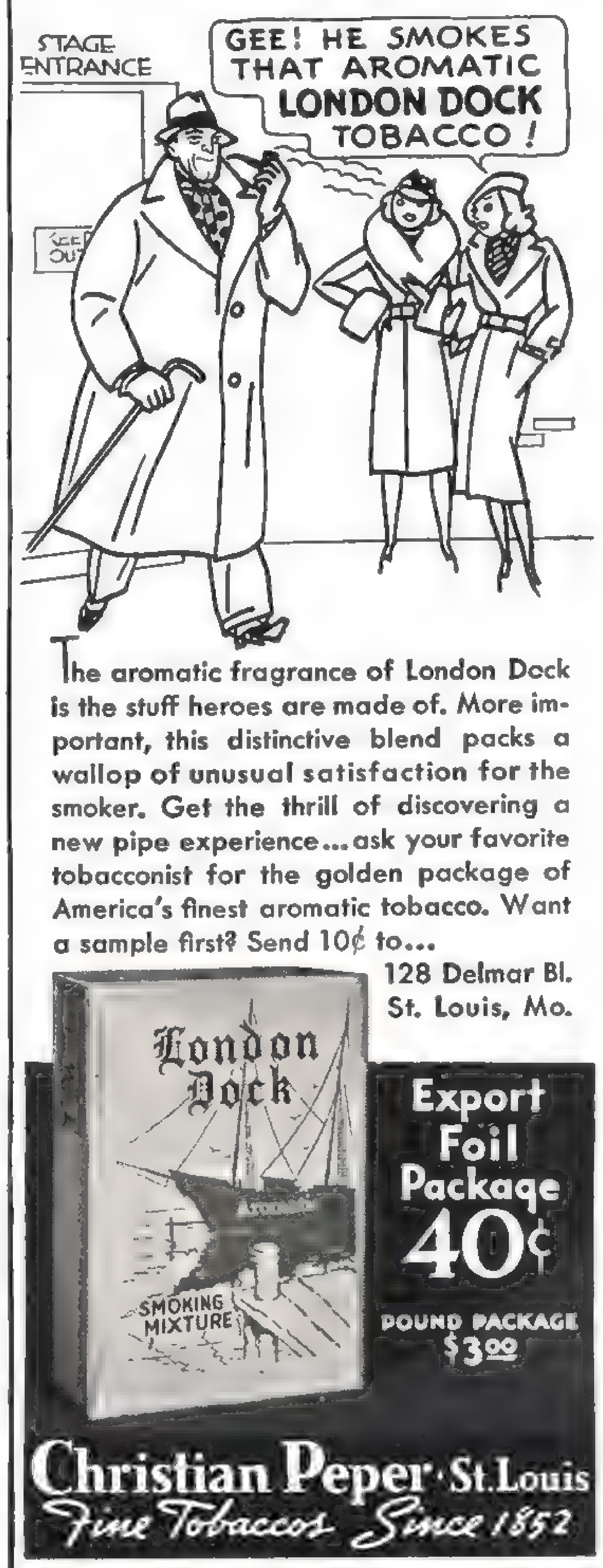
Stanchion-perched Champagne buckets are a silver forest at Fefe's Monte Carlo, with ermines giving them free polishes as the glamour gals percolate into the giddy jam. Persons of the Foolish Virgin class, who didn't make reservations, console each other as best they can at the Bar, its blue moonlight setting seeming to typify their mood. From here they can eavesdrop the singing of personable Richard Smart and large-orbed Maggi McNellis and, trans-hubbub, sundry teasing strains manufactured under the direction of Ted Straeter and Johnny Rodriguez. The menu lists corn flakes at one buck, but English pheasant is heartier and more in demand.

Lower Fifth Avenue might seem an odd place to look for a shore dinner, especially in wintertime, yet at the Hotel Grosvenor, corner of Tenth Street, we encountered a most glorious exemplar of this species of repast. Occurs every Friday and Saturday. And every day, special Plantation Dinner featuring Boula Gratiné, Fried Chicken Alabama, and Georgia Pecan Waffle. Nor can one afford to ignore the Silver King Angostura Pie, or the specialties dispensed by Eddie at the Bar.

Rident George Olsen and his retinue of twenty-five—practically a dance opera company—have let loose their variegated talents in the capacious, architecturally elegant Bowman Room of the Biltmore. His isn't swingy overtricked music—it's straight, smooth sonority with charm and puissance. You can get into it up to your neck and be carried along without effort. And the assorted entertainment is continuous—with singers, dancers, and comedians spotlighted, and with three pianos and an electric organ effectively heard from, as well as the canaries, headed by Joe, and supplied by the hotel.



Muralled likenesses of the Empress Josephine and those banana-leaf sharers Paul and Virginia accost your eye as you enter La Martinique (57 West 57th), the room itself being decorated with impressions of that island, which are a happy change from the routine school of "scenic views". Everything here shows a spark of phantasy and originality, from "admiral" uniformed maître Maraschino and "sailor" waiters to the least detail of the entertainment. Elvira Rios isn't just another Mexican singer; maestri Gasparre and de la Rosa aren't merely the usual.



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nightly in the new
TERRACE ROOM
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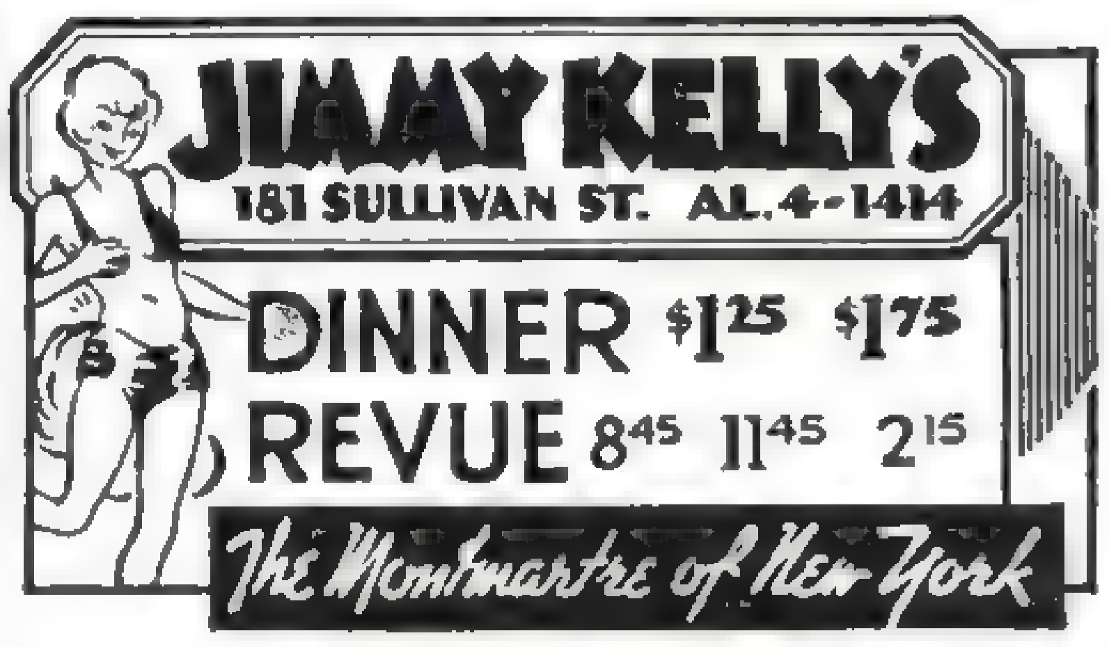
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In New York, for instance, The Sun is able to do such a complete selling job for advertisers because it's a newspaper that *goes home* and *stays home!* The Sun's strength is concentrated among New York's young, active, buying families and consequently successful retailers depend heavily on this responsive audience for day-after-day business.

Any manufacturer of a worthwhile product can . . . 1. win prestige, 2. get acceptance and 3. build sales in New York by allocating his advertising dollars wisely. Successful experience points straight to The Sun and its selling power as the New York newspaper through which to accomplish all three objectives efficiently and economically.

The Sun
NEW YORK

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

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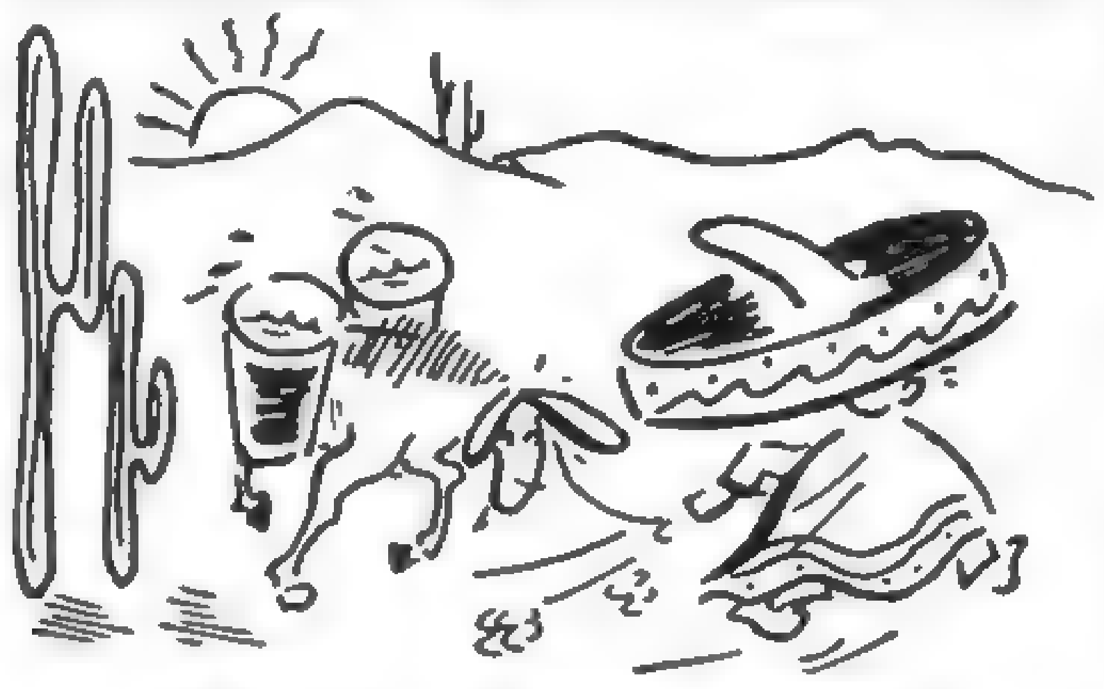
Empire Room
At Dinner
THE HARTMANS
Satirists of the Dance...
NAT BRANDWYNNE
and His Orchestra
At Supper
BENNY GOODMAN
King of Swing
THE HARTMANS
...Encore Performance
•
Couvert after 11 P. M., $1.00
Friday and Saturday, $1.50
The Waldorf-Astoria



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CATALOG
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Famous Rum Drinks
HAWAIIAN BAR
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FOR MEN WHO PREFER DINING TO EATING
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NUTS
VAN'S crisp, crunchy, HAWAIIAN MACADAMIAS are the delight of gourmets. Vacuum-sealed in Honolulu. Sold at leading delicacy stores.
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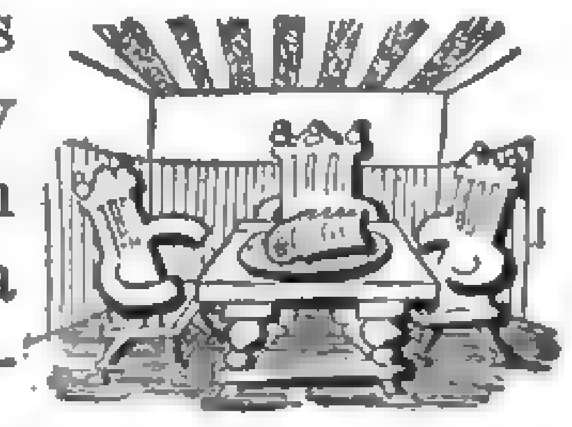
THE ARISTOCRAT OF CHICAGO'S RESTAURANTS
The Colony
744 N. RUSH • DEL. 2666
-Now! CROSS & DUNN
SONNY GOLDSTONE Managing Directors NICHOLAS DEAN

Sentimentalists who bristled with indignation at hearing that El Morocco had been redone beyond recognition, are now wonderfully reconciled to the changes and admit that Jo Mielziner, with his magical theatrical creativeness, has wrought enchantment de luxe. An El Baroccoco, as it were. The Bar, now oval, and the entire front end of the room in which it is located are pigskinned *au naturel*, greatly to the pride of white-coated Machiste. (He's the big light-haired one.) The room proper is peach-velveted in fanciful panels, with ingenious silhouettes of wall-cached candelabra, and crafty hue and light effects that cosmetic the ladies. The small room at the rear of the foyer has been enlarged and bedolled in dove gray and is now open at the hitherto unknown hour of noon. The side-whiskers of Ciro the wine-butler hold their own regardless.

With courtly Paul at his perennial post as majordomo and with Eddy Duchin as musical host—Paul rocks forward, Eddy sidewise—the Hotel Plaza's Persian Room is in authentic kilter nowa-evenings: top hat of the top hat. Besides sway artistry, there is Jane Pickens, alumna of the Pickens Sisters, heard from in cheerfully "improved" grand opera. And that agile idol Paul Draper, giving the old masters the tap-around. When the team of Duchin and Draper perform a medley of tunes selected by the audience, their impromptu finger- and foot-work is par even for this course.

Construing the Hotel Pennsylvania's increased patronage as meaning that people must like it, manager James H. McCabe has responded by dotted-lining up crowned heads of swing—enough to last all winter—with Artie Shaw as the starter and Glenn Miller due next. To accommodate the inflocks, the enormous main-floor dining room has been transformed (with end terraces, parenthetical banquettes, etc.) into Café Rouge, and mighty successfully; few royal halls in the Old World are as good-looking, and none as gay. Alternating with Artie of the caloric clarinet is rhumba-maker Ralph Rotgers, less famous but plenty musical.

From Sol-smacked California have come Del Courtney and his men, into the tasteful Trianon Room of the Ambassador Hotel. Smooth fellows, and cheery. This has always been an attractive spot, with pleasant service, but it has needed something. Courtney looks and sounds like a smart answer. And there are entertainers besides.



Logs of Virginia hickory have interesting assignments in the broilery of Gallagher's, 228 West 52nd, where hamburgers are heroic conceptions and a one-man sirloin weighs in at one pound. It's a technique whereby juice and thoroughly conditioned flavor are fire-sealed in, with the result that each cut of your knife is a release of good news. What looks stupendous when first set before you, somehow proves an exact fit and mighty becoming to your morale. Any wan-ness you brought into this pine-panelled place of restoration has gotten lost. The very atmosphere is an antidote to anemia. Which is why biggies of Broadway and elsewhere come here to replenish their stamina, even at luncheon time.

Not all those people milling into Grand Central Station are bound for trains. A lot of them ferret down to the Union News Company's famed Oyster Stewdio whose creations you won't find the beat of, no matter how far you travel... Toppers off to trend interpreter Harold J. Grossman for pointing out that with wine consumption in the United States now running at a pace of 65,000,000 gallons a year (spirits 155,000,000 gallons) you've gotta admit that Bacchus is a big boy now... Reassuring note: That full-rigged ship you see heaving on the deep through one of the portholes of the Whaler Bar (Midston House, 37th and Madison) is operated by machinery, not by what has gone down your hatch.

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VINTAGE
"EXTRA DRY"
NON-VINTAGE
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Each produces 40 to 60 roses yearly; three grafts on each tree make a perfect round crown of roses. Will bloom for many seasons. Shipped ready to plant with moss-tied soil around roots. Trees run from 4 to 6 feet tall. Choice of Hollywood (red), Kaiserin Augusta Victoria (white), Johanna Hill (yellow), Briarcliff (pink). Orders taken now for delivery between March 1st and March 15th at $8.00 each.
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For friends you esteem most highly, we suggest you give Lord Calvert . . . a gift that honors the sender as fully as it pleases the receiver.

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The most expensive whiskey blended in America, Lord Calvert is exceptionally smooth and mellow, distinctive in flavor and bouquet.

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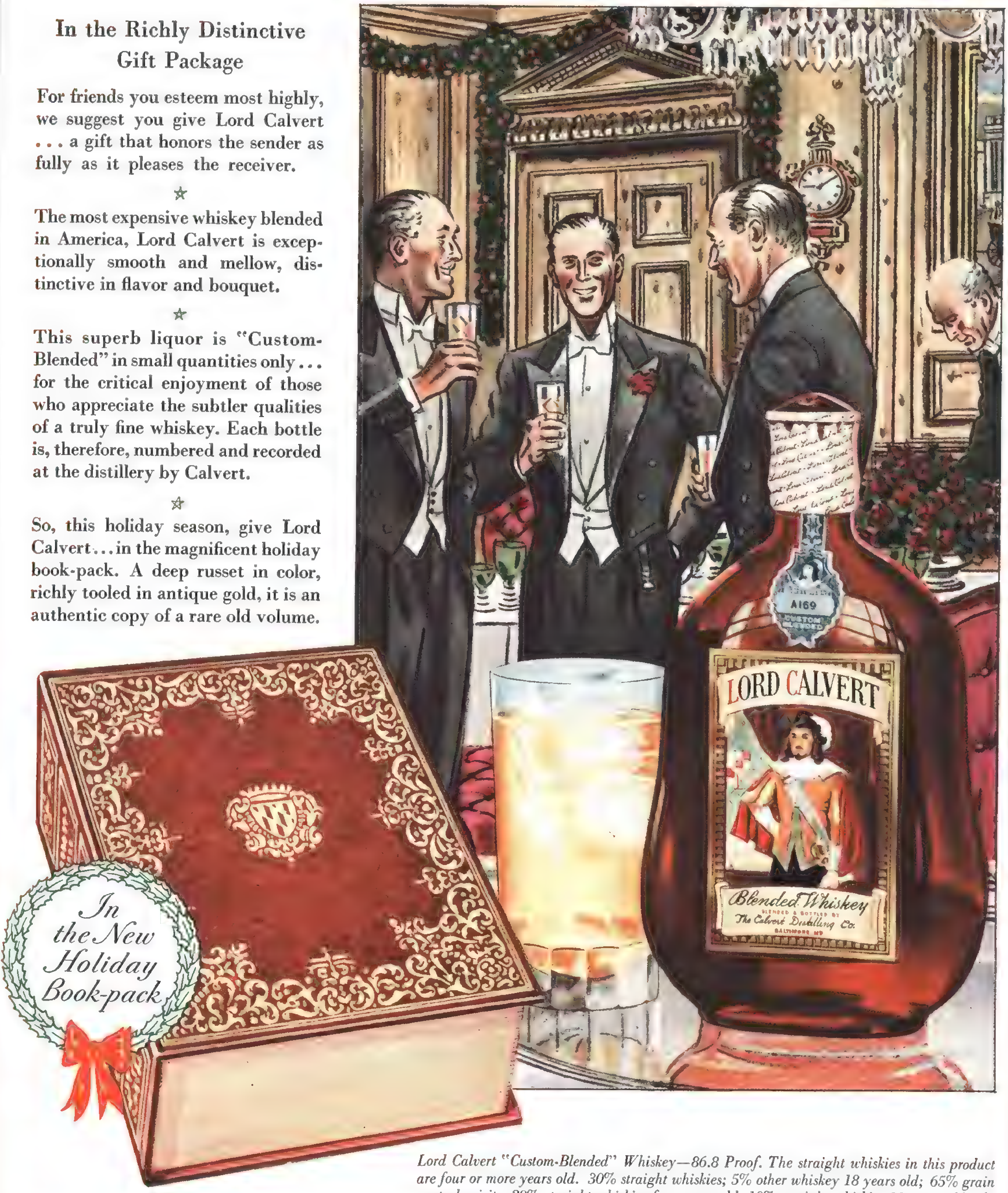
So, this holiday season, give Lord Calvert . . . in the magnificent holiday book-pack. A deep russet in color, richly tooled in antique gold, it is an authentic copy of a rare old volume.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A169
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LORD CALVERT
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
The Calvert Distilling Co.
BALTIMORE MD

Lord Calvert "Custom-Blended" Whiskey—86.8 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four or more years old. 30% straight whiskies; 5% other whiskey 18 years old; 65% grain neutral spirits. 20% straight whiskies four years old, 10% straight whiskies 10 years old, 5% other whiskey 18 years old. Copr. 1939 Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

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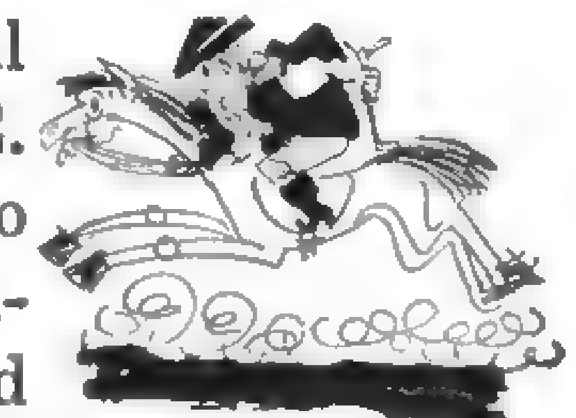
Before the Theatre
Prix Fixe Dinner from $1.75
The Sun Valley Trio entertain you at Cocktail Time in the Netherland Bar
The SHERRY NETHERLAND
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59th STREET
Where the Park begins

Richard Himber's intermission harpist in the Corinthian Room of the Hotel Pierre was playing soft music when our Oysters Portia were brought in. (They're on the half-shell, covered with a subtle creamy, cheese-piqued sauce, browned.) "An invention of mine," confessed maître Theodor Szarvas, bowing. (Any table is to him a private party, to be personally watched over.) And the waiter opened up the dusty, yet not so dusty, Beaune 1915 which reposed in its basket to accompany the Chicken Sauté, Fines Herbes, melt-in-the-mouth variety, with delicate Purée of Celery Root. Thereafter, salad, followed by Macedoine of Fresh Fruits, liqueured, with Raspberry Ice. And, to do parting justice to the Burgundy, a bit of Roquefort with toasted crackers. Really, Mr. Himber's orchestra had never sounded better!

Madeleine, Parisian chatelaine of Le Poissonnier, 121 East 52nd, playing the role of Neptune's niece in her slick bedizened cave, presides over the destinies of bouillabaise, brook trout, grilled lobster, and imported red caviar, née salmon roe—lumping a lot of her best offerings under the title of "The Admiral's Sea Food Dinner". On the terra firma side, there's duckling á l'orange, cold squab chicken en gelée, and suchlike. Even steaks. To make your after dinner cigar seem shorter, Lucille Jarrott, cruising about with her little piano, sings confidential ditties, some of them custom-made on the spur of the moment. And amiable sepian Charles Wilson, assisted by the twanging Conway Brothers, roves with his repertoire. But Madeleine herself is the number one personality.



American history manages to escape dryness at the Hotel Lexington's Revere Room. (Direct entrance on Lexington Avenue below 48th Street.) The set of murals by Anton Refregier, depicting highlights in the career of that popular horseman, silversmith, and tea thrower are most interesting—especially the artist's whimsy in the southeast corner, where an oval portrait of a wigged Colonial is recognizable as the hotel's well known managing director Charles E. Rochester—yet students also contrive to notice the Circular Bar and the nourishment list. Generally speaking, the mood is clubby, with the accent on youth and youth's girl friend. Cocktail time is of mob proportions, but almost any period, from noon on, seems to have its seminar.

The Stockholm Restaurant, 27 West 51st, has begotten itself a rural offspring out at Syosset, Long Island. Wearing a Colonial manor air beside the Jericho Turnpike, this new establishment, designed by the Swedish architect Kurt Leo, is a thing of beauty which has clicked already to the extent of cars by the score and hundred. Come a blizzard and they'll be skiing to it. Inside, there's a vastly genteel Bar, a Georgian dining room prepared with a pictorial rhapsody of Old Mississippi Days, and a salle de smörgasbord beyond. The cellar runs to twelve pages.

For quaintness the snug little Blue Spruce Inn, anno 1774, in Roslyn, L. I., is commendable: cheery little Bar, nice old doors with the original locks, hospitable dining room with two fireplaces, etc. *And* notably good food, thanks to the fact that this place is run by Carl Werner who managed the Hapsburg House. If boned spring chicken and, say, Nuits St. Georges 1898, Favely Estate bottling, are your meat he'll trot them out.

Fabulous Ralph Hitz's East side glitter parlor, the Glass Hat, belmont-plazaed at Lexington and 49th, now has accordion-twiddling Basil Fomeen leading the razzamatazza with sundry stars twinkling in . . . In a burst of candor, the International Casino has rechristened itself International Theatre Restaurant, letting you know the double night life you are leading when you go there.

HERE'S THE RUM
THAT RADIATES
FESTIVE CHEER

You couldn't find a more seasonable drink than MYERS'S RUM—famous for winter night punches and party eggnoggs.

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The Glass Hat
Now in its third sensational year. Luncheon, cocktails, dinner or supper. Dine and dance in smart surroundings. Popular circular bar.
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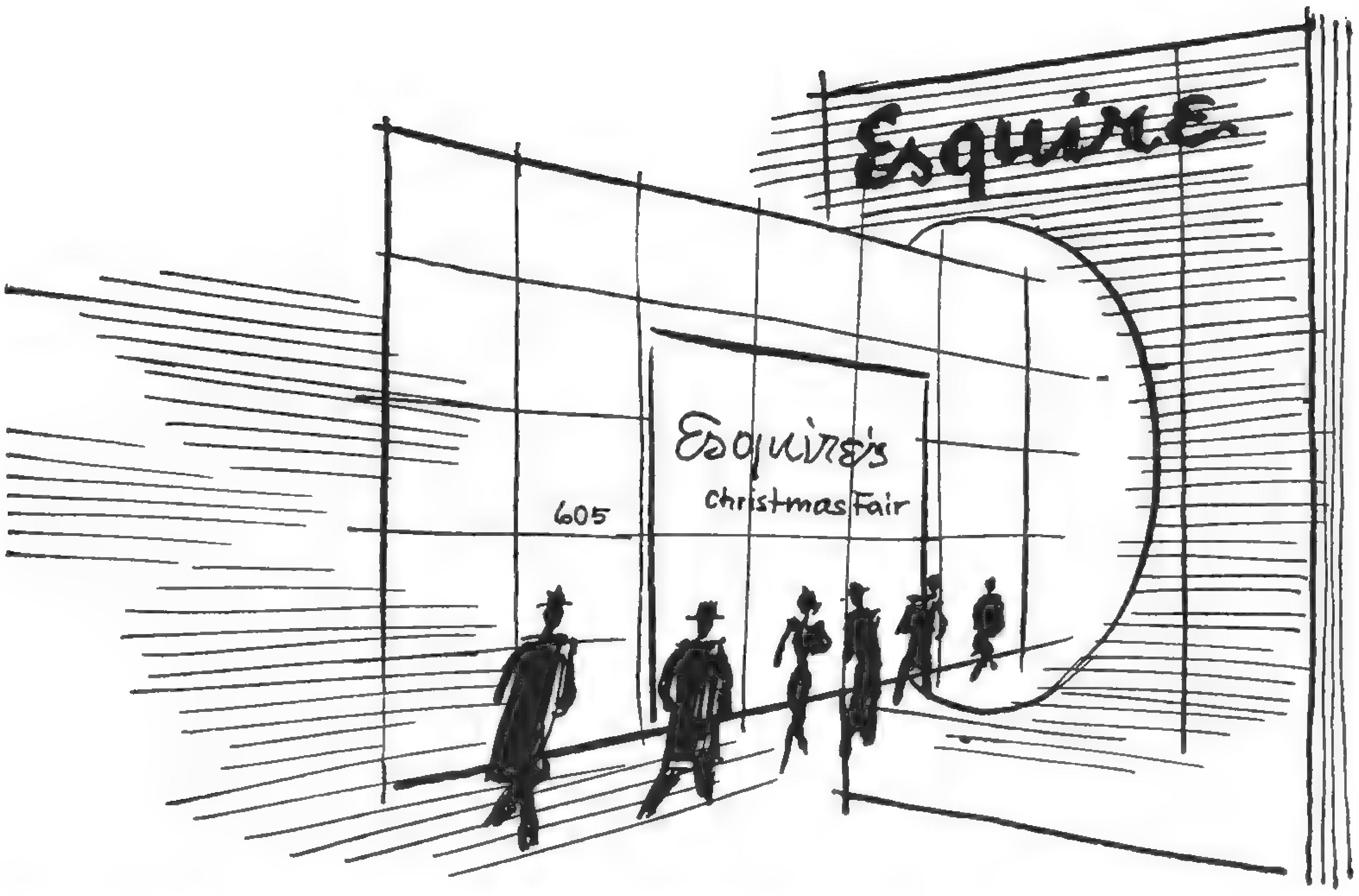
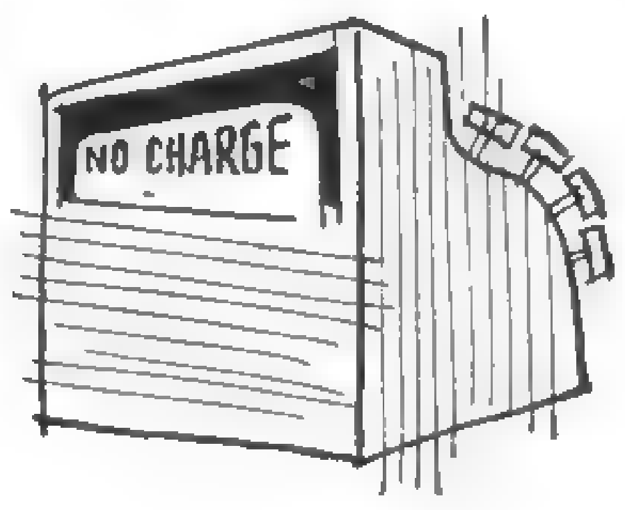
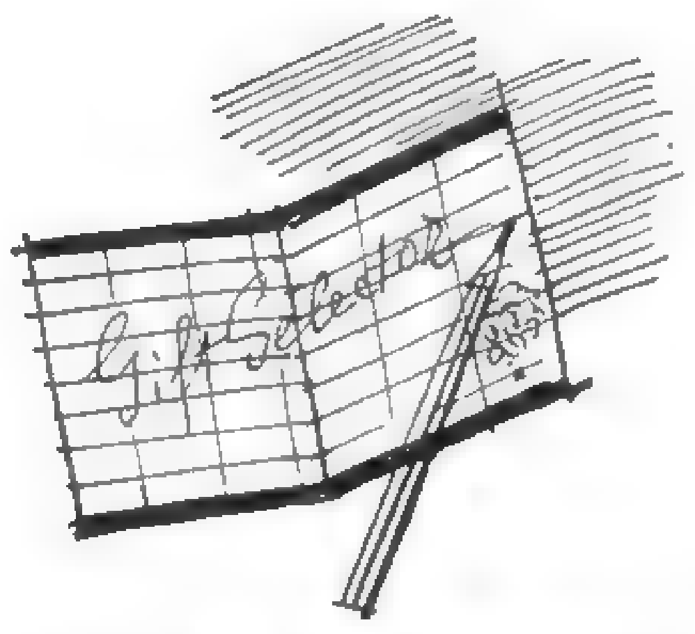


PRE-PLAN YOUR ENTIRE GIFT PROGRAM AT ESQUIRE'S CHRISTMAS FAIR . . . 605 FIFTH AVENUE



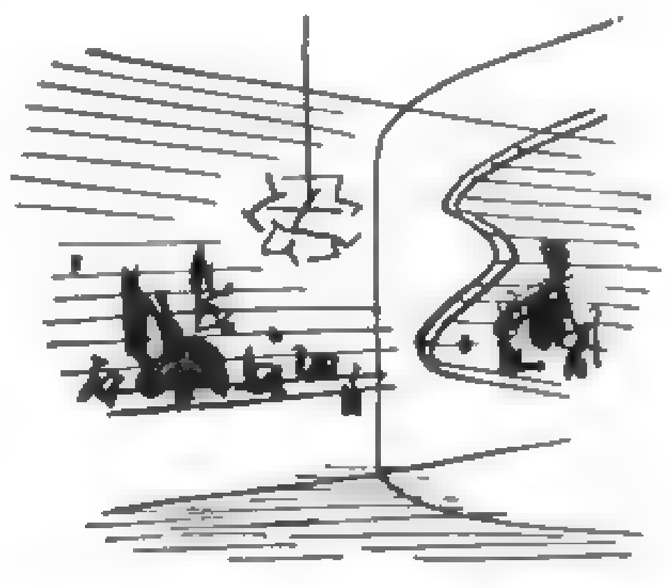
gift ideas for sale . . .

It's a real "stone-and-mortar" store at 605 Fifth Avenue, New York. It's been planned for Esquire, The Magazine For Men, by Robert Heller, industrial designer. To build it . . . he used a Pittco front, doors of Herculite (solid glass), Masonite walls, carpets by L. C. Chase & Co., and illumination by Century Lighting, Inc., who do most of the big "hit" shows. To glorify it . . . add further enchantment . . . we hear lovely Christmas carols produced by the majestic near-magic of the Hammond Novachord. And . . . starting at noon each day and at regular intervals through the afternoon . . . the liveliest, adult marionette show you've ever seen, "Backstage with Esquire," a glamadrama featuring Esquire's cartoon and editorial characters, with actors created by the illustrious puppet-master, Remo Bufano. It's a honey to see, which is part of the fun, but wait till you hear the rest:



charts all your Christmas giving . . . at one fell swoop . . .

Because the big idea of Esquire's Christmas Fair is to enable you to organize your entire Christmas shopping at one fell swoop . . . and to make a profit for you (on shopping you would do anyway) in time, temper and trouble saved . . . *you buy absolutely nothing.* But we arm you with lists of retail stores in New York City and elsewhere where you may buy what you have seen. You make note of all these things on your own Gift Selector, which you are handed at the door. What should a man give a woman? What should a woman give a man? What's new? What's smart? What's authentic? What's correct? How to trim a Christmas tree? Yes, and how to make the Yuletide dinner table grin instead of groan? All these questions . . . and more . . . will be answered at Esquire's Christmas Fair . . . in a jewel-like setting that's a treat in itself.



New York's scintillant exposition store . . . the shop-that's-really-not-a-shop-at-all

It all came about through our effort to be even more useful to a gift-buying public that has been, bless you, very nice to us. So you can stroll through our big glass doors, sink your "Christmas" feet into luscious, soothing carpet, and roam your eyes delightedly over an exposition, an exhibition, a comprehensive collection of gift ideas . . . fine tooth-combed from everywhere, and segregated, classified and concentrated for easy selection. And the cost to you is . . . *nothing!*

SHOPPING=FUN

translates gift shopping effort into a new kind of fun . . .

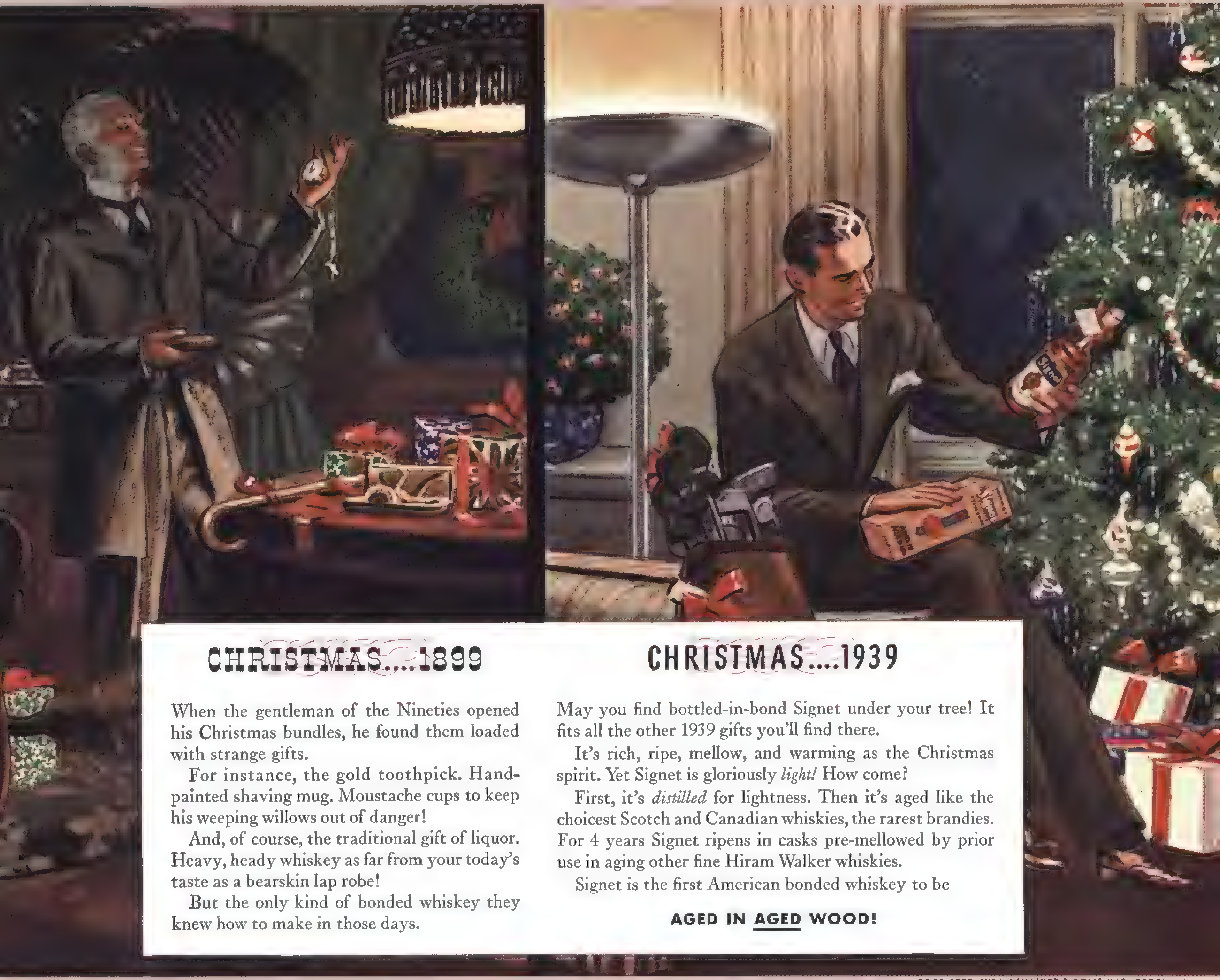
Imagine, if you can, all of that above . . . imagine all this information, yours *without charge* . . . imagine yourself attended by attractive Gift Counsellors . . . young ladies of Esquire and young Esquire men who set a brand new high in intelligence and good looks blended. Yes, imagine a "sight-seeing" tour under the auspices of Esquire in a modern Pavilion of Shopping . . . a rare Exposition of Elegance, if there ever was one. What you've been imagining is Esquire's Christmas Fair . . . but to a T. Too good to be true? Well, seeing's believing!

VISIT
ESQUIRE'S CHRISTMAS FAIR...605 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.C.

. . . BETWEEN 48th AND 49th STREETS, AND HAVE YOURSELF A TIME!

SINCE THE GEWGAW GIFTS OF THE NINETIES,

Christmas TASTE has changed!



CHRISTMAS....1899

When the gentleman of the Nineties opened his Christmas bundles, he found them loaded with strange gifts.

For instance, the gold toothpick. Hand-painted shaving mug. Moustache cups to keep his weeping willows out of danger!

And, of course, the traditional gift of liquor. Heavy, heady whiskey as far from your today's taste as a bearskin lap robe!

But the only kind of bonded whiskey they knew how to make in those days.

CHRISTMAS....1939

May you find bottled-in-bond Signet under your tree! It fits all the other 1939 gifts you'll find there.

It's rich, ripe, mellow, and warming as the Christmas spirit. Yet Signet is gloriously *light!* How come?

First, it's *distilled* for lightness. Then it's aged like the choicest Scotch and Canadian whiskies, the rarest brandies. For 4 years Signet ripens in casks pre-mellowed by prior use in aging other fine Hiram Walker whiskies.

Signet is the first American bonded whiskey to be

AGED IN AGED WOOD!

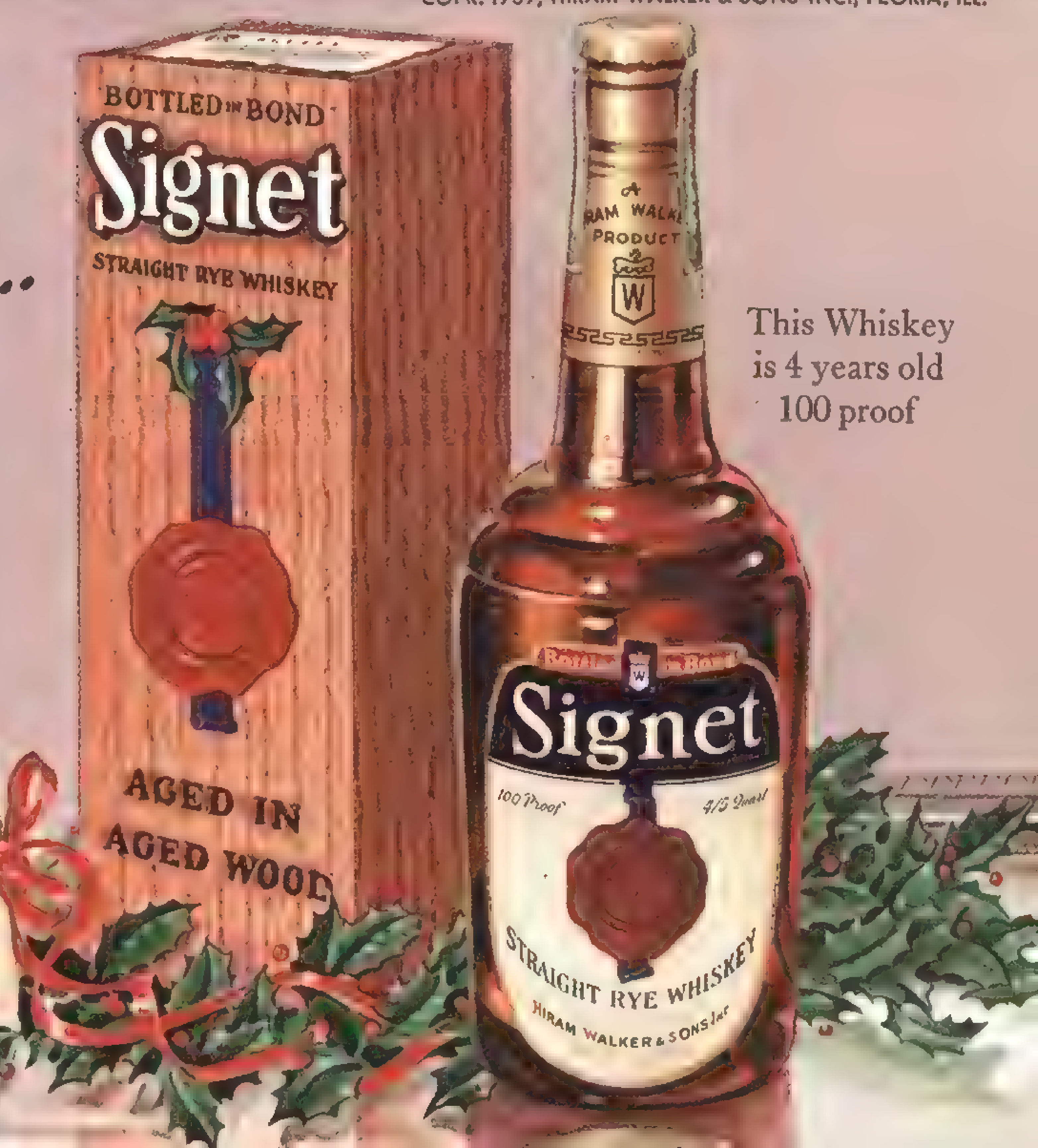
COPR. 1939, HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.

Warm his heart with the Gift that Thrills his Taste...

Signet

THE FIRST BONDED
WHISKEY OF ITS KIND

For Gift-Giving
Signet comes in this handsome Christmas package . . . an appropriate wood-like container for the bonded whiskey that's aged in aged wood.


BOTTLED IN BOND
Signet
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
AGED IN AGED WOOD
A HIRAM WALKER PRODUCT
W
Bottled in Bond
Signet
100 Proof
4/5 Quart
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC.

This Whiskey
is 4 years old
100 proof

Your War vs. the United States

Soldiers live in lockstep, and God keep you from squawking in letters home, about petty tyranny, quack medicine and graft

by MARTIN TORRENCE

• ARTICLE •

℞

I HAVE to apologize to Ludwig Bemelmens for appropriating his title and ringing a change on it. A state of national emergency justifies the grab. There is a lot of war going on, and there will be more of it before there is less. From my seat on the fifty-yard line it looks as if the bully, now that he has been challenged at last, is going to find just about everybody that he picked on trying to get in a swipe. The Nazi plug-ugly has slugged, gouged and hit below the belt, and got away with it, and in the all-around skirmish he is going to get a bit of his own back.

As a prophet I bat a good deal less than .333—I have lost three bets to every one I have won, which would make it about .250. Anyway I will risk the prediction that Soviet Russia will be taking a belated wallop at Adolph and his Third-strike-and-out-Reich. I will bet that those who determine the national policy of the United States will not allow Germany to beat Britain and France, the Doakses who contribute to the statistics of the alert Dr. Gallup not being asked to the caucus. Anyway, the Doctor's Joe Doaks has already declared himself. He is probably 90 per cent anti-Hitler right now, much farther advanced on the path of realistic hatred than he was after a year of war in 1915.

This means that unless Britain and France gain the decision by knockout before the maximum number of rounds is reached, our boys will again be shouting, "Lafayette (and Cornwallis) we are here!" They are oiling the printing presses for the Liberty Bond issues. New four-minute men are trying out their larynxes, and the dollar-a-year field marshals and the desk generals are ready to dig rowels into swivel chairs and send vouchers and fourth endorsements out into battle.

There is a lot of war, and there will be more. For example, when we get in, there will be anywhere from a million to four million little private wars—such as enlisted men against officers and officers against rank and file; many gold stripes against the single gold stripe; the regular army and navy against the reserve; the man in the uniform against the civilian; business man against business man for the spoils of war contracts; and every enlisted man against the tyranny, bureaucracy, graft, favoritism, and general heartlessness of the institutions which his country has placed over him temporarily ("for the duration of the war") but irrevocably.

You will be fighting the fascist threat to American trade, freedom of international movement, and the sacred Bill of Rights, by a Power which feels its muscles and spits on the rule book. But you will also be waging your private war against the United States on many fronts. As, after you have ceased being a civilian, you will also have ceased hearing patriotic palaver, it will sometimes seem to you that yours is the main war, unless you are right up there at the front where the business is horribly audible.

This guide to your future war with your country is written with the enlisted man in mind. The officer's case is complicated; he is both victim and victimizer. The enlisted man is almost pure victim. His war is simpler. I like to write about the great, simple things; and his war is great too, because, this not being a Central American junta war, there will be more enlisted men than officers.

Unless you are one of the small percentage of men who actually fight at the front, your war will be a series of kicks against the traces of a routine that will seldom impress you as reasonable. And even if in the end—which I hope is not a beautifully kept cemetery in the Saar—you do man the trenches, the greater part of your military history will be made behind the lines: in training camps, at bases, on ships, in stations humorously called "rest."

There is much blood and agony in war and a little brief glory, but most of it, from the leatherneck's or doughboy's or gob's view, is a penitentiary-like domestic arrangement, a star-spangled lockstep, a series of thwartings and frustrations. It takes months in peacetime for the armed services to condition the raw material to this unnatural and unmanly life. In wartime the job must be done in weeks and with material less tractable, for the kind of men that seek army-navy-marine corps berths of their own accord are already pre-shrunk.

You will, of course, be told what to wear, when to eat and when to quit eating, when to get up, when to go to bed, when to say "Yes, sir," when to raise your right hand to your forehead at what exact prescribed angle, when to walk, when to stop, when to stand stiff, when to relax, and what not to read and talk about. What you write to the old folks will be scrutinized by a four-eyed mugg whom you would blackball from your club; offending confidences will be blotted out and outspoken remarks about your woes will haul you before a hard-jowled "superior" who will warn you about the bull pen and other awkward consequences.

Arising in the morning to the racket of the drum and bugle corps playing reveille, you will do some setting up exercises, gulp your breakfast, and consult the chart which tells what clothes you must put on. Unless otherwise ordered, you wear these clothes all day, but likely as not an order will send you back to your bunk or seabag to alter your attire in whole or in part for review, inspection, shore leave, or commander's whim. You will be lined up and inspected seriatim, from hat, haircomb, and shave down to shoelaces, by a sourpuss shavetail intent on finding a loose button, a smear of dirt, or a neckpiece tied half-an-inch off regulation height. A prize

Continued in center of page 112

"I pass"

Babies Leave Me Cold!

Babies aren't pretty, their habits are terrible, they change perfectly decent people into fatuous pains in the neck

by STANLEY JONES

• ARTICLE •

THE other evening, two men just ahead of me in the train were discussing an illustration for an advertisement. The product, I gathered, was a mechanical dingbat of some sort—something used in motors. They fussed and fumed with sketches for fifty minutes, then one struck his leg with a glad cry.

"I've got it! Big picture of a baby! Give it two-thirds of the page!"

His friend appeared pleased but a trifle dubious. "Yeah, George, sure. But how you going to link up a high compression mechanical product with a naked baby?"

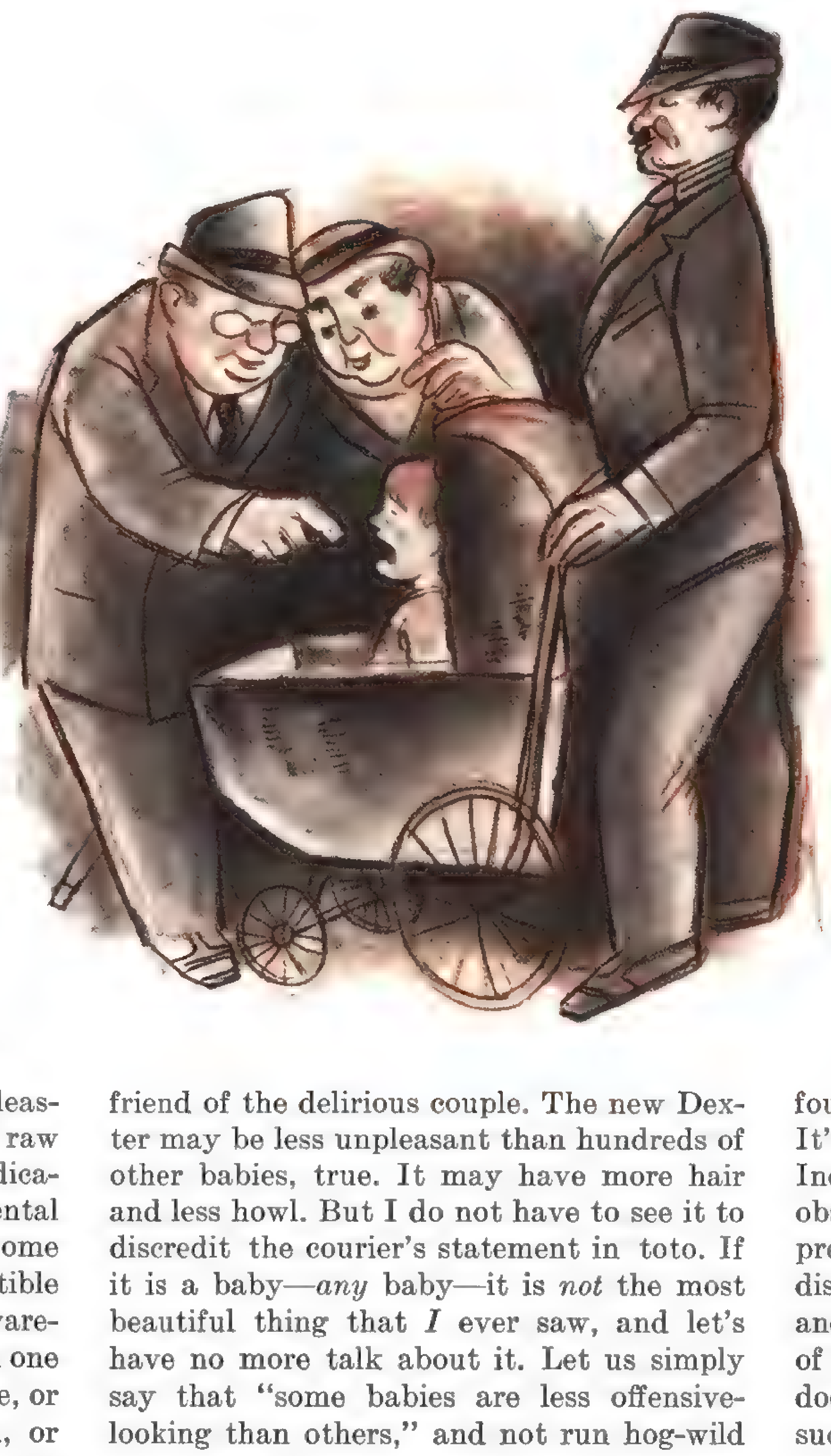
"Don't be a dope," said George, striking him on the chest with the back of his hand. "Everybody goes overboard for a baby! Let the copy boys figure a tie-up."

Aside from questioning the gentleman's judgment as an advertising expert, I had no quarrel with his main contention—save on my private and personal account. For *I* do *not* go overboard for babies. I don't even remove my hat, coat, and shoes. I do not like babies, and nothing that you can call me can make me like to be around one. I believe that their place in the sun of the human race is an unsound one; completely unjustified on any considered basis. Compared with the spectacular hypocrisy babies have generated in mankind since we started walking on two legs, the connivings of today's world politicos take on an aura which is frank and forthright—almost noble, in fact. But this polite hypocrisy, demanded and perpetuated with each generation, is only one of the reasons which have curdled my mere disinterest into a state of active aversion.

I don't like babies on *any* basis. The very appearance of a baby is as unpleasing to me as is any evidence of a new, raw project. Ugly, formless, pointless and indicative in no sense of the architect's rosy mental sketch, it certainly has no eye appeal. Some babies, to be sure, enjoy barely perceptible advantages in form, pigmentation, and awareness of surroundings. But in no sense can one compete in lively interest, warm response, or common sense with a puppy, a kitten, or even a suckling pig. Small pigs are infinitely diverting, with their frank and jolly piggishness and suspicious shoebutton eyes. Not so a baby.

Lying there in pink arrogance like a slug on a lettuce leaf, he takes all and screams for more. Almond-headed, vacant-faced, toothless—it staggers human credulity to imagine this phenomenon in any role not bounded by the canvas of a side show. To this day, I am utterly unable to imagine a handsome man or a breathtaking bit of feminine pastry as ever having been a baby. Having seen the one, I simply cannot believe the other. Nature, for all her magic, couldn't have done it.

When someone tells me, "The Dexters have a baby and it's the most beautiful thing you ever saw!" I listen politely. But I know the statement is untrue. It is simply the hysterical reiteration of an enthusiasm which generated in the blind hopes of the Dexters, and has been transmitted to, and amplified by, a friend of the delirious couple. The new Dexter may be less unpleasant than hundreds of other babies, true. It may have more hair and less howl. But I do not have to see it to discredit the courier's statement in toto. If it is a baby—*any* baby—it is *not* the most beautiful thing that *I* ever saw, and let's have no more talk about it. Let us simply say that "some babies are less offensive-looking than others," and not run hog-wild on so perfectly obvious a point.



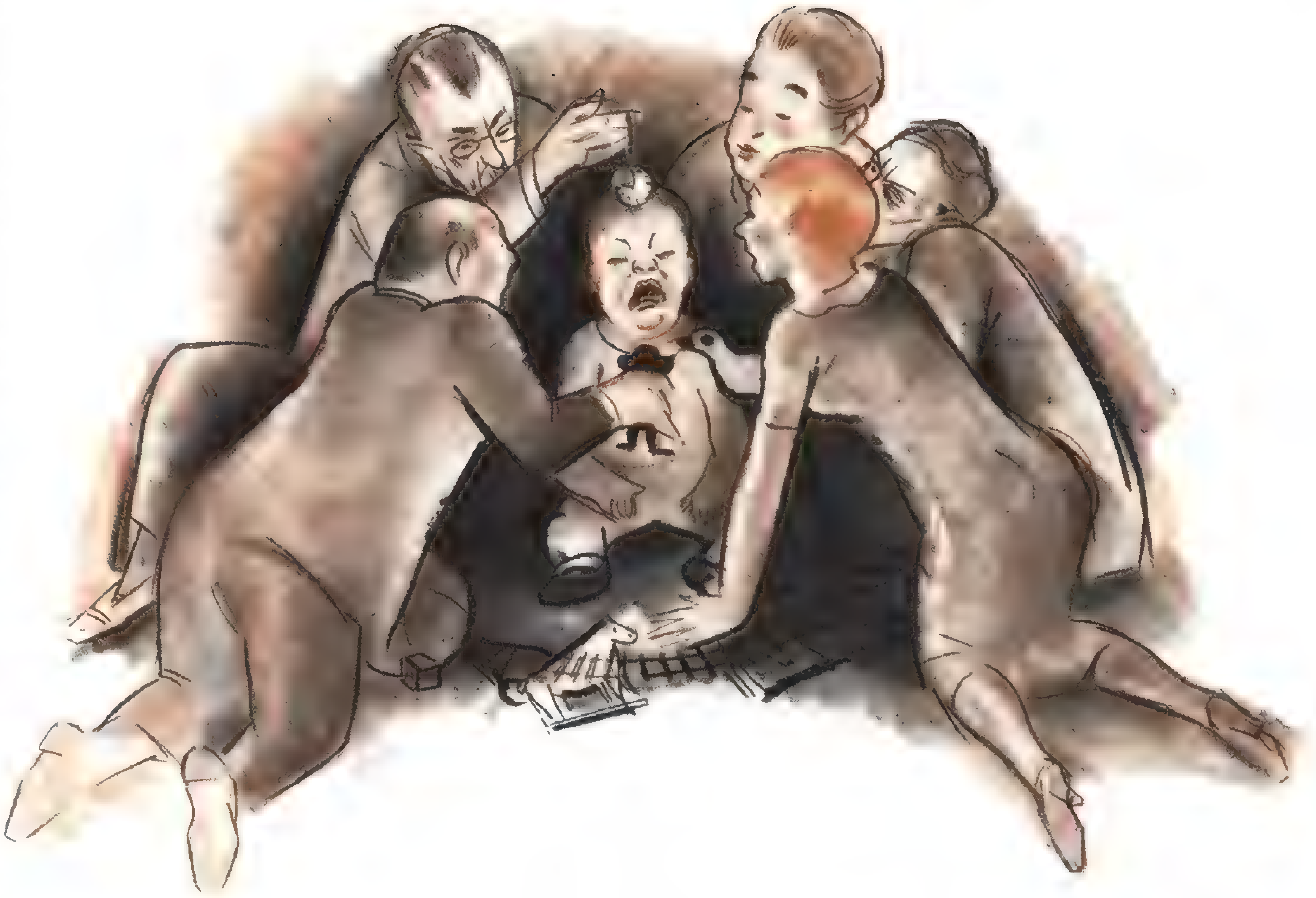
Aside from appearance, I do not like babies on account of their habits. Their habits are definitely bad, and don't think you can crowd me off by telling me that I was a baby once myself, and probably just as bad—or worse. I am perfectly willing to concede it, and to admit that I would have disliked myself just as much as the next one I see. Moreover, I would probably have respected the honest adult whose frozen smile proclaimed the discomfort of his position.

Babies have no manners. They lie there in a mess of silks and satins, grunting and insolent. Put a finger in the little rosebud mouth (*your* finger, not *mine*) at the insistence of a doting parent to feel that world-shaking first incisor, and you're apt to withdraw it bearing a nasty gash. This is generally accounted a capital jest by the company. "Ain't nobody going to impose on that little feller," chuckles father, thumbs hooked in the armholes of his vest. Of course, it proves nothing of the sort. I have known savage babies, veritable fledgling catamounts, who grew up to be the Milquetoasts of the community. Yet so eager are the poor parents to detect signs of future greatness that the most primitive gestures of their get are instantly broadcast as proof positive of a genius not to be denied!

I have seen a baby return the most exquisite gush of a beautiful and talented actress with a yawn and a rousing belch which tore the feathers off the gusher's hat. I have received, personally, even more direct critical response for my pains—but that was long ago, when I still picked one up after insistent prodding. Appreciation is not in their small, weazened souls. How they suffer by contrast with a puppy, who capers after favors, or even a kitten, who will drink your milk and then curl up in your lap and purr a paean which warms your soul.

Again, what supreme selfishness dictates each groping course! Hours mean nothing. Consideration, such as we demand from the least of our four-footed friends, is not in his make-up. It's Give! and Grab! and Yell till You get It! Indeed, the only sign of instinctive insight is observed in the cunning with which a baby preys upon those who wait upon it with such disgusting subserviency. Seeing these daily and servile capitulations to pressure, instead of a stout display of independence and a shut door, I marvel that we have ever preserved such liberties as we still enjoy.

The inconveniences and downright restrictions which a baby imposes on his betters depress me. He is inconvenient to have, unhandy to hold, a boor in outlook. His parents, with rare exceptions of heroic mold, assume the protectorate with an air of noble dedication to a cause whose virtue is taken for granted. I am constantly bewildered by



DRAWINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

parents who rebuff my evil suggestions for an evening out by stating, "How can you bring up such a thing? You know we've got to stay with baby. Suppose something should happen while we were out—we'd never forgive ourselves!" There is no use in pointing out the fact that the maid, or the nurse, or both, will also be standing by, ready to pump ship or whip up a formula when the bugle blows. I have heard strong men brag about their shoeless vigils in cold rooms, while they waited hours to perform some degrading little task which could just as well have been administered ten or twelve hours later, and by any two-legged creature which had hands.

In outlook, what the Russians call the "long view," a baby gains no respect from me. His horizon is bounded by what he sees, and by what lies just beyond the reach of his predatory little hands. Hitler must have been a wonderful example—his whole outlook remains the same, as perusal of his writings reveals. Cunning and ruthless, he retains today the untaught impulses which motivate an infant's every course, with fear of retribution the only check he knows.

"I want that, and I want it now!" is the theme song of infancy. Trying to combat this primitive quest, for the good of the subject himself, is an irksome chore. It is also a sad one to witness, since the opposition enters the arena practically hamstrung with a blind and witless devotion which renders his pitiful attempts at compromise totally inadequate. In this case, knowledge and experience with all the bitter lessons which the human race has half-learned in the space of two thousand years are handicaps, rather than assets for the struggle. No, I do not like a baby's viewpoint, or the astonishingly large number of adults who retain it.

Of all the assorted havoc that a baby wreaks, none is more shocking than the effect on his parents. Here are two sensible, cheery persons, above average in intelligence, perception, and likable qualities. You have been thoroughly congenial under widely varying tests which have been nobly met. But what happens now? I'll tell you.

These two fine people, Darby and Joan, whom you've talked and eaten and danced and drunk with in perfect mutual accord, suddenly become two resounding bores. Incredible, but true. Darby, teller of belly-laugh stories with that razor-fine timing which verges on genius, rushes over and something like this ensues:

Darby: Say, I've got the doggondest thing to tell you, Bill!

You: Swell! Shoot it.

Darby: Well, sir, this morning when I got up I went in to look at the Young Man. There he stood, shaking the bars of his crib like a terrier. I could see he had a kind of a gleam in his eye, Bill, so I stooped down and said, "Say, you! Who's the gweatest, biggest, stwongest, bwavest feller in the whole widey world, hey?" And what do you think he said?

You: Why, I suppose he cried out "Daddy."

Darby: No, SIR! He opened his eyes wide and then he said "ME!" What do you think of THAT, hey?

Of course you know what you think. You think that poor old Darby is losing his mind. Observation of similar acute cases leads you to fear that he will be lost to you, and to the world, for a year or two. Perhaps forever. For many a sound man becomes a fatuous drooling zany under the impact of paternity. He tells pointless anecdotes, wads his pockets with baby pictures which he will whip out with no provocation, and loses all zest for adult avocations. He becomes, in a word, what Robert Louis Stevenson once termed "—that lowest form of human life, a father. Once he was fit for either crime or heroism—now he is fit for neither."

Avoid his home, as you value your reason! For here lurk not only the quicksands of baby talk, but personal appearances of the cause of all this. If you can name anything sillier for a group of outsiders to do than to sit in a circle and "see what he'll do next," for God's Sake speak! Daddy and Mummy hunched forward, eyes shining, teeth bared in a very fever of fixed attention. Granny cooing. And you expected to follow suit, while time flies and you curse yourself for getting sucked into such a scene. Much has been made of the perils of Home Movies—but not enough for me. For ere the first long reel fogs on—"the biggest, whitest spot is generally Baby, Mr. Howard, and isn't he *darling?*"—you wonder just how much M. Daguerre actually did contribute, after all.

There are only two stems from which the flowers of discourse may sprout, once you are trapped. (1) How much he has grown, Mrs. Dexter, and (2) Who do you think he looks like—Ed?

To the first, you have only one answer. "It's amazing how fast he's grown, isn't it?" Or, "He's going to be a great big lug, I'd say" —only don't say "lug." To the second, it doesn't matter much what you say. Though I always try to avoid comparisons between Snooksy and the late "Baby-Face" Nelson; I've found it's safer. Besides, no baby really looks anything like anybody, despite the ardent wishful thinking of both parents. His insignificant puttylike features are little more than dough in the pan, with Time the molder. So don't come around telling me that he has Ann's ears or Ed's nose—for he's got his own and he'll make out of them what Mother Nature decides.

Among the heavier crosses to bear in such situations are the sweet and frequently insincere sorrows which parents indicate—often unspoken, but perfectly evident—for the childless visitor. You catch the mother eying you with that tremulous, moist look, and you know what she is thinking. The father bids you farewell that night—if you are successful in your breakaway—by throwing his arm over your shoulder as he shows you to the door. This indicates pity and sympathy. They *both* indicate, and you need no Seeing-Eye Dog to lead you to this conclusion, an exalted sense of self-gratification. For parenthood bears the curious distinction of being both the most common and the most snobbish state to which mankind may elect itself.

Another disturbing aspect of paternity—and one which reinforces my dislike of babies—is the childlike faith in their future held by the old man. Now, I am no misanthrope, and I have a high and special regard for that section of mankind which minds its manners and keeps its outlook clean. Yet I shudder inwardly at some of the things which fathers tell me as they contemplate their Greatest Work.

One of the pet clichés (probably carved in deathless Roquefort by some advertising man with a life insurance account) is this one: "I Want My Son to Do All of the Things Which I Never Did." Such an assignment would require, unfortunately, several lifetimes plus a liberal sprinkling of qualities. I once earned the disfavor of a father who gave voice to this particular piece of hogwash by replying, "You mean you want him to be a railroad conductor, a bank clerk, a pugilist, and a night club habitué—among other things?" He said to forget it—that I wouldn't understand, anyway. Then he got up and moved off.

The thing that is most discouraging about

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How to Talk Double Talk

Prime your shots with good, hardy words and you'll be able to puzzle simple folk, unmask pretenders and impress your wife

by ELMER ROESSNER

• SATIRE •

A careless person, listening to double talk at the movies or on the radio, may conclude that it is a simple matter of giving utterance to jumbled syllables.

Such a conclusion is erroneous.

Double talking is a minor art. It is qualitative, not quantitative. To think that the greater volume makes the better double talk is to think that the bigger canvas makes the better picture; to believe that the most confused sounds make the best double talk is to believe that the greatest number of pigments makes the most beautiful painting. Double talk, to be successful, must be rhematic and have a volitation of its own.

Furthermore, double talk must not be confused with the mumbles. The mumbles is an almost entirely different art. Its methods are different, its uses are different. In fact, the mumbles and double talk are fitted to two entirely unlike classes of personalities. The successful mumbler may be an indifferent double talker; a good double talker will not bother with the mumbles.

It is true, as Stephen Leacock will point out, that both arts are best practiced by persons of a puckish disposition. The mumbler, however, is usually a physical type; often an Ares or Taurus. A double talker is likely to be more intellectual; he may be under the sign of Sagittarius or Capricornus. See George Bernard Shaw's *Admirable Bashville.*

The mumbler, having a victim's ear, utters a series of unintelligible, or almost unintelligible sounds. But, and this is important, the successful mumbler lightly peppers these sounds with occasional words. These words are clear and sharp and—note this carefully—stir definite mental reactions in the hearer.

Let us have an example. An artful mumbler approached a man named Jones whose hobby is tuna fishing. After Jones greeted him, the mumbler said, "Nice day. Reminds me uh umble umble ah awa acka umble acka umble tuna fish. Acka awa ah umble aw umble ah awa uh umble four hundred pounds."

The last three words were emphasized. Jones, aroused, asked, "What did you say?"

The mumbler replied in an annoyed tone, "I said, 'Reminds awa aka umble uh umble tuna fish. Umble awa uh awa uh umble um um umble four hundred pounds.'" He enunciated the last words as if he were speaking to an idiot child.

Jones fairly screamed, "What did you say about tuna fish?"

The mumbler looked hurt. He said, "I don't know what has become of you lately, Jones. You used to be interested enough in fish stories to listen." With that he turned on his heel and left. Jones consulted his doctor.

Another example: One Smith was in love with a girl named Jennifer. A mumbler telephoned him and, imitating a radio in an electric storm, said, "Say, awa ackle ah awa ackle ackle aw hackle haw Jennifer acka awa other man hackle aw ah aw."

Smith cried, "What's that?"

The mumbler said, with elaborate patience, "I said, 'Hacka awa ha ackle awa ha awa ha hacka ha Jennifer last night ho haw beer garden. Hacka awa ah ah awa acka ha drunk and thrown out!'"

Smith's voice trembled as he plead, "What did you say about Jennifer, old man?"

The mumbler answered, now speaking clearly, "Jennifer? Who said anything about Jennifer? What are you trying to do, drag me into one of your private quarrels?" and hung up.

The double talker scorns such simple devices. A true double talker will never use a telephone when he can approach his victim directly. He makes no attempt to conceal his utensils. The words he speaks are enunciated clearly; he will spell them if called upon. At times, he will not hesitate to put double talk in writing. See James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake.*

As suggested before, double talk does not consists in firing disjointed syllables at a listener. The double talker carefully selects the syllables he uses. He knows the value of good ammunition and he uses it sparingly.

If you would be a double talker, first select a number of syllables or "word parts," as they might better be called. A novice should never attempt double talk in company without full command of at least twenty of these word parts; he cannot be an expert until he is master of a hundred.

These word parts should not be simple barbarian sounds; they should not be onomatopoetic syllables; they should avoid the effect of babbling. Avoid, therefore, word parts like the following:

umble
arrah
uggle
ootle
ibble
oddle
ski
affle
itch
upple

Those word parts may be suited to some kinds of mumbling, but not for double talk. The double talker avoids bubbling and repetitious sounds, preferring sounds that resemble accepted words. The more closely his sounds resemble accepted words and the more they suggest that there should be words like them, the greater are their effectiveness.

These are sound, proved, double-talk word parts:

urment
incan
artage
onter
eton
istan
apid
namic
vendir
asia
antive
avid
erot
islong
ogion
ative
istesse
irgan
ackid
izans
ently
ome
uctor
onate
orial

The double talker, once he has learned these word parts, need add only a letter or a short syllable here and there to have a brand new vocabulary, sure to puzzle, harass or

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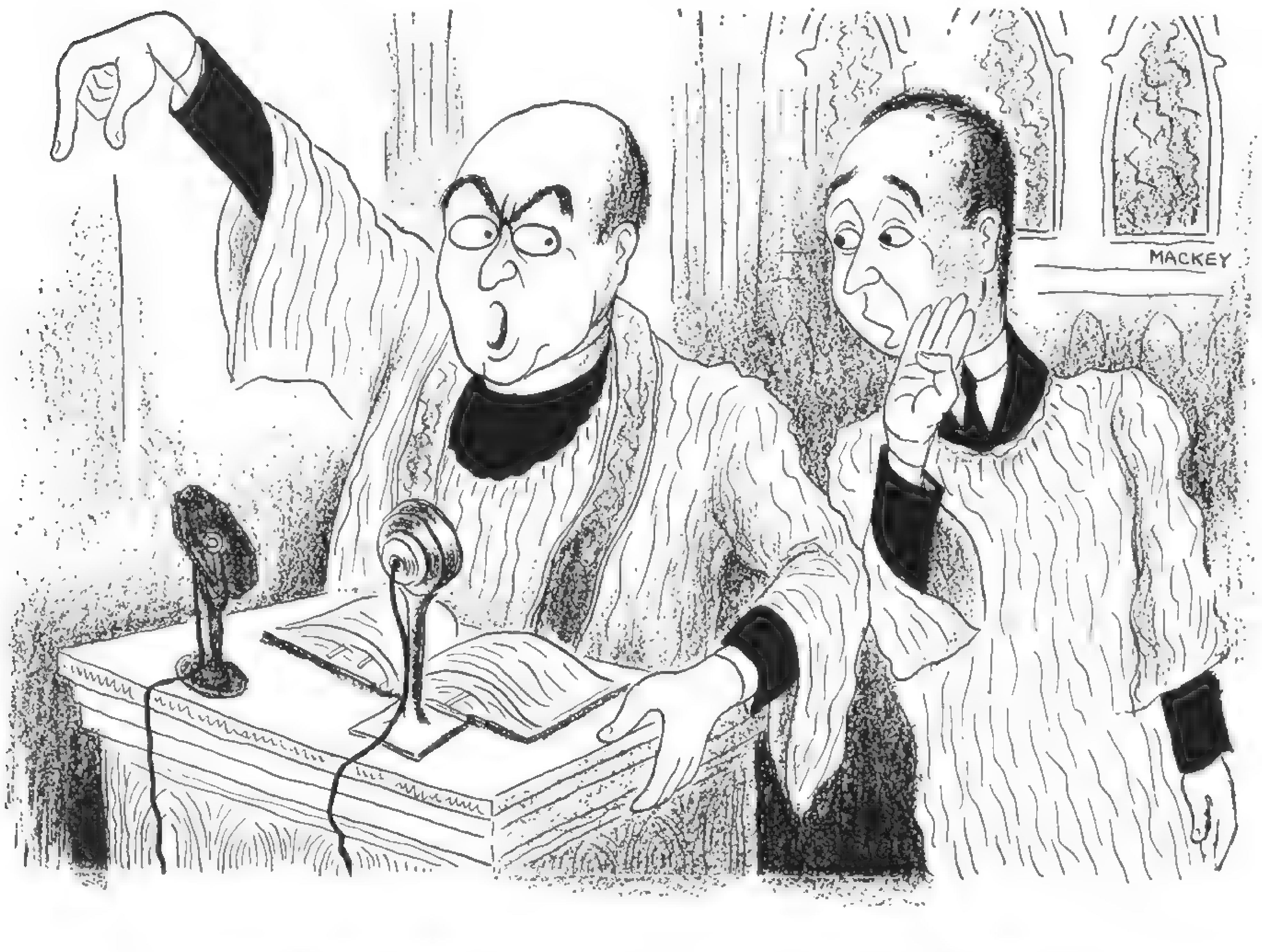
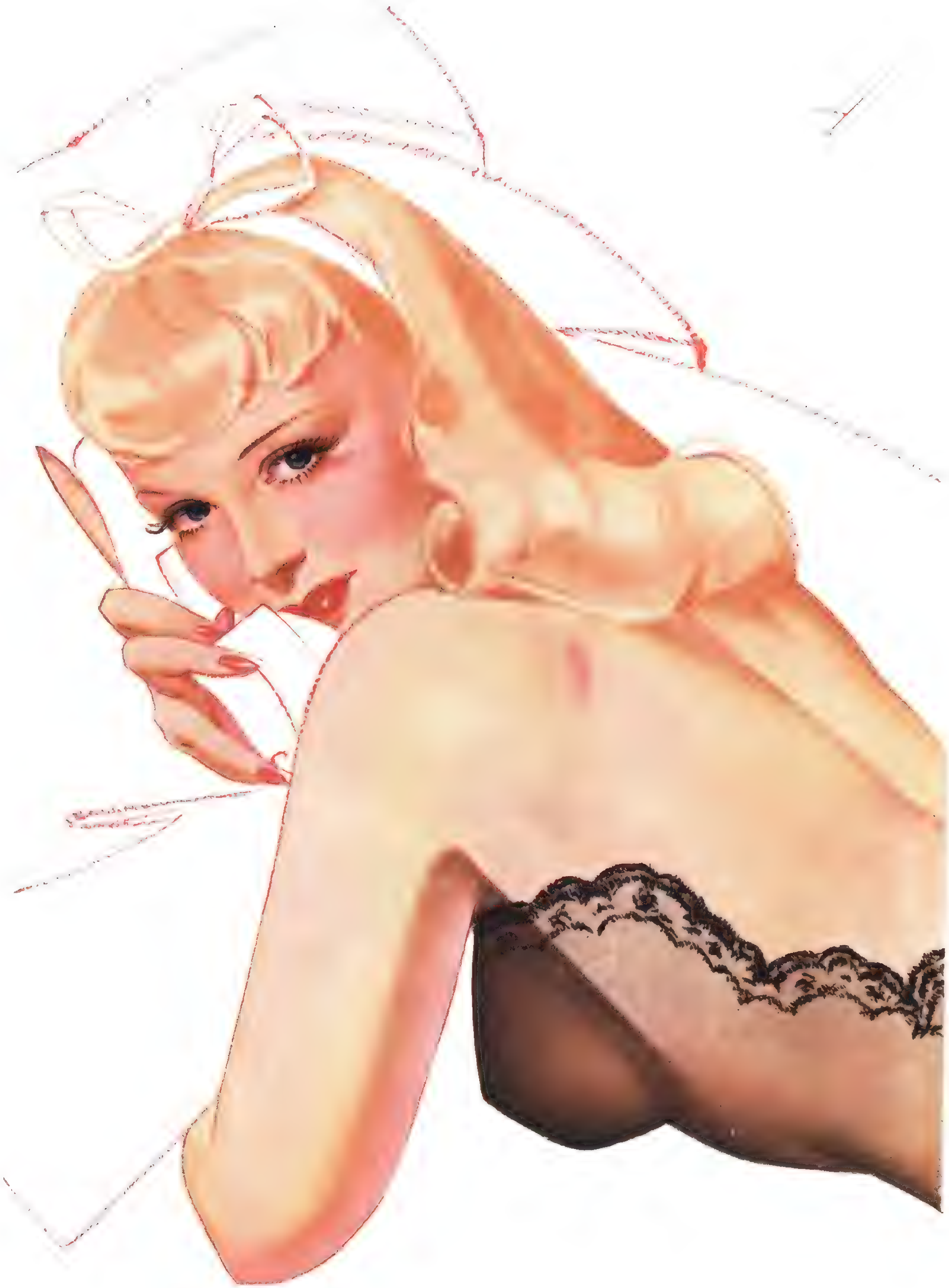
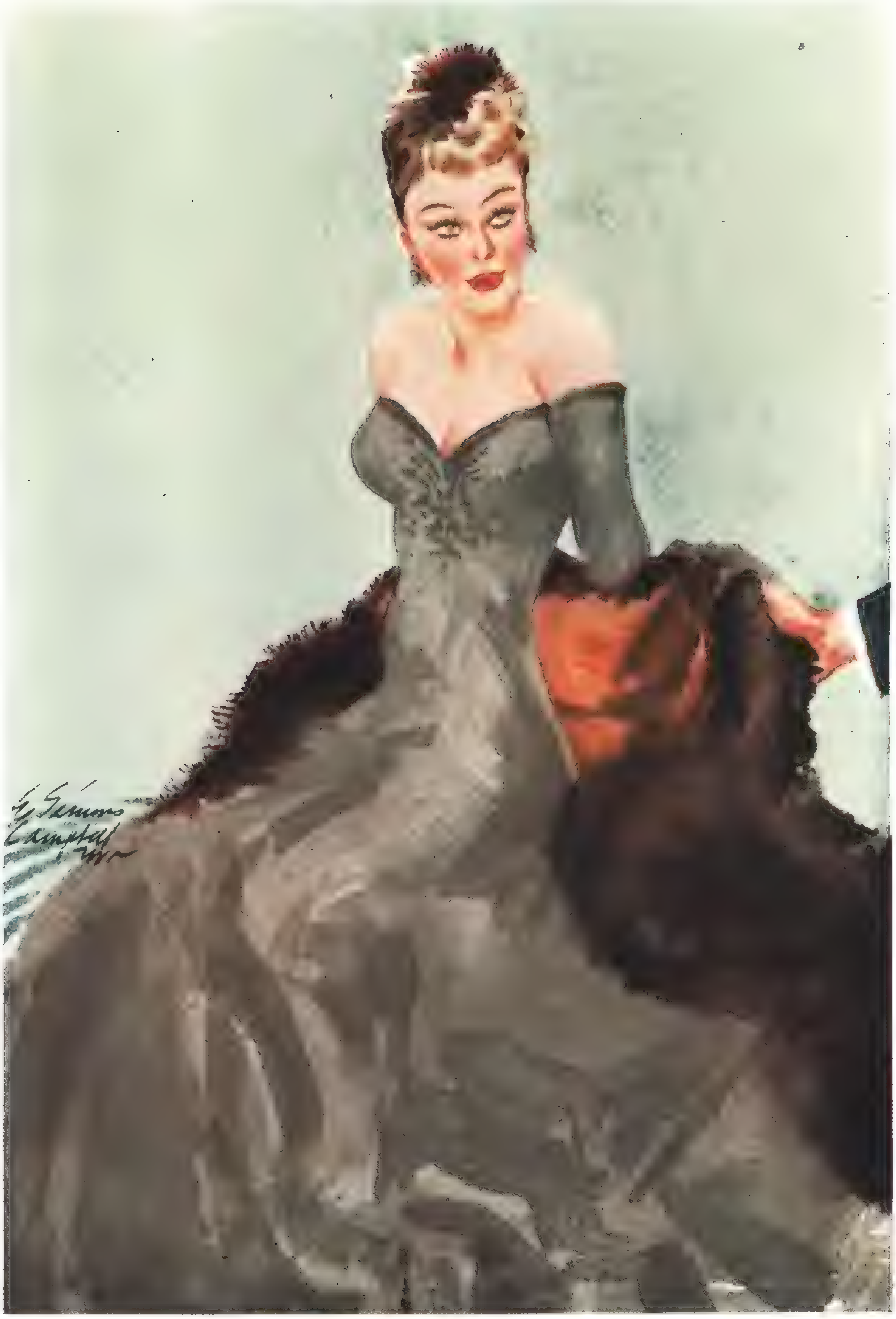


"Remember you're on the air—better make it hades!"



"So he pointed out—even if we are divorced we're still human"


E. Simms Campbell

"No—I don't want cigars, neckties, pajamas or bedroom slippers—but you're getting mighty warm"

What Shall We Do About Football?

Most college presidents haven't the nerve required to defy trustees and alumni, and drop football as an intercollegiate sport

by JOHN R. TUNIS

• SPORTS •

President Robert E. Doherty of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, speaking:

"I have been an engineer for years and my job has been the settling of problems, but I have never had a problem so difficult to solve, one with so many ramifications and so confused by emotional currents as intercollegiate football."

The colleges continually accuse the critics of football of attacking the game without offering any solutions. What, they say, do you propose to do and how do you propose to do it? What is the answer? There are several answers, and they will be outlined briefly, but first of all, here is the simplest, the most straightforward, the logical and therefore the hardest answer.

Do away with it as an intercollegiate sport.

Impossible? Not at all. Colleges have taken this step in recent years and survived, even flourished. You'd be surprised at the number. Here is an incomplete list of colleges and universities which are no longer associated with the football racket.

ANTIOCH
BEREA
BRIDGEWATER
CLARK
DE PAUL (Chicago)
EMORY
LOYOLA (Chicago)
LYNCHBURG
REED
ST. JOHNS (Md.)
WESTMINSTER (Mo.)
STEVENS TECH

What have the results been? Everywhere the same and everywhere beneficial. At Westminster College, in Fulton, Missouri, the game was abandoned seven years ago, and instead of intercollegiate contests with thirty men playing each Saturday in the fall, there are now more than two hundred students who participate in intercollegiate sports. Meanwhile attendance has not fallen off; on the contrary it has risen, and President F. L. McCuen states: "There may have been doubts about the wisdom of this policy at the time the action was taken; there is none now. There has been no decrease in attendance, the intramural program is more effective and popular than ever, and the character of our student body as indicated by the Thurston Psychological Tests has improved during the last few years."

De Paul University in Chicago gave up intercollegiate football last year, and Father M. J. O'Connell, C. M., the President, reports: "The commendation on this move far outnumbered the criticism. I am convinced that for 95 per cent of the schools in the United States, football is not serving its prime purpose in the education of the student body."

Bridgewater College in Virginia dropped the game in 1936, and President Paul H. Bowman says it was done "at the end of one of our most successful seasons and at a time when we had the strongest team in years. The issue was whether we should subsidize and resort to the usual practices which prevail. There was little question in the minds of either students or faculty what was the honorable thing to do." The game was abandoned, and the increase in attendance, far from falling off, was the largest in their history. President Bowman states that three times as many men now play football intramurally as before.

Loyola College in Chicago had enough of intercollegiate football by 1930, and Father S. K. Wilson, S. J., the President, believes this step gave: "only happy results, academically, administratively and economically. Since the game cost Loyola $12,000 yearly, the elimination of this deficit was equivalent to an increase of about $250,000 in our endowment. The general result has been that instead of fifty or sixty students in football, participation in sports of all kinds by the student body was aroused, from three hundred to seven hundred men actively engaging in boxing, tennis, golf, swimming, track and cross country."

When football was dropped by Lynchburg College in Virginia, the move was a temporary one. Now it has been made permanent, and President R. B. Montgomery states: "We are doing much better work in the field of health and physical education for all our students with intramural sports than we had previously done with football. We found the discontinuance of football has given the group a better chance for real academic attainment, and this year we have the largest attendance we ever had, and a greater percentage of men than ever before. This shows, I think, that football is not necessary to the recruiting program of a college, and at least for the small college is a financial saving."

Notice all these men say the same thing. The way to act is to act. The way to settle the football problem is to abolish the game. Courageous men have proved this. Others will follow. Already the suggestion has been made at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. The president of a middle-western college writes: "I am trying hard to drop football and would have done so but for my trustees, two of whom are former varsity players. However I shall eventually win out." The movement is spreading.

In this connection, George W. Gorrell of Denver University made an investigation several years ago to find out whether a winning football team really helped a college and whether it brought students. He secured data over a period of twenty years from eight out of ten universities in the Western Conference, called the Big Ten. During that period all eight increased their enrollment, but in eleven instances out of twenty a successful football season was actually followed by a decrease in the student body the next fall. High school graduates seem to choose their college for

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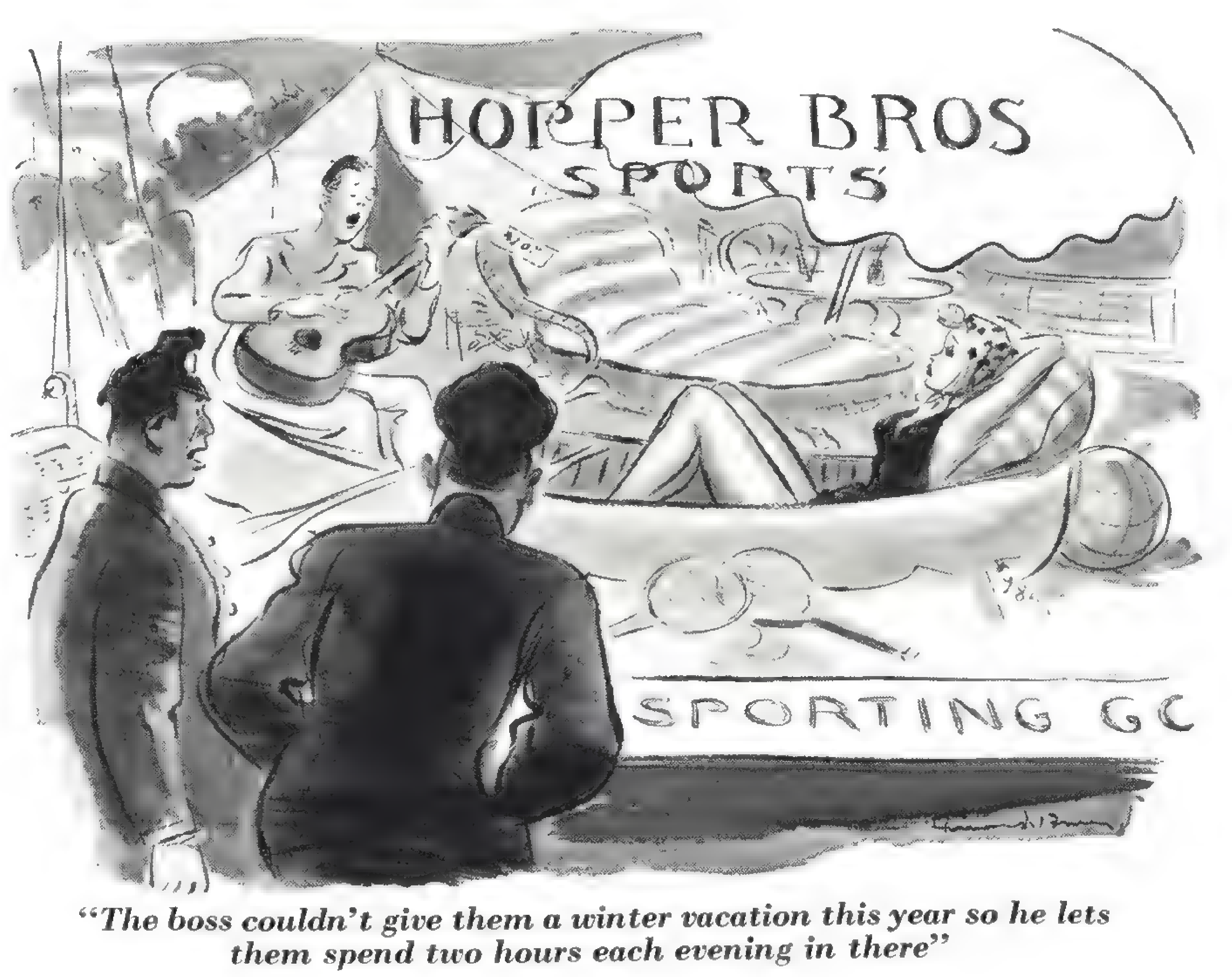


"The boss couldn't give them a winter vacation this year so he lets them spend two hours each evening in there"

Free Trade and a Misty Moon

Bill was tired of prohibition falderal: he figured a couple of salts like Molly and himself could do their own smuggling

by CHARLES RAWLINGS

• FICTION •

Molly Preston was small. Not much to her. She had grand hands. Jib sheet hands. There were callouses that could handle hemp but they were cushioned in a hand soft as if it had done nothing but wave on the Avenue. She was weaned on a reef point and teethed on a mainsheet's bight, but a girl—a woman. She was married to a guy named Bill and this is how she was married to him.

"The 'for better or for worse,' is unquestionably in," she told him. "The 'honor and obey' however are completely out. I'll marry you if you solemnly promise never to put the slightest hindrance in my way to make me stay ashore from a cruise—any cruise when I don't want to."

"And you promise," answered Bill, "exactly the same thing. You never make me stay home from a cruise when I don't want to."

And so they were married and they lived on a little cutter. You would see her quietly tailing out the Sound and ask the head steward if he knew where she was bound. You'd find he had mail forwarding addresses for San Juan and Trinidad. Molly was dead serious when she wrote Bill's oath of office. For those two it was a prescription for unending happiness. Bill even grew into a commodore. But one day she saw George, an old cruising friend.

"What," she said, "in hell can I do about Bill? He's got to have his portrait painted and he won't."

It was a tradition of the club. Every retiring commodore sits stuffed in his shirt and commodore's hat and the best portrait painter home from Europe puts him down for posterity. Costs the club a thousand a commodore. The house committee had come to Bill to make the arrangements as his term was drawing to a close.

"Sure," Bill had said, "if you must spend a thousand bucks getting me up on a nail I suppose you must. You find some artist who knows sunlight and water and how a piece of combing and a tiller-head look and I'll pose, for instance as I am now. We'll try to make it a real portrait."

"For instance as I am now," was Bill slouching against the cutter's cockpit combing, wearing a pair of duck pants very soiled about the pockets and rolled to mid-shin above his long, well-born bare feet. His torso, nice and lean gutted, was as naked as a jay bird from the pants up. On his head was a very old felt hat with a cowlick of bleached yellow hair sticking out from where he had cut a gasket for the fresh water pump.

"On no," Molly said. "You *do* live like that, Heaven help us, but this portrait is something very fine. They have painted those men in the current regalia since—since—"

"The *Magic* beat the *Cambria*," Bill helped her out. "I haven't any regalia. I never sailed in a spit-to-windward hat in my life. This is Commodore William Preston as he is and as he sails. Take it or leave it, everybody."

"Bill!" Molly's face was a little grim and serious. "All I am is your wife and whatever that means, but this is something I want too for once. You can't tamper with holy writ, Bill. You've got to give and take a little, Bill—"

"And what's come over you all at once, Mama?" he says. "I ain't a stuffed dummy, least of all when I'm enjoying myself sailing."

"Oh me," Molly turned to the dignified committee, "the youthful commodore is just being himself all over today, gentlemen. I'm sorry. I'll see," she eased them down the deck and into the launch, "what I can do."

The next day or two, boxes from Brooks came aboard. Four pairs of the best cricket cloth trousers; two double breasted pilot cloth coats with the commodore's braid on the sleeves; two commodore's hats with the gold rash of rank and pride very brave above the visors. Bill opened the boxes, the gold ballasted kellys last. He perched them, one on top the other, on his head and made an imbecile face accompanied by a pantomime spit upwind and sadly wiped his eye.

"Nope!" He grimly brailed up the clothing. "Stow it all in the starboard locker, Mama darling. It will mildew faster there under that mysterious little deck leak."

So she came to George to ask what the hell could she do about Bill.

"Why try to do anything?" George said. "He's perfect just as he is. Both of you are."

"You don't boil," she said, "at this arbitrary, stubborn stand on this portrait?"

"To be honest, no. It's a little radical maybe, but—"

"Oh, he's *so* radical and *so* unorthodox. Five years! Bill and I have been married five years and the only things we own as other people do in a place they know as home, are two mushroom anchors holding our mooring in the mud out there, a roadster Bill calls the damn land dinghy and a whole lot of money."

"What more for a happy home ashore?" he asked. "That's all I wish I had. And you aren't exactly a provincial soul yourself, Molly. What do you mean Bill's radical?"

But she didn't hear.

"George," she cut in, "Isn't there a—a some kind of *casus* that—a—a—causes a contract to be void? Now suppose you made a contract and something beyond your wildest imaginings happened, and you wanted to—"

"You must mean an act of God, so called. *Deus vult* would be close in Latin. God wills. They write it into a contract sometimes."

"Deus vult," she said in an awed little voice. "That's it. You just stand up and claim a Deus vult and that lets you out?"

"I suppose so," he said. "If it's stipulated. Practically all contracts have it stipulated. What in the world interests you in such a business?"

"I just needed to know," she said. "Thanks."

Then Molly bought a house. It was a small, attractive white shanty on a cove. And it was Molly who bought it. Not Bill. Not even Molly and Bill. There was nothing incredulous about it. She had a lot of money, more maybe than Bill and he was rich. But why should those two, so inseparable before, be separated even on a real estate transfer?

One day back in the dry days, Bill met George on the locker wharf.

"George," he said, "let's take a sail."

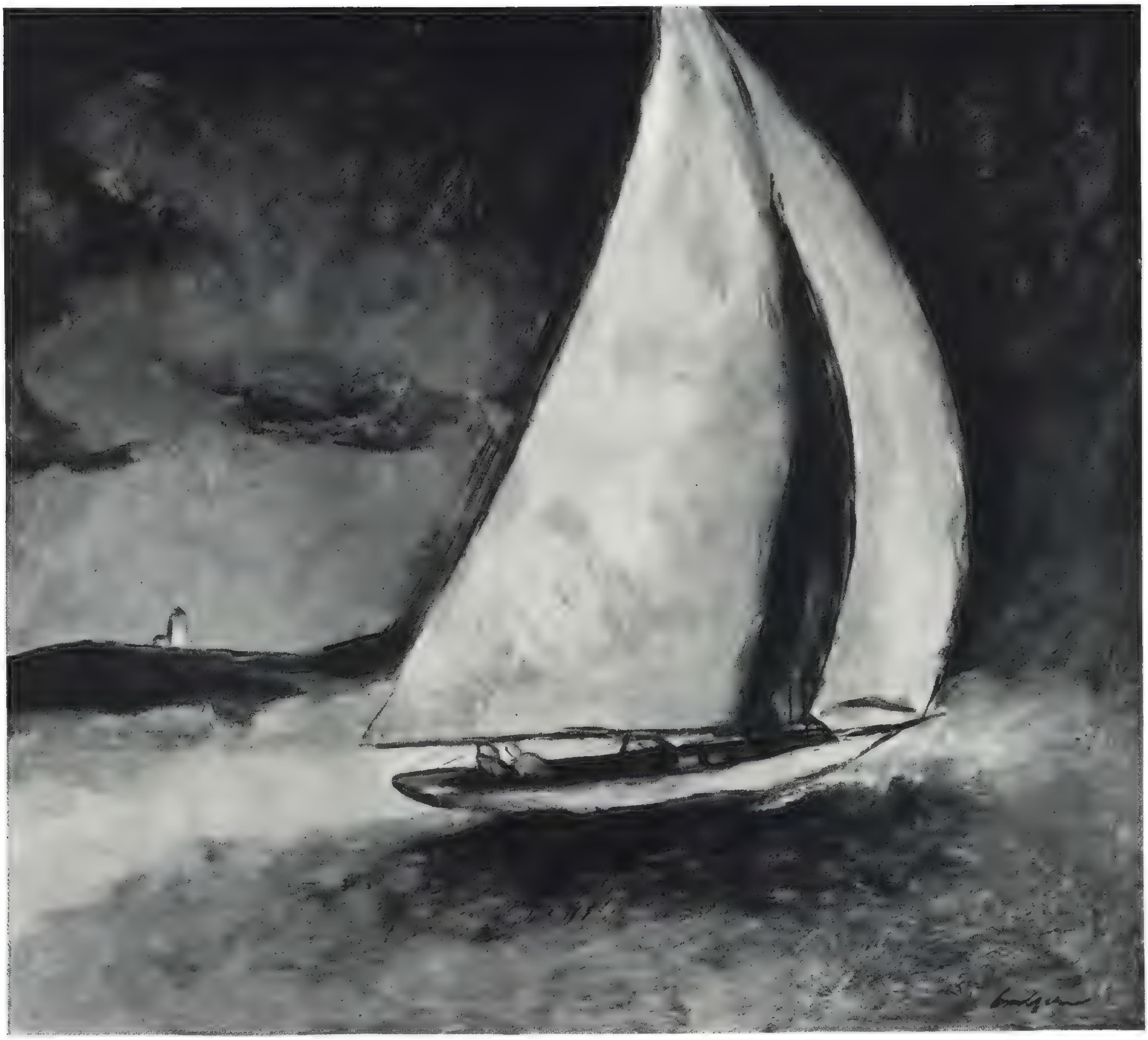
"Just for a change," George said.

"Just for a change. Come here a minute."

He led the way and in his locker was a Belle Isle to Boston chart spread on the floor alongside another one of Buzzard's Bay and Long Island Sound. His finger started right in mid-Sound. It drew a track eastward past Montauk. It went outside Nantucket Shoals and kept on moving eastward until it found Blonde Rock whistling buoy off the western tip of Nova Scotia. It slid along the Scotia coast, into Halifax for a whisky and soda at the Yacht Squadron and maybe a haulout to look at the bottom. Then it went to sea again and ran the sea side of the Cape Breton beach to pick up landfall just south of Newfoundland on an island.

"You know?" says Bill.

George knew all right. It was the island of Saint Pierre. The French own it. Europe! Wine cellars! Pot stills! High geared distillery



PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

business desperate for export. And the U. S., all scantified with prohibition! Right here in the middle, a fulcrum between supply and demand, lay the little Saint. The smart French turned it into a smuggler's heaven. They put one more strata on top of the flat slate rock that makes the island. It was a solid layer of burlap bags. The bags were sewed in tight pyramid shaped packages called "hams." In the "hams" were bottles of cognac and wine and all the whisky you ever heard of and more too. "Voilà," the cute Frenchmen said, "come and get it, mon cher."

"We go," said Bill. "We go and get our winter groceries and smug-g-gle them home. It appeals to me. I'm sick of this American prohibition foolishness."

"Oh, the Yanks, ain't they a funny race?" George marveled. "You lawless scoundrel. You're crazy."

"But such a nice crazy. Scruple isn't bothering you by any chance? Aren't thinking straight if it is. This," he stroked the course, "is as clean as a pin compared with what you, and I, and all of us are doing every day. Sum it up! Greasers! Heelers! Fixers! A whole navy of smugglers! Every time we buy a fifth, we're hirin' every man jack of them. Indirectly of course. Safe as deacons, smug and righteous. This is a breath of fresh air compared to that. You and I, our own crazy necks, our vessel. I tell you it appeals to me."

"No, no scruples," George said. "I can still figure odds though. The cutter's about twenty thousand dollars. Fifteen cases of brandy will hold me this winter and you haven't any deeper draught. Thirty or thirty-five cases of brandy at about half price is the take. The cutter, once she stows it, is subject to mandatory seizure in territorial waters. By anybody, Bill: coast guard, border patrol, customs department. They'll take her and keep her sure as shootin'. Have you thought it through?"

"Down to the last sweet little thought. I tell you I'm going."

"Alone?"

"Moll, you mean! No-o-o-o, I imagine she'll be in. It's up to her. I haven't one thing to say about it. We've an arrangement you know."

"She—er—hasn't any other plans, right now? No other interests that you know of?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen much of Moll lately. She went," and he chuckled, "shopping for me about a month ago and I guess it got her started. She's been in town a great deal. Shucks though, she won't miss this. I know Moll."

"I hope—I-hope—I-hope," George said to himself in Gaelic. He realized Bill didn't know about that house. That nettled, distant look when she had talked to him, maybe Bill hadn't seen that either.

Then Molly came along and George saw that look again, or something that was deeper and more significant as Bill sketched the plans for her.

"And I'm inviting George here," he finished, "to give you an out if you want it. We'll have watch and watch without you, if he'll come."

Her hands were very steady but the knuckles were blooming white.

"How long will it take, Bill, not counting jail?"

"About five weeks."

"You are looking forward to it, aren't

Continued in center of page 160

Words and Music

Oscar Levant is a pianist, composer and conductor, but he made big-time radio on account of his gift of gab

by SIDNEY CARROLL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Some people who are not very well acquainted with Oscar Levant are apt to classify him among the cuckoos and laugh him off as a musical dilettante. The reasons for this attitude towards Oscar are plain enough. Oscar is a musician. Music is the art which, compared to all the other arts, contains the highest screwball rating. Therefore, all musicians must be regarded with suspicion. Add to all this Oscar's odd living habits, his careless dress, his rasping remarks, and you realize why chance acquaintances come away with the impression that Oscar is just another musical eccentric parading as a genius.

In the moving picture *Four Daughters*, John Garfield jumped to fame with a portrayal of a lazy, disillusioned young musician. Garfield admits that he modeled his characterization on Levant, whom he had met just once. It was a good characterization, but it was not Oscar. The ever-present cigarette, the lack of London tailoring, and the gift for shocking people were authentically aped, but not the disillusion, and not the laziness.

Oscar does have a partiality for unpressed blue suits and he does make remarks that bite into thin skins like tincture of iodine. But these two qualities alone prove him the sanest of men. He dresses to suit himself, and he voices a grievance every time he feels like it. Oscar is a free man, even if he is quaint.

As for the dilettante accusation—in the space of a year and a half Oscar composed two string quartets, a piano concerto, a nocturne for symphony orchestra, music for two films, some smaller piano pieces, and a handful of popular songs. Such production is not the mark of a poseur. And when he feels like it Levant can compose popular ditties with the best of them. *Lady Play Your Mandolin*, which was the national anthem for a while, was his. So were *If You Want the Rainbow You Must Have the Rain, Lovable and Sweet, Pardon My Love, Don't Mention Love to Me* (his own particular favorite), *Until Today, Blame It On My Youth*, and innumerable other hits. Even among musicians, Levant is considered an important musician.

Oscar, however, is his own worst detractor. He will not discuss the significance of any light or heavy music he has already put on paper, but he is more than willing to talk about those works he will never write. One of these is an opera to be called *Pouf!*, which will consist entirely of a harp glissando. He also talks of an opera to be called *Le Crayon Est Sur La Table* with a libretto written in high-school French. Then there is a drawing-room comedy to be known as *Lemon or Cream?* This will consist of two acts of ultra-smart conversation to be climaxed by the entrance of a maidservant with a teawagon. "Lemon or Cream?" she asks, as the curtain falls. Oscar also figures on an epic movie based on his own career. George S. Kaufman has made several suggestions for this one. In those passages which shall connote the last few years of Oscar's life, Kaufman suggests that the camera take close-ups of ocean waves rolling, leaves falling from trees, and a bowl of Jell-O shaking in the wind. These would be the conglomerate Oscar. All these, however, are only dreams of a man whom Alexander Woollcott calls the "wit's wit." Oscar will never get around to them if he finds the time.

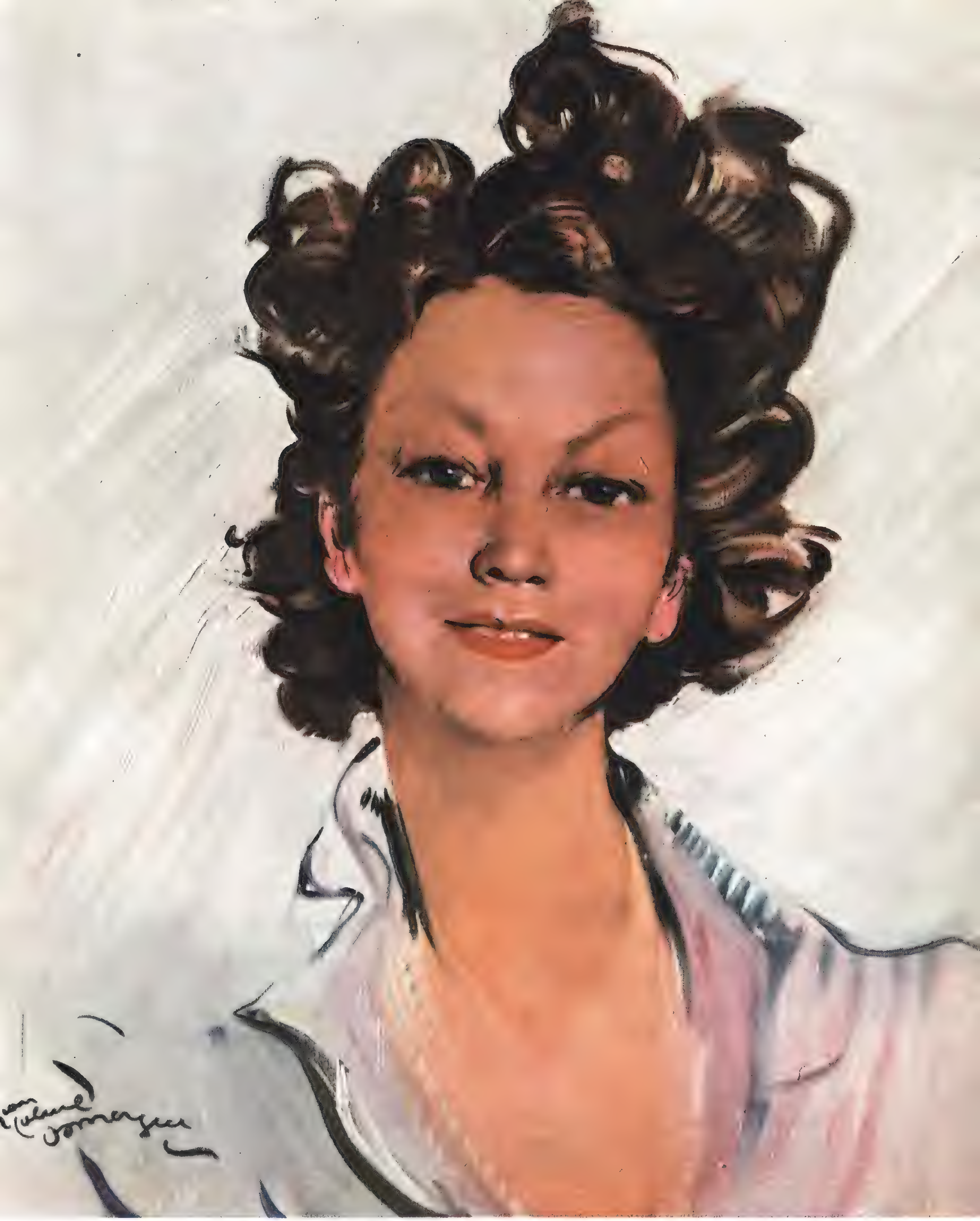
His living habits are always a source of amazement to more genteel folk. When Oscar was in Hollywood he followed a rigid routine. His evening would start at the Brown Derby in Beverly Hills. As Oscar proceeded to express his views on art, life, and the pennant chances of the Pittsburgh Pirates, the crowd around him would grow until Oscar would be the center of an admiring throng. When he had worthy adversaries, such as Harpo Marx or S. N. Behrman, a battle of wits would take place. When there was nobody around to argue with Oscar he simply delivered a three- or four-hour monologue. When the waitresses began to muffle their yawns and the proprietor edged up to the door, Oscar and his camp followers would move over to Isaac Gellis' delicatessen for corned beef, eight or nine more cups of coffee, and more talk. As the night wore on, the mob would move from club to club. Then Oscar would go home, either to work or to call his friends on the phone. No matter what the hour, Oscar feels conversational. Few men act so exuberant in the grip of melancholia. Once, at home and alone in the early hours of the morning, he called a young lady he had met casually the night before and spoke to her from 3:30 until the clock struck 8:00. "If you don't hang up soon," he then told the lady, "I'll be too sleepy to take my sleeping tablets." His phone technique is astounding. He will pick on a single word and wring its neck, for Oscar is chronically tortured by certain words and phrases. His present crush is "Oscar Homolka." The latest piece of music he has written he calls *The 1912 Overture*, but for a while he toyed with the idea of calling it *A Polka for Oscar Homolka*.

Now that Oscar is back in New York his routine is still a regular one. Evenings and two matinees a week he conducts the orchestra for *The American Way*, a very large show. After the evening performance he starts his rounds at Lindy's on Broadway. Here he plays Dr. Johnson for an attentive Broadway crowd. Then he might move to "21" where he amuses the ladies and gentlemen of the 400 with certain irreverent remarks. Oscar might divide the rest of the night in Dinty Moore's or LaHiff's Tavern. In order to retire at his usual hour (5:00 a.m.) he has to fill himself full of sleeping tablets. When he wakes from the stupor which these induce, sometime

Continued on page 96

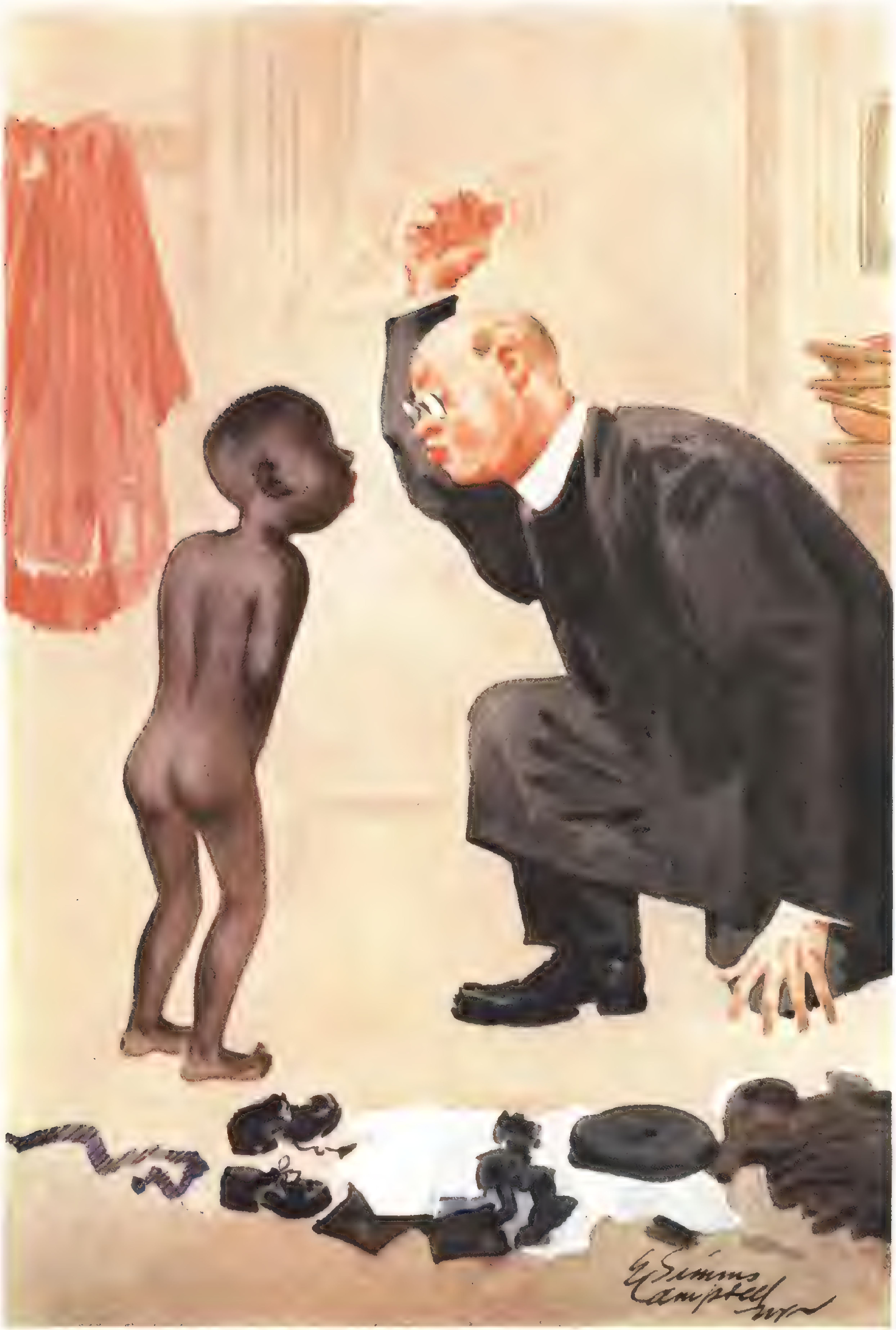
HORROR STORIES
CCRAMER

"Madame! Please!"



FEMININE FACE-CARDS – *ELIZABETH ARDEN* – PAINTED BY JEAN-GABRIEL DOMERGUE

ELIZABETH ARDEN is Scotch-English-Canadian, five feet high, and a charmer. Her real name is Florence Nightingale Graham. She was first to discover that beauty is more than skin deep. Then she proceeded to make more money by the sweat of her own smooth brow than any woman ever made. Elizabeth Arden cosmetics are sold all over the world, but her creed is that cosmetics are but the blush on the rose. The rose can't blush unless it's healthy. Ladies who visit any one of her twenty-nine *salons*, or her swank beauty farm in Maine, must pant before they paint. Elizabeth Arden specialists pat 'em, roll 'em, diet 'em, daily-dozen 'em until they glow from natural causes and from within. Elizabeth Arden owns a factory and her clients are served by the best trained women in the world. She is a lover of horses. She started with $6000 she borrowed from a cousin. In 1929 she refused $15,000,000 for the business. It has prospered all through the depression.


E. Simms Campbell

"I'll teach you to bring dice to choir practice—my point's nine!"

One, Two, Three . . . and Win Six

This system won't fail as long as your money holds out and you won't need a pencil and paper to work it

by EARLE V. WELLER

• ARTICLE •

"FOUR on the Red!"

Bets are all in. The spinning wheel clicks away its rhythmic round to rest finally on the black. The rake gathers the four chips into the pile before the banker, arms reach out to seize their winnings and place the wagers on the next spin.

"Five on the Red!"

Again the kaleidoscopic circle turns from patches of color to speeding gray and back to color and again the winning number is of somber hue.

"Six on the Red!"

The god of chance moves over to the gambler's side and the wheel halts on a scarlet figure.

"Three chips to the bad! Still, a system doesn't worry, so why should I? Six more on the Red!"

But it turns up a black and now the player is nine chips the loser. The system determines the bet so, after a fast mental calculation, the player counts out eight chips which he piles on the red.

Again the gloomy black and the player finds his store depleted by seventeen.

"Ten on the Red!"

He wins, removes eleven chips and leaves nine. But again the black number turns up and only his faith in the gods of mathematics leads him to persevere and pile twelve counters on the fateful red.

The whirr of the wheel and the number is red. He leaves ten chips on the board and collects again. A quick mental computation. He finds he is six chips ahead. A new series begins with another wager of four on the red.

If you want to get a mathematics professor excited and inarticulate, just ask him why this little system of "1, 2, 3" wins its six units with regularity and always will win so long as the bankroll is big enough to stand the gaff when an unbroken streak of bad luck develops.

The first time I encountered the "system" was in Los Angeles when a bright young newspaperman gave it a night's tryout at Caliente and came home several hundred dollars to the good.

Now, systems aren't very popular with gambling resorts, especially if the systems click but this little "1, 2, 3" plan couldn't be tagged as a "system" and the intervals between plays could be so arranged that the mathematical setup was not easy to detect.

Systems are usually so complicated that the gambler gets all mixed up before he gets very far in the game. Rarely does Lady Luck run so poorly in "1, 2, 3" that additions and subtractions run into sums very large.

The success of the newspaperman in professional company made it a nine days' wonder among his pals in the city room and they promptly began using it to advantage not only in roulette but in the old "heads or tails" tossing where two choices were available. In roulette, of course, the naught and double-naught are house numbers and are counted as losses to the player.

The "1, 2, 3" system had a lengthy tryout one winter night in a de luxe bungalow at the Ambassador Hotel. Two wealthy executives of a big motor car company had just arrived on the Coast, and, after a day visiting dealers and a sumptuous feed of solid and liquid rarities, retired to their rooms for a session of recreation.

The newspaperman was present and suggested that he could win consistently on any game where he had two choices, odd or even, heads or tails, red or black. The automobile men were dubious and willing to back their doubt with plenty of folding money. The session began. About 2 a.m., the reporter was ahead a week's salary. By 4 a.m., the motor car men got out pad and pencil to check results. Even with factual proof of the results and depleted purses, they still couldn't believe that any such "system" would work. But, like Mark Twain's "Punch, brothers, punch," the haunting "1, 2, 3" kept bobbing up at every free moment and worrying them.

Price indices, sales curves, statistics, figures of all kinds were their daily meat and drink but this was too much. It just couldn't be.

Let's see exactly how the thing works.

Until you become thoroughly familiar with the technique, it's best to use pencil and paper and see what happens.

At the top of the paper write

1, 2, 3

Below these figures, arrange two columns for your wins and losses.

Now, for the play.

Each time your wager is the sum of the two end figures in the top series. Your first bet is, therefore, one plus three, or four.

If you win, you cross out the 1 and the 3 and your second wager would be two.

If you lose, you add the amount to the top series. Thus, if on your first wager of 4 (1 plus 3), you lose, on your next bet the top series would look like this,

1, 2, 3, 4,

and your next bet would be 5 (1 plus 4).

In the first play presented in this article, the tally sheet would look like this:

~~1~~, ~~2~~, ~~3~~, ~~4~~, ~~5~~, ~~6~~, ~~7~~, ~~8~~, ~~9~~,

Won	Lost
6 (3d)	4 (1st)
10 (6th)	5 (2d)
12 (8th)	6 (4th)
10 (9th)	8 (5th)
	9 (7th)
plus 38	minus 32

Whenever the numbers in the series at the top are all crossed out, the system begins all over again with a new "1, 2, 3" and the totals

Continued at top of page 126

"Listen, dope! The way the mint makes 'em is good enough! We don't want any improvements!"

The Bronze Baffler

Even an expert can catch small black bass but it takes a rank dub to land the moody, unpredictable, seasoned fish

by HART STILWELL

▪ SPORTS ▪

THE other day I took a fat, middle-aged friend of mine out on a lake to teach him to catch bass. All he knew about bass was what he had read in the papers.

"Now you do it like this," I said, taking a rod and demonstrating the cast. "You bring the rod back behind you, then you whip it smartly forward, releasing tension on the reel spool with your thumb as you do so. Get the idea?"

"Sure," he said. "Give me that rod."

Well, he released the tension at the wrong time, and the bait went flying out behind him, instead of in front of him. It sank slowly to the bottom as he untangled the line. Then when he started reeling in he said, "I've hooked the bottom."

But it wasn't the bottom. It began to move. He clamped down on that line in a way that almost gave me heart failure, and for five minutes he and that bass fought on a no-give and no-take basis. By some miracle the line and the hooks held, and soon he had a seven-pound bass flopping in the boat.

It was the biggest bass I ever saw caught in that lake.

And fish as I would, I could catch nothing all morning that in any way resembled it. That big bass had been lying down near the cool bottoms, just letting the world roll by, when he saw the plug settle. Then as it started up off the bottom, he decided to eat it. That was all.

But the incident fits neatly into the entire history of my bass fishing, and gives body to the pet theories which I have worked out about this most uncertain of sports.

I have come to the conclusion that the black bass is fundamentally a lonely, moody, unpredictable fish that would as soon eat his own children as the next man's. I think he has a split personality and suffers at times from delusions of persecution.

The whole uncertain situation surrounding his actions may stem from his home life, which to me seems practically void of emotional outlets.

I know of no other line of reasoning that would account for the things he does.

If you decide to sally forth in quest of bass, therefore, console yourself with the thought that intelligence, experience, and skill will probably be a handicap to you in the long run.

I come to this conclusion because I probably catch fewer bass than anybody else in the country. This gives rise at times to annoying situations. But it also brings about quite a bit of amusement and some satisfaction, so that I conclude it is good for the general health of the nation, and I make no complaint.

I merely chronicle the things I have seen. Like most other anglers who have fished for years, I have developed some very definite theories. Most of them are probably wrong. But they are about as good as the next man's set of theories when it comes to figuring out this big-mouth rascal that won't stick to any set of customs or conventions in spite of having been on the planet several millions of years.

I have come to the conclusion, for instance, that if I take somebody out upon the water with the idea of teaching him to catch bass, he will almost invariably catch more bass than I do. This has happened so frequently that I can no longer attribute it to chance.

It is Theory No. 1 in the Stilwell System of Not Catching Bass. It is humiliating to me at times, but apparently there is nothing I can do about it. In the old days when I was a rank amateur I caught a lot of bass myself, but now that I can pitch that plug up into the pocket where I want it, and can drop the fly on the water as gently as a floating leaf, why the bass just sits and looks at me with a cold and fishy stare.

Furthermore, I have observed that most of the really worthwhile bass I have ever hung on the stringer were hooked when I was lighting a cigarette, holding the rod over my shoulder, or looking across the lake, dreaming of a tall mug of beer.

This gives rise to Theory No. 2, or the Indifference Theory of Bass Fishing.

There is, however, a deep-seated grain of logic behind these happenings, and before I have done I will try to tear down to it and bare it to the public gaze.

But the facts as they are result in making the black bass a great leveler. I know the country is full of experts, and I have seen some of them in operation. It is a thing of pure joy to watch the easy flow of line and rod as they cast. But take any one of them and put him out in a boat with a dub that never saw a bass before, and I will put my money on the dub.

I think we should nose about some, before we go farther, and throw a bit of light on the home life and personal habits of the bass. Along in the spring of the year the male bass begins to feel the urge for a home. He swims about here and there and picks out a good spot. Then he clears it off by gently fanning it with his tail until he has it clean and neat as a pin. When this bit of home making is done, he swims off in quest of a mate who will come and share his little house and lot.

He has to use care in this matter. If he approaches a prospective bride that is a year or two older than he, there is a definite possibility that he might suddenly find himself being eaten, instead of being lovingly flattered and given a chance to reproduce his kind. He is himself a person of uncertain impulses, and should he run across some shy little thing that is too trusting, his urge to eat may overcome his urge to reproduce his kind, and he might eat her. It is all very disconcerting, looking at it strictly from the point of view of romance.

But somehow love will triumph, and he will find himself strutting about the place with a female of the species hovering over the nest, depositing ten or twelve thousand eggs. The male lavishes his seed and care on these eggs, and guards them with his life, while his woman swims away without a thought of the future of the race, content simply to eat.

The male bass will sit for hours and days, touching not a bite of food, simply fanning those jellylike eggs. He will furiously attack anything that comes near his home. And it is at such times that almost everybody, even an expert, can catch bass, for the male will smack any sort of fantastic plug that is thrown within a dozen feet of his home.

It is at such times, therefore, that the law protects him from plugs, but with the true inconsistency of our lawmakers, leaves him completely at the mercy of the man with a minnow. In the minds of a lawmaker there is something sacred about the man who fishes with a minnow, and it is against Blackstone and the Ten Commandments to pass a law that will keep him under control.

In due time the eggs hatch and the little bass, so tiny that they are hardly visible to anything except the papa bass, start swimming around. They begin eating at once. They will eat anything smaller than themselves, including their brothers and sisters. This is a habit bass never outgrow. If some of the tiny bass lag behind the others in their growth, they are promptly eaten, thus maintaining the species at its prime level.

Fish hatchery men handling these little fish (which are known as fry) have discovered some strange things about them. For instance, if they put three hundred fry that are hatched out on Friday in a jar with three hundred fry that are hatched the following Monday, in a few hours they will find a grand total of only three hundred fry in the jar. The Monday hatch has all disappeared. This probably demonstrates the evils of being hatched on Monday, as the astrologists would perhaps say. This disappearance puzzled hatchery men for a time, until they figured out that the bigger fry simply ate the smaller ones, in true bass tradition.

The papa bass follows the mass of fry around, still eating nothing himself. The fry string out in a line from three to ten feet long and a couple of feet across. There might be eight or ten thousand of them, and woe unto any perch or other small fish that would try to make a meal of them while papa bass is

DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

on guard. The fry continue growing, and as they grow, they split up into smaller groups. When they split, the papa bass follows the larger mass each time.

This goes on for some time, until finally the paternal urge weakens under the gnawing hunger that cannot be permanently ignored and the general confusion of trying to pick the larger group. When this stage is reached the papa bass just sails into them and lets his hunger assert itself. He gobbles down as many as he can catch.

This is Lesson No. 1 to the little bass, and from then on it's a continued series of lessons, all the same—learning what will eat them and what not to eat.

The bass is the No. 1 fresh water fish of this country because he is found from the frozen lakes of Canada to the mudholes along the Rio Grande and from the swamps of Florida to the rocky ridges of California. Wherever there is as much as a tubful of water that doesn't freeze solid in winter, you will find him. He can stand up and thrive under conditions that will tax the durability of a carp or catfish. And it is nearly impossible to fish out a bass hole.

The bronze back will strike at anything that moves, no matter how dizzy its color or ridiculous its shape. Then again he won't touch anything, no matter if it is handed to him on a silver platter by an expert.

He is strictly an individualist, and has his own ideas about things, these ideas varying from day to day at an alarming pace. These facts contribute to making him the great leveler, and the kingpin of fresh water fish.

I started fishing for bass many years ago, and I used to walk out to the bank of a little lake in front of my home and scare the bass out from the shore, then catch them on a fly rod metal spinner as they swam away. Such fantastic luck can hardly be imagined. Yet I caught them. I would not cast until I saw one run out from the bank. Only a rank dub would have tried it.

I would come home at night and announce that we would breakfast on bass the next morning. Then I would sally forth at dawn and bring them in. I never failed—until years later when I began to absorb all the technique about handling a fly rod, and picked up a few of the expert's tricks in bass fishing.

Now I wouldn't take a fifty-fifty wager that I could catch a bass in a week in any waters I should choose to tackle. I have been chastened and humbled and beaten by this fish for so many years and on so many occasions that I freely and frankly admit I know nothing in the world about him. All I know is that the most fish are caught, ordinarily, by people who shouldn't catch them.

Bass are quite gullible fish until they begin to grow a bit older. Anybody can catch small bass, even an expert. Anybody can catch a bass that has never been caught before. But it takes a rank dub to catch a big, seasoned bass.

I know of one bass in a hatchery that became quite tame. His name was Corky. He would follow the hatchery man around and look at him with a soulful eye, waiting for his food. He would come to get it like a dog. And he learned a lot of tricks. He learned that when anybody walked along the edge of the hatchery bank, they would scare frogs out into the water. So he would swim right along beside them and get his frogs. But unfortunately, a bigger bass ate Corky one day.

I had a bass spotted myself once, and he was practically tame. We were on extremely cordial terms, for I always handled him with great care and released him uninjured after every catch. His name was Charley, and he lived just a short cast from the spot where I kept my boat.

I used to get into the boat and glide away from Charley without disturbing him on the outward trip, then if I had a fairly good day I would leave him alone when I returned. But if everything else went badly, I would drop a plug or a bug or a fly out there and snag Charley at the end of the day. He always responded and always gave me a nice brisk bit of action before I brought him abroad, and then released him to battle again. He was a playful rascal, and would frequently smack the bait with his tail just for the fun of it.

Somebody eventually caught him and fried him. It was one of the sadder moments of my fishing career when I found him dead and gone,

Charley was an exception, for most bass learn quite quickly not to take hold of things with hooks in them. If you want to see how they catch on, drop out to a fish hatchery some day when the hatchery superintendent decides to take out two or three of the fish to look at them.

On the first cast with a bass bug there will

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Season of Mists

It would be horrible to share the twins with a brother-in-law—besides who could choose between cowslips and honeysuckle?

by JOHN COLLIER

▪ SATIRE ▪

I WAS ready for anything when I came to the town of T—. It was already late in the year. Dead leaves crawled like crabs over the asphalt of the pitiable esplanade. Winds raced along the corridors of the larger hotels, barging into the wrong rooms.

It is at such a place, and at such a season, that one finds the desperate grass widow, or young things whose natural credulity snaps starvingly at the grossest counterfeit. The illusion of teeming possibilities has gone with the licentious carnival of summer, the masks of coarse sunburn, and him who may be sitting alone among the sand dunes. Ravenous dreams pace the unvisited sitting rooms of villas, or stalk between rising waves and falling leaves.

The concealed smile in my smile, and the concealed meaning in my words, would have made me seem a sort of scheme-riddled Hamlet among the laughing crowd-workers of July. I should have been condemned as heavy going, would-be clever, even unpleasant or dangerous. Now, on the other hand, my slightly involved personality would be a positive jig-saw puzzle in hands already fidgety with boredom. Nevertheless, I had gone so far as to purchase a ready-made sports jacket, and had I had a black moustache I should have shaved it off.

I had most of my thousand pounds left: I was not after profit, but pleasure. I desired to intoxicate myself on a real emotion, and I wondered in which of the still occupied villas, in what sort of absurd drawing room, treading softly in fear of what husband or what aunt, I should perform what drunken antics my chosen potion would inspire in me.

Servile in search of protective mimicry, I could not of course omit the "snorter" or "quick one" before dinner on my first evening in the hotel. I entered the bar in jaunty style, my mouth already writhing with an alien witticism, like the eye socket of a provincial actor (but all actors are provincial) in travail with his waggish monocle.

This witticism was never uttered. I thought I saw a goldfish. It was the honey-head of the barmaid, bent over a glass she was polishing, but, as the place had the appearance of the second-class cocktail lounge of a liner sunk two years previously in three hundred fathoms of grey ocean, I thought it was a goldfish. She then raised a face so dappled with flush and sun-gleam that I looked instinctively for the orchard boughs above her head.

All this was disconcerting, and effective in shattering my pose. It happens that these fresh and almost eatable faces have a peculiar effect on me. "Farewell before hail," I thought, "to the sailor's languishing wife, and the ardent anaemia at the Vicarage! I am off."

I ordered one of the far inferior intoxicants that stood ranked behind her, and retired a pace, changing my name to Bert, a young man already doing well, at once cheeky and shy, but probably capable of being serious. One never knew what I could come out with next.

I was wondering about that myself when I saw that she, affecting to take no particular notice of me, had retired into the flowery thicket of her reverie. I realized that this must have grown very wild and tangly in the last month or two, because, before she could turn and peep out from it, it swallowed her up entirely, like a prospective sleeping beauty, and she yawned.

I analyzed this yawn with the precision of a Home Office pathologist. It was ninety per cent sincere, and vibrated with a passionate protest against the difference between dreams and reality. Though this was only the beginning of November, I diagnosed it as a premature December yawn, and was emboldened to act at once.

Affecting to consult my heart, exactly as if it had been a watch, I gasped, bit my lip, and stared at her in wild surmise. You could never tell when I was joking. "Do you believe," I said fervently, "in love at first sight?"

"That sort of thing," she said, "doesn't interest me in the least."

It was clear she had not been a barmaid more than seven or eight weeks. From behind her professional hauteur she peeped out to watch for its effect, as bewitchingly as a child wearing its mother's terrible hat.

"I'm not fooling," I said (taken down a peg or two, you understand). "The fact is, believe it or not, I'm a bit psychic. Do you know what I thought, the minute I saw you?"

"What?" said she.

"I'll tell you," said I. "'That girl's tragic,' I thought, 'There's a sort of bar between her and all sorts of delightful surprises. I wish it could be melted away.' "

"Not really!"

"I did," said I. "Give me your hand. I may be able to tell something from it. For example, I had a sort of premonition when I came here. I knew I was going to fall desperately in love."

"Did you?" said she.

"I assure you," said I, "I thought of nothing else all the way from the station. I will lay my hand on anything you like, and swear to it. But give me yours. Look! What's this? You've been thinking of love today, quite a lot, haven't you?"

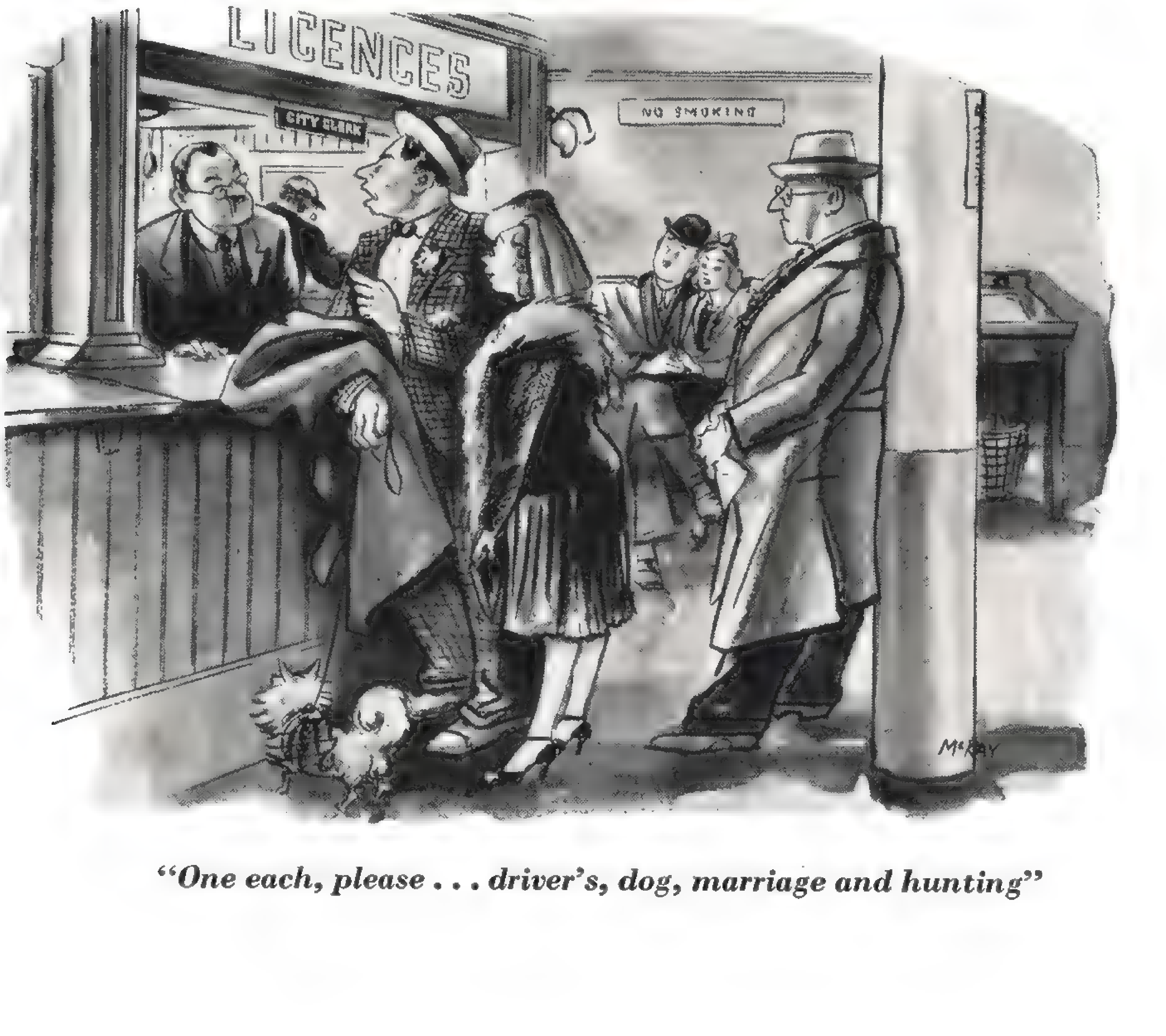
"Maybe I have," said she.

"Call it Fate," said I. "Call it Kismet if you like: I can deny you nothing. Or, look here, let's call it Destiny. You can't go back on Destiny, you know. It would absolutely ruin it. Do you know what it says?"

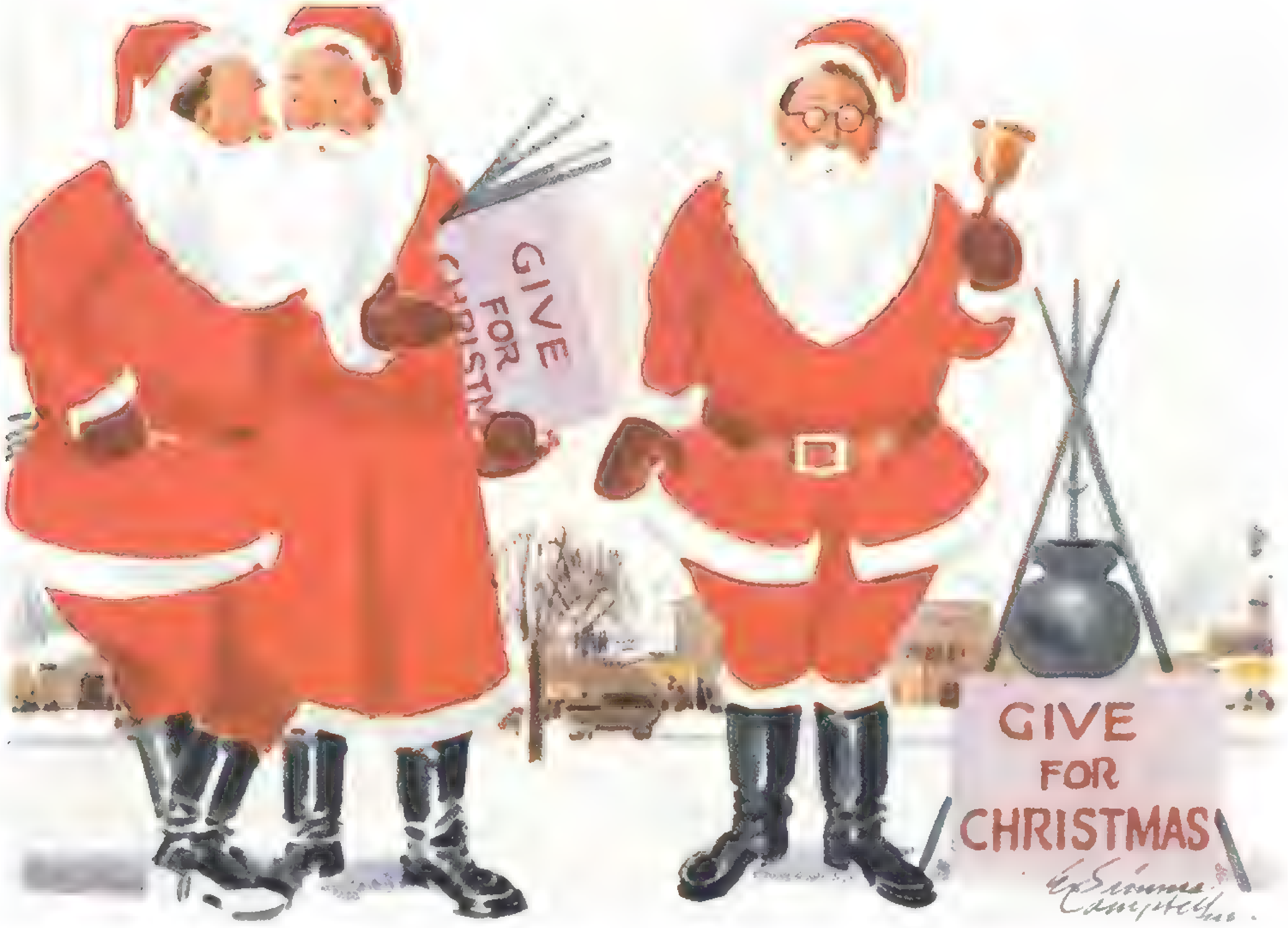
"No," she said. "What?"

I was at a loss for a suitable phrase. She leant a little further over the bar. Our fore-

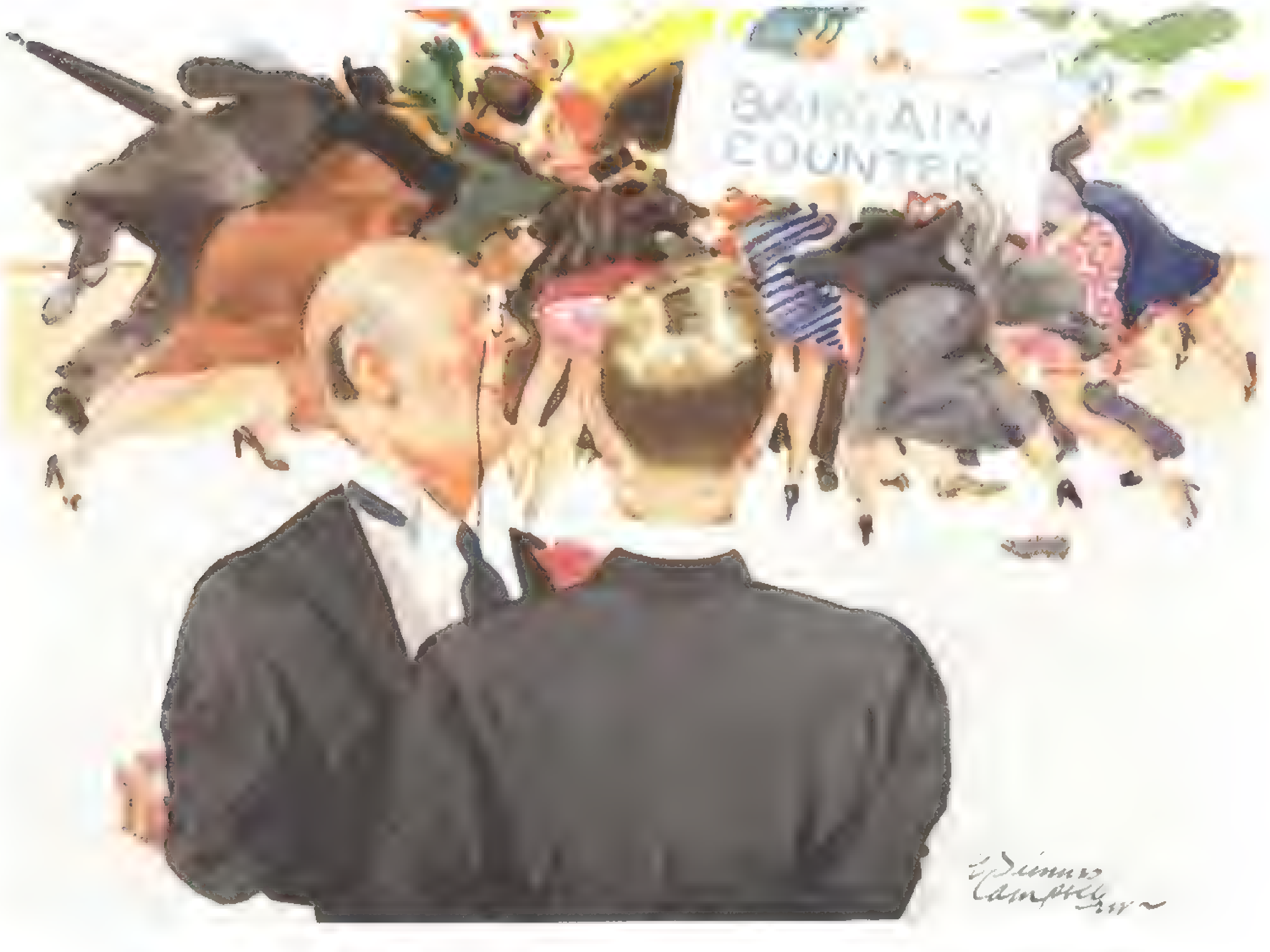
Continued on page 139



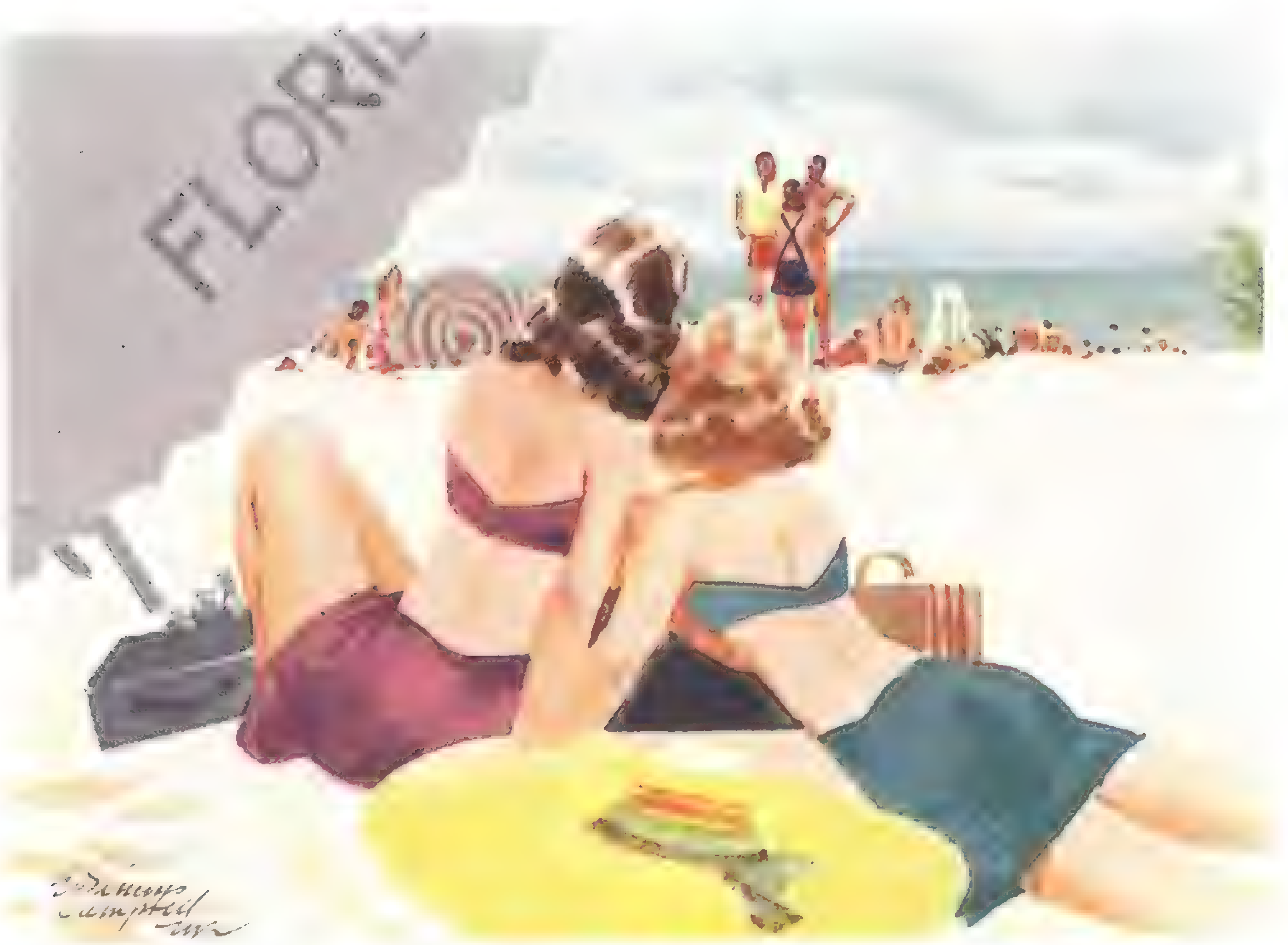
"One each, please . . . driver's, dog, marriage and hunting"


GIVE
FOR
CHRISTMAS
GIVE
FOR
CHRISTMAS
E. Simms Campbell

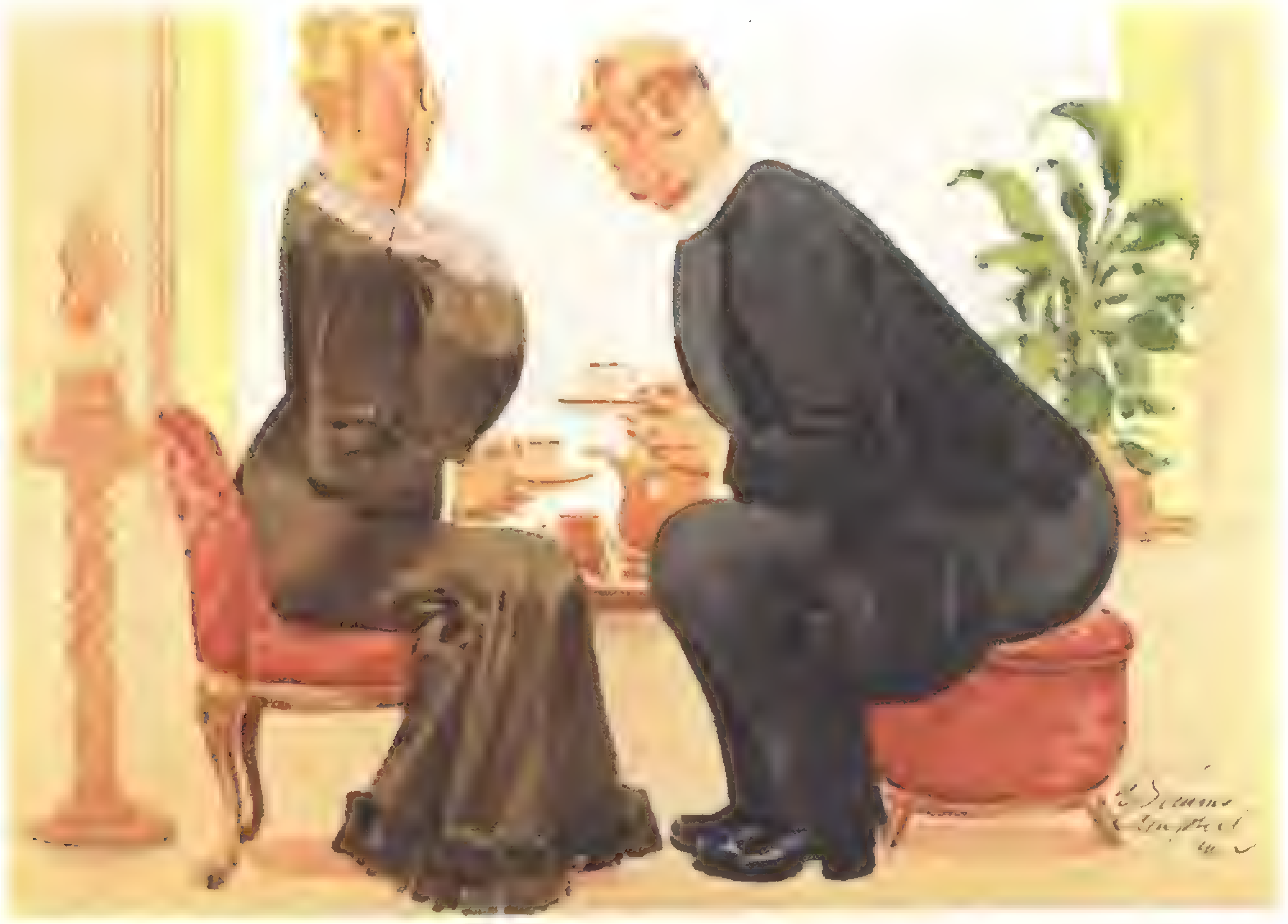
"It's the same every year—he gets stage fright the first performance"


BARGAIN
COUNTER
E. Simms Campbell

"Healthy Christmas spirit this year—don't you think?"



"She must have lost a lot of her money—she's going around with Americans now"



"Frankly, I only dropped in to put the bite on you for a new organ for Christmas"

Pat Hobby's Christmas Wish

The first of a series of stories starring Pat Hobby, who was hot stuff when the movies were dumb

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

It was Christmas Eve in the studio. By eleven o'clock in the morning, Santa Claus had called on most of the huge population according to each one's deserts.

Sumptuous gifts from producers to stars, and from agents to producers arrived at offices and studio bungalows; on every stage one heard of the roguish gifts of casts to directors or directors to casts; champagne had gone out from publicity office to the press. And tips of fifties, tens and fives from producers, directors and writers fell like manna upon the white collar class.

In this sort of transaction there were exceptions. Pat Hobby, for example, who knew the game from twenty years' experience, had had the idea of getting rid of his secretary the day before. They were sending over a new one any minute—but she would scarcely expect a present the first day.

Waiting for her, he walked the corridor, glancing into open offices for signs of life. He stopped to chat with Joe Hopper from the scenario department.

"Not like the old days," he mourned, "Then there was a bottle on every desk."

"There're a few around."

"Not many." Pat sighed, "And afterwards we'd run a picture—made up out of cutting-room scraps."

"I've heard. All the suppressed stuff," said Hopper.

Pat nodded, his eyes glistening.

"Oh, it was juicy. You darned near ripped your guts laughing—"

He broke off as the sight of a woman, pad in hand, entering his office down the hall recalled him to the sorry present.

"Gooddorf has me working over the holiday," he complained bitterly.

"I wouldn't do it."

"I wouldn't either except my four weeks are up next Friday, and if I bucked him he wouldn't extend me."

As he turned away Hopper knew that Pat was not being extended anyhow. He had been hired to script an old-fashioned horse-opera and the boys who were "writing behind him"—that is working over his stuff—said that all of it was old and some didn't make sense.

"I'm Miss Kagle," said Pat's new secretary.

She was about thirty-six, handsome, faded, tired, efficient. She went to the typewriter, examined it, sat down and burst into sobs.

Pat started. Self-control, from below anyhow, was the rule around here. Wasn't it bad enough to be working on Christmas Eve? Well—less bad than not working at all. He walked over and shut the door—someone might suspect him of insulting the girl.

"Cheer up," he advised her. "This is Christmas."

Her burst of emotion had died away. She sat upright now, choking and wiping her eyes.

"Nothing's as bad as it seems," he assured her unconvincingly. "What's it, anyhow? They going to lay you off?"

She shook her head, did a sniffle to end sniffles, and opened her note book.

"Who you been working for?"

She answered between suddenly gritted teeth.

"Mr. Harry Gooddorf."

Pat widened his permanently bloodshot eyes. Now he remembered he had seen her in Harry's outer office.

"Since 1921. Eighteen years. And yesterday he sent me back to the department. He said I depressed him—I reminded him he was getting on." Her face was grim, "That isn't the way he talked after hours eighteen years ago."

"Yeah, he was a skirt chaser then," said Pat.

"I should have done something then when I had the chance."

Pat felt righteous stirrings.

"Breach of promise? That's no angle!"

"But I had something to clinch it. Something bigger than breach of promise. I still have too. But then, you see, I thought I was in love with him." She brooded for a moment, "Do you want to dictate something now?"

Pat remembered his job and opened a script.

"It's an insert," he began. "Scene 114 A."

Pat paced the office.

"Ext. Long Shot of the Plains," he decreed, "Buck and Mexicans approaching the hyacenda."

"The what?"

"The hyacenda—the ranch house." He looked at her reproachfully, "114 B. Two Shot: Buck and Pedro. Buck: 'The dirty son-of-a-bitch. I'll tear his guts out!' "

Miss Kagle looked up, startled.

"You want me to write that down?"

"Sure."

"It won't get by."

"I'm writing this. Of course, it won't get by. But if I put 'you rat' the scene won't have any force."

"But won't somebody have to change it to 'you rat'?"

He glared at her—he didn't want to change secretaries every day.

"Harry Gooddorf can worry about that."

"Are you working for Mr. Gooddorf?" Miss Kagle asked in alarm.

"Until he throws me out."

"I shouldn't have said—"

"Don't worry," he assured her. "He's no pal of mine anymore. Not at three-fifty a week, when I used to get two thousand . . . Where was I?"

He paced the floor again, repeating his last line aloud with relish. But now it seemed to apply not to a personage of the story but to Harry Gooddorf. Suddenly he stood still, lost

Continued in center of page 170

HENRY BOLTINOFF

"I was told to wait for an answer!"

The Second *Hampshire* Tragedy

How divers attempted to salvage the gold locked in H.M.S. *Hampshire* seventy fathoms deep, as told to

LIEUT. HORACE S. MAZET

• SEMI-FICTION •

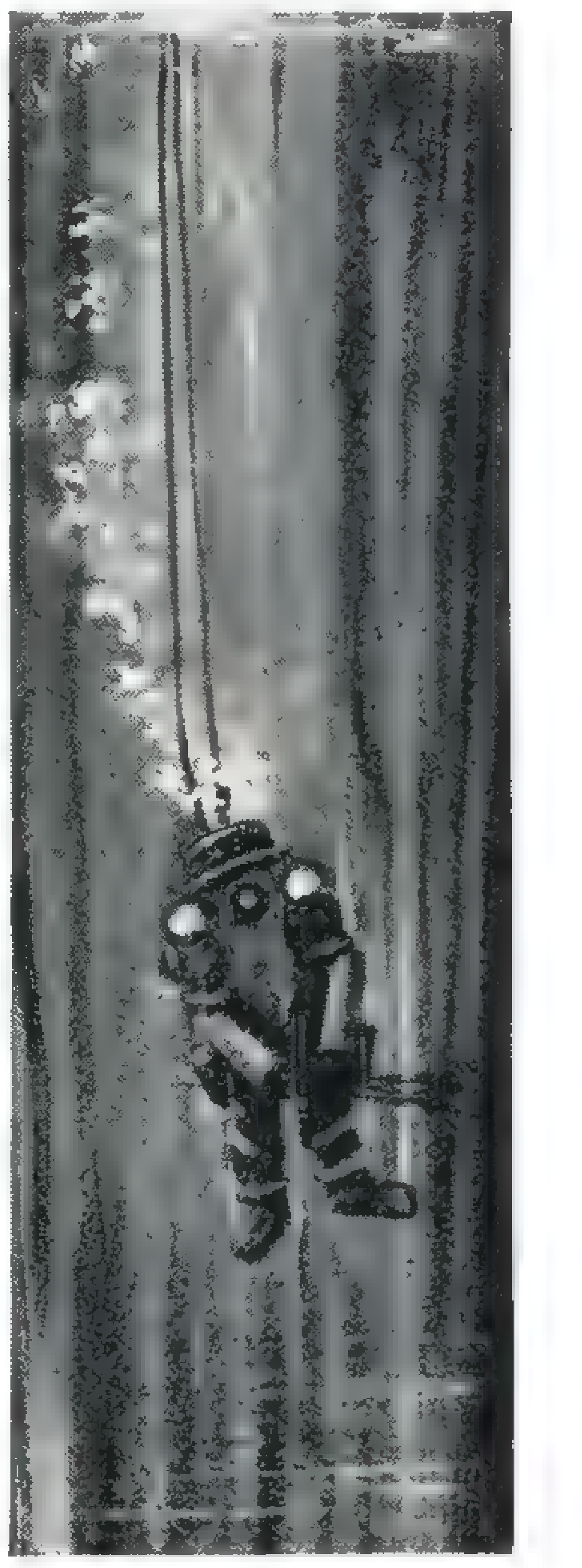
THAT evening as we put out from the harbor I spoke to the skipper. "Now is the time to talk, Captain. Where are we bound anyway?"

"Well," he replied, "You must have heard that expeditions are after many of the ships sunk in the World War. We're going to the Finnish Coast. Several German subs sank there—we want to raise them."

The more I learned about this unfathomable quest, the more puzzling it seemed. This ship flew the English flag—I'll say that much. Yet the captain said German subs!

Nevertheless, my experience in salvage work has taught me the one hard and fast rule on the job: hold your tongue! A salvage crew that does not talk cannot be beaten out of a prize.

Anyhow as soon as he finished talking terms with me, the skipper led me below decks and showed me a cabin. I opened the door and stepped in. Seated at the table, playing cards, were two men. I knew at once that I had seen them somewhere before. So I introduced myself. They laid down their cards.



"I'm Costello, from Sydney," smiled one.

The other laughed. "I'm Courtney, from New York!" And then we all laughed.

Every diver of international reputation knows Costello and Courtney, just as he knows me. The élite of the diving world were gathered in that one cabin, bound for the Finnish Coast. German subs? Not much!

This Courtney is a great fellow and a great pal. I sized this up right away. And as we stood there with Costello, I knew that there was sense in that chap too. So I was reassured.

I had purposely made friends with the captain and the first officer since coming aboard and was usually up on the bridge except at night and mealtimes. We seemed to be searching for a spot in the sea. We had a good ship under us but in that sea she was dancing a jig, and then gradually the fog closed down on us so thick you could squeeze it.

Next day the storm had not abated entirely; our heavy tub floundered through high seas. A snowstorm swooped down on us and blew for two days. The ship was clad in white. The captain cursed incessantly. It was a wild cruise we were on.

Then, as suddenly as it had come, the weather cleared. We cruised around for hours! I was excited, for Costello told me we were near the dive. Finally the captain called us three divers into his cabin for a chin fest. "Now we don't have to pipe down any more—it's time for talking! It would be best for you, Mr. Costello, to tell your friends what it's all about."

Costello took another drink, and began: "It concerns H.M.S. *Hampshire*. I don't think you guessed that. She's the ship that sank with Kitchener in 1916. But that's hardly important to us. In that old battle-wagon lie ten million pounds in strong boxes! We are here to recover those ten million. We were here last year. We lie off the West Coast, off the mainland, on the Marwickhead Bank. When we were here last I was on the bottom several times, in 60 to 70 fathoms. It's likely that the stern of the wreck has settled deeper into the slime. I made a buoy fast over the ship, anchored to the hole in her hull. That's the story!"

Courtney and I looked at each other. The *Hampshire!* No cinch job that! But ten million pounds has a lot of weight in more ways than one. And then I noticed the ship had hove to.

The sea was much calmer. We went on deck where the Old Man was shooting the sun. Costello was fitted into his wonderful armored suit. The captain let go four anchors, and the ship swung in the swells that kept rolling in under us.

Costello stood on a metal platform. The guy lines on which it hung grew taut, the winch squealed, and as cable paid out our pal descended into the depths.

I inspected the air lines and the lift cable as they went over, because an experienced diver can tell by the way they hang if all is well below. Of course, Costello had a telephone set in his helmet; amplifiers had been set up at the rail with a loud speaker attached so that Costello's voice would sound clear and loud over various noises on deck.

But no sound came from below. More and more lines was paid out; Costello must be quite deep by now, and moving slowly but steadily away from our ship. The lines still indicated that all was well.

Perhaps a half-hour passed. Presently it seemed as though a ghost were speaking from the other side of the world. The loudspeaker cried out in a high-pitched voice: "Buoy still fast—wreck buried in slime and weeds!"

The captain breathed again. We lit our pipes and waited, only the sweat on my palms showing that I was plenty nervous.

There came a signal—Costello was ready to come up. The winch started slowly and carefully. The captain ran this winch himself now, because if the winch starts too quickly and is not properly manned, there is always the danger of ripping the hoist line—and then the diver is lost.

It took perhaps an hour to reel Costello on board, so slowly and carefully must a diver even in an armored suit be raised. With helmet removed, Costello spit a curve over the rail and then looked at us two divers.

"The hull has sunk about three fathoms deeper since last year. But if this weather continues we can begin operations now. I think I'll be ready to go down again, with my pal here, in about an hour."

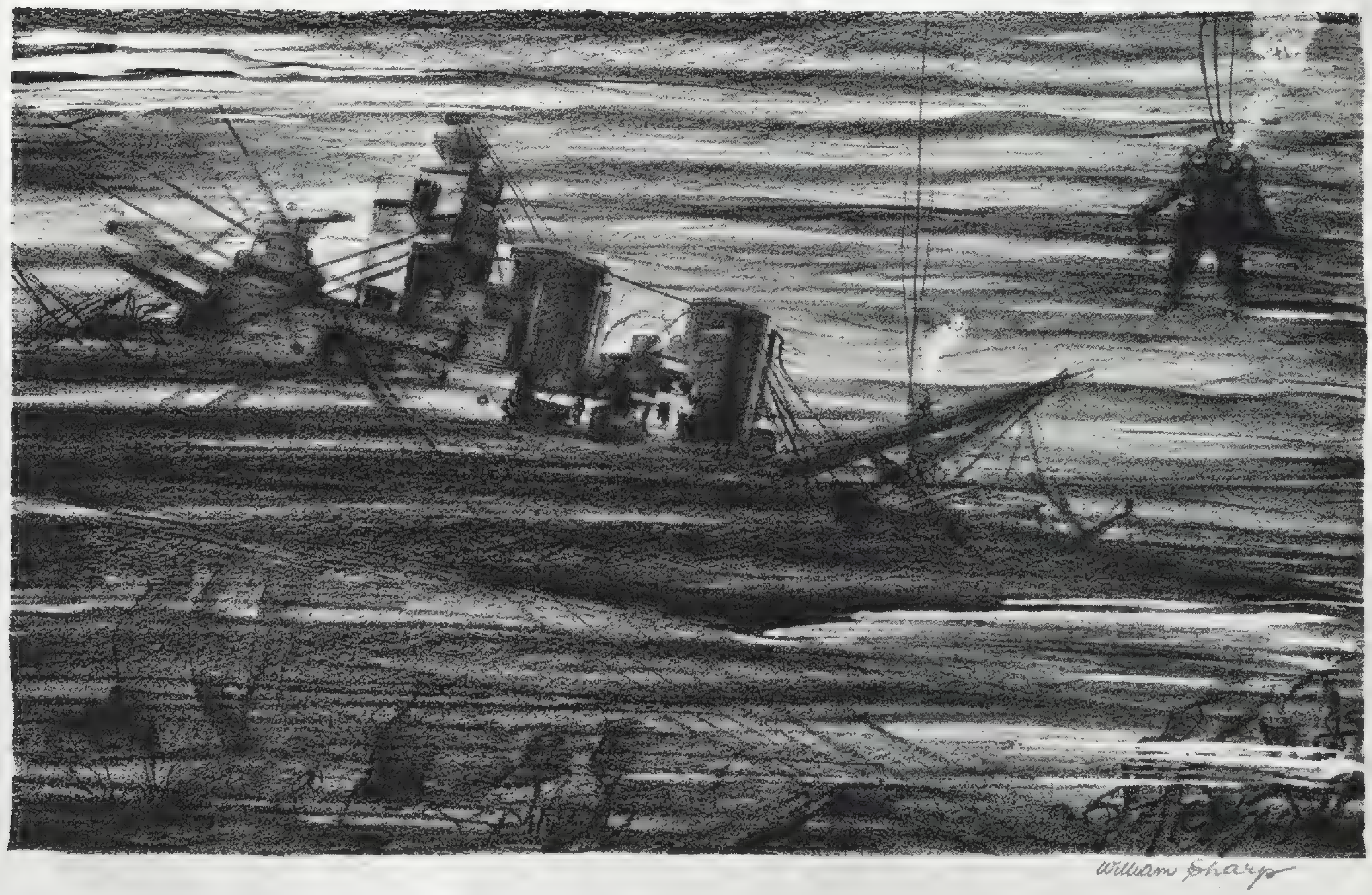
He pointed at me. I knew why he wanted me instead of Courtney. The world's greatest locksmith was being saved for those huge strongboxes.

So I got ready. We went down together. After a half-hour of tense waiting, sinking deeper and deeper into the darkness, we reached the starboard side of the ship. The hole in the hull was well aft, almost completely sunk in the mud. It was impossible to enter the wreck here, for a dense mass of tough seaweed completely blocked the opening, and other entrances that might have admitted us. Costello knew this, and therefore we had brought down with us a hose with which to turn a high-pressure stream against yielding obstructions. With this stream we attacked the silt and weeds which blocked the passage.

We had as much luck this first day as was possible under the circumstances. We cleared the opening, but something in the ship's interior, a mass of iron of some kind, had wedged itself across the opening, preventing our entering the hull at this point. We had to knock off our efforts then, and return the following day with cutting torches and enlarge the hole. The mine had blown the plates inward along her bottom, leaving us with a small opening for an entrance, and we would have to cut away the jagged edges of this hole to guard against severed lines and hoses once we were inside.

As we were being hauled up we noticed that the sea had again roughened up so that we soon were swinging back and forth like the pendulum of a giant clock. Such swinging for an hour in a tightly fitted armored suit can lead to the most miserable sensations, even though one is experienced in all sorts of difficulties and hardships.

The captain was visibly pleased with our progress and visibly displeased with the weather. The sea and wind were making



LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

anew. It grew rapidly worse, and finally we had to hoist anchor and slip back to Stromness for protection. We lay there a whole day. From deck we could see a crowd of people on the dock speculating on our business up there in that God-forsaken spot.

But finally the sea fell and we steamed out again. We ploughed against the northwest current, running in very strong. It was night before we reached the location of the wreck. The sea was quieted down.

Costello and I got ready. We wanted to start the cutting operations in order to enter the hull. Our under-water torches carried three valves for air, oxygen and hydrogen. The air shoots the water away from the hull, while the torch, ignited by electric spark, bites its way into the metal under our protection shield.

We went down. Big swells were running and we dangled to and fro. But the periods became longer the farther down we went, until finally we swung slowly against the hull. On deck we had difficulty holding on because of the list. But we finally managed to get everything set. The shield was swung into place. Compressed air shot into the water. The air filled the shield, and in half an hour we succeeded in actually cutting armor plate. We saw the job almost completed when suddenly the torches went out and the shield started to sway!

A storm must have swept in topside, I thought. The air hoses got to swinging and started the shield swaying. Then water forced its way in and quenched the torches.

Suddenly I was wrenched from my position by an uncontrollable force. I made a final desperate effort to grab and hold fast to the wreck, but in that slick and slime I was torn away despite the steel arms with which I could ordinarily hold fast.

Well, it was those damned cross-water currents we had heard about. They lifted us up and flung us back and forth at their mercy until we hastily cried to be drawn up before being smashed like eggshells against the steel jaws of the *Hampshire.*

I can't remember if it was four or five days —it seemed like a year—that we lay to, trying to cut our way into the hull near the gold. Several times Costello and I were hurled against each other by the currents, and each time it happened my heart almost stopped from fear, for it meant death if the air hoses were severed—death by drowning in a metal shell. One time our safety lines, air hoses, compressed air lines and their guy lines all got tangled up in a nasty snarl. I signaled and waited in greatest anxiety for the sign that it had registered.

Nothing happened. Even the signal lines had been fouled in the mess of hoses and cable. My phone was out of commission. We were faced with a lingering death from suffocation there on Lord Kitchener's steel coffin.

But after a short time they hauled us up. I came up feet first. As we were pulled in I swung against Costello several times. I was almost unconscious because my air was pinched off, and I banged so hard against the hull of our ship that my teeth rattled. When I regained my senses in the decompression chamber I swore not to go down again into that damned wreck if it cost me my contract.

Next day, of course, I had forgotten my vow. But down below the storm had so stirred up everything that we could not see a foot. The entire hulk was effectively buried in a black mass of slime and weed, except for the superstructure. It was useless to stay down.

On deck Costello declared himself: "We can't go on like this—we will have to blast!"

Everyone knew exactly what that meant. It was a pretty dangerous thing to do; a warship is poison. Whole magazines may explode, the hulk might change its position so that all our work would be much harder. Or the bottom of the ship could be blown into the mud and our treasure be lost completely.

The captain was afraid to take the step. We talked heatedly pro and con for hours until Costello ended the debate by stating that he would no longer risk his skin in proceeding with torches. Then the captain was silent. Finally he spoke: "Do what you like; but *bring up that gold!*"

"O.K.," replied Costello, and we began our preparations. It had grown dark again. The waves were a bit higher, perhaps, than during the morning. We took two large floodlights down with us and dynamite charges with time fuses.

At first we had a bit of luck, descending directly to the spot we had previously cut in the hull. We worked about an hour solely to secure a firm footing in those treacherous currents. We succeeded then in getting our metal arms as deep into the hull as was necessary to spot the explosives. Then Costello approached me and pounded on my armored helmet with his steel fingers. This was the signal agreed upon for springing the fuses of our bombs. We now had six hours' leeway.

Once we were hoisted above decks, the

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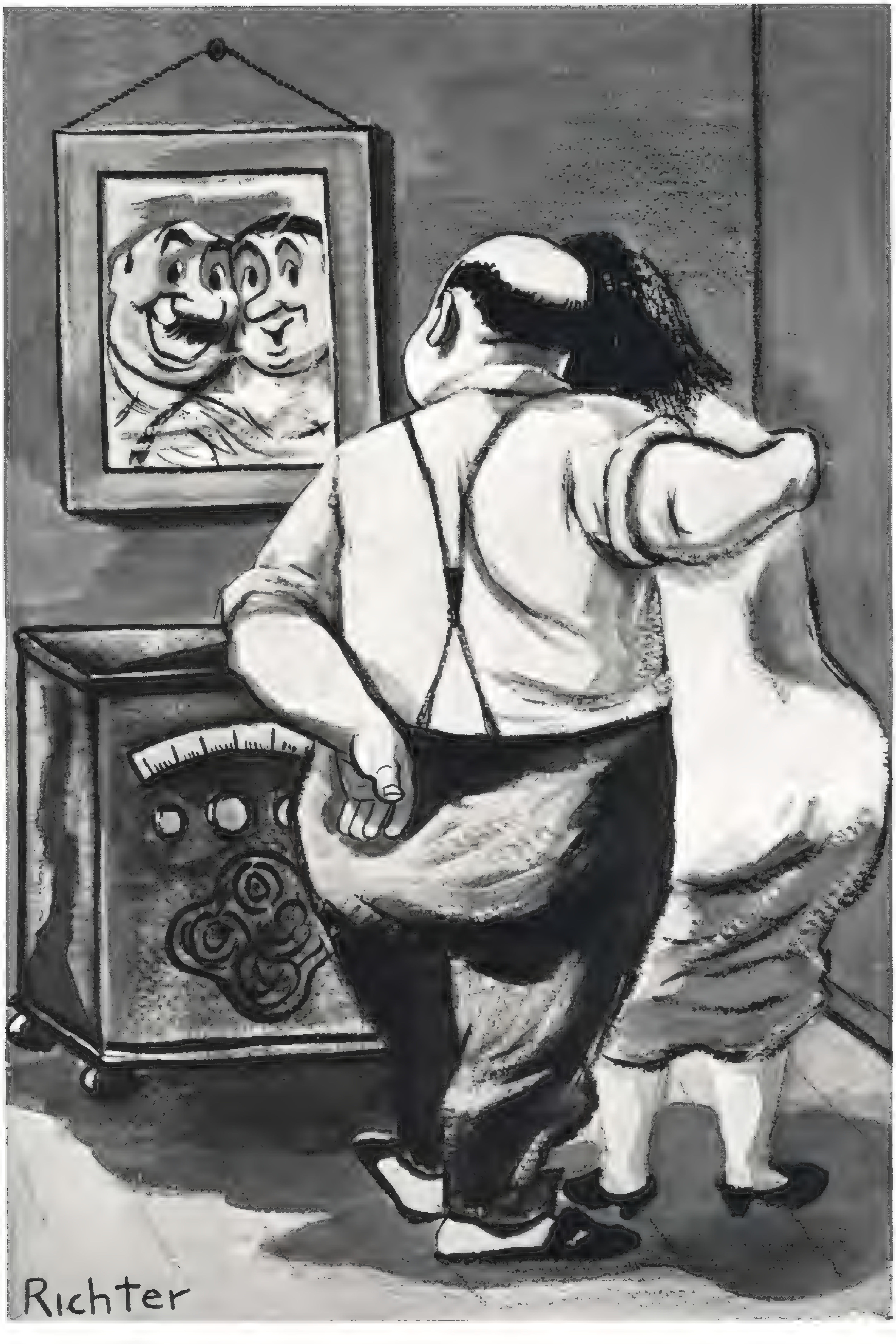


"Look, darling, television!"

Mervin Jules: Maverick in Art

It was a lucky day for Jules when he was informed that he could not teach art in the city schools of Baltimore

by HARRY SALPETER

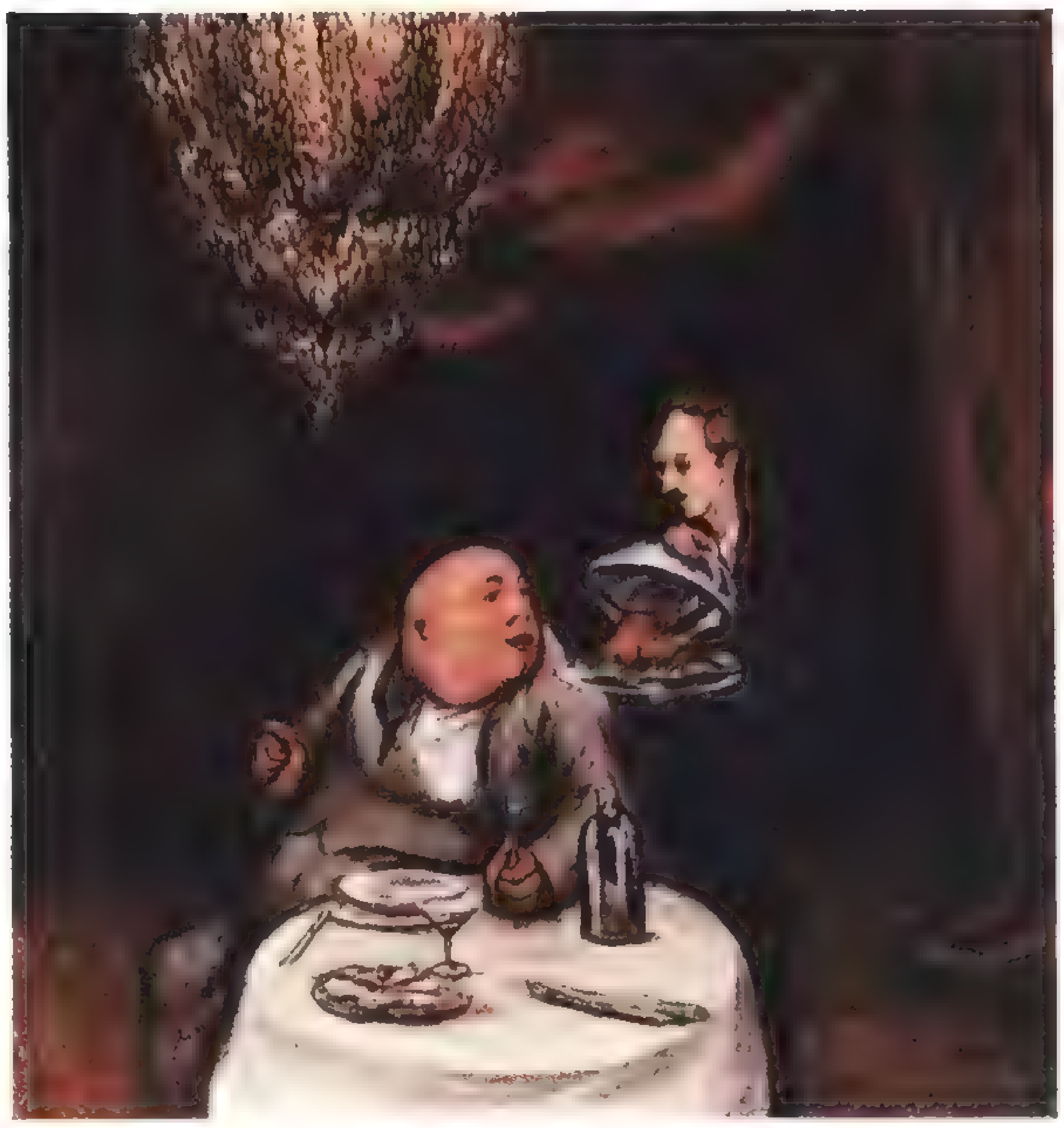
• ARTICLE •

ALMOST at toddling age one will know whether he wants to draw and paint. The victim of the inclination may not be in a position to give odds that he will make his living out of his inclination when he grows up, but the twig knows roughly at what angle the tree is going to bend. It's news when it doesn't know. Outward circumstances are as a rule compelled to yield to the inner impulse; the impulse isn't created and developed by an extrinsic circumstance. Not as a rule. I write not as a rule because today I am going to tell the story of an exception.

At the age of six, one Mervin Jules was gently but firmly put out to culture. Ever since the dawn of history parents have wanted to give their children advantages they themselves never knew. This type of yearning we have come to identify with Immigrant America. The Jules we are writing about is of the third generation. His father conducted, and still conducts, a men's haberdashery store in Baltimore; his uncle, a clothing shop. From the age of eight Jules has worked in both places in his spare time. His parents wished him to create for himself a career more genteel, and more remunerative, than tending a store. Mervin was the eldest of three children. His sister was studying the piano. Without reference to his wishes—for of what validity are the wishes of a six-year-old?—Mervin began taking lessons on the 'cello. One can only surmise the reasons for this choice. Among them was the fact that there was a far vaster crowd of violin virtuosi than of 'cello. Just as amateur artists in search of part-time cultural prestige will coldly elect to become sculptors on the ground that there are too many competent painters.

For six years, or until he was twelve, did Mervin Jules scrape the horse's hairs against the catgut, with results that may be better left to the imagination than described. He had to take a music lesson weekly. He had to practice daily. He had to go to concerts, and like it, whether he did or not. He listened to every opera that came to Baltimore. He hated it. Now that the pressure has been removed he has learned to enjoy music. At no time during his six-year martyrdom did Mervin Jules ache or itch to draw or daub. That's his story and he sticks to it. At the end of six years his parents concluded that he probably didn't like music and lifted the weight of the 'cello off his chest.

No particular hobby, technique or medium took its place. He did, however, learn to play chess. He read several books. From junior high school on he associated with the intellectuals and discussed the problems of the future. The young man who is today's father to the child of the late 'twenties suggests in his intellectual stance and conversational predilections a leaning toward matters of social significance. There never has been anything of the idle apprentice in Mervin Jules. In 1930, at the age of eighteen, Jules was graduated from Baltimore City College. Thereupon, as a matter of cold calculation and without any inclination toward the subject, he decided to prepare himself to teach, and to teach art.


BANQUET, NO. 1

The summer woods around Woodstock, New York, Rockport, Massachusetts and Ogunquit, Maine, not to mention dozens of other "art colonies," are thick with people who established a relationship with art in a manner like Jules'—by coldly electing to teach it in the absence of any feeling or affinity for it. These art-less teachers of art in the schools and colleges of the country are the bread and butter of scores of painters, modernist and academic, from whom they learn in the summer something of the actual practice of that art whose elementary principles they teach during the other seasons of the year. Mervin Jules, at the age of eighteen, seemed destined to become one of those almost anonymous purveyors of learning whose chief solace has been security of tenure. But there was another fate in store for him, and it included many elements, but not security. Had his development as a total person followed the line of least resistance of an art-teaching job he would not now be the subject of this article, which we hope will not be the most considerable reward of a promising American painter who came into attention at the age of twenty-five.

It was, however, a not too promising youth of eighteen who, in 1930, entered the Maryland Institute, Baltimore's only art school, to prepare to teach art in the city school system. He entered on a scholarship. At the end of his first year Jules was officially informed that he could not become a teacher in the city schools. The reason was one connected with a physical disability which has not otherwise hindered him. But by the end of his first year in training school Jules knew that he could be and that he would be an artist. He finished the four-year course in three. He stuck it out not so much because he thought that the Institute's instruction could help him to become a painter as in the hope of winning the European traveling scholarship which is awarded to a member of each graduating class. He did not get that scholarship, he did not even receive a diploma. He had other plans for the five dollars which is required as a fee for the parchment.

In 1933 he was let out of the Maryland Institute, a graduate without a diploma and no particular expectation of getting anything done in the world. In 1937 he exhibited a roomful of paintings in his first one-man show and made his mark as an American artist worth the watching. What had happened between those dates?

He came to New York and in the fall of 1933 entered the Art Students' League. Interested in learning the medium of tempera painting, he enrolled in the class of Thomas Benton. At that time he was excited by the thing for which Benton stood—the creation of an American art form. Today Jules feels that Benton's work and teaching have a value historical rather than creative. Jules will never forget and will never cease being grateful for the instruction of Benton, whom he calls the best teacher in America. As Jules puts it, Benton equips students with a way of studying from the masters so that when you leave his class you are able to continue your studies on your own at the museums. After one term at the League Jules obtained free tuition for the next by taking on the duties of librarian, which job gave him also the opportunity of reading through a considerable section of the League's collection of art books. It was from no book, however, that he learned to qualify as an authority on how to live in New York with almost no visible means of support. He designed silk prints. He prepared gesso panels for artists and students

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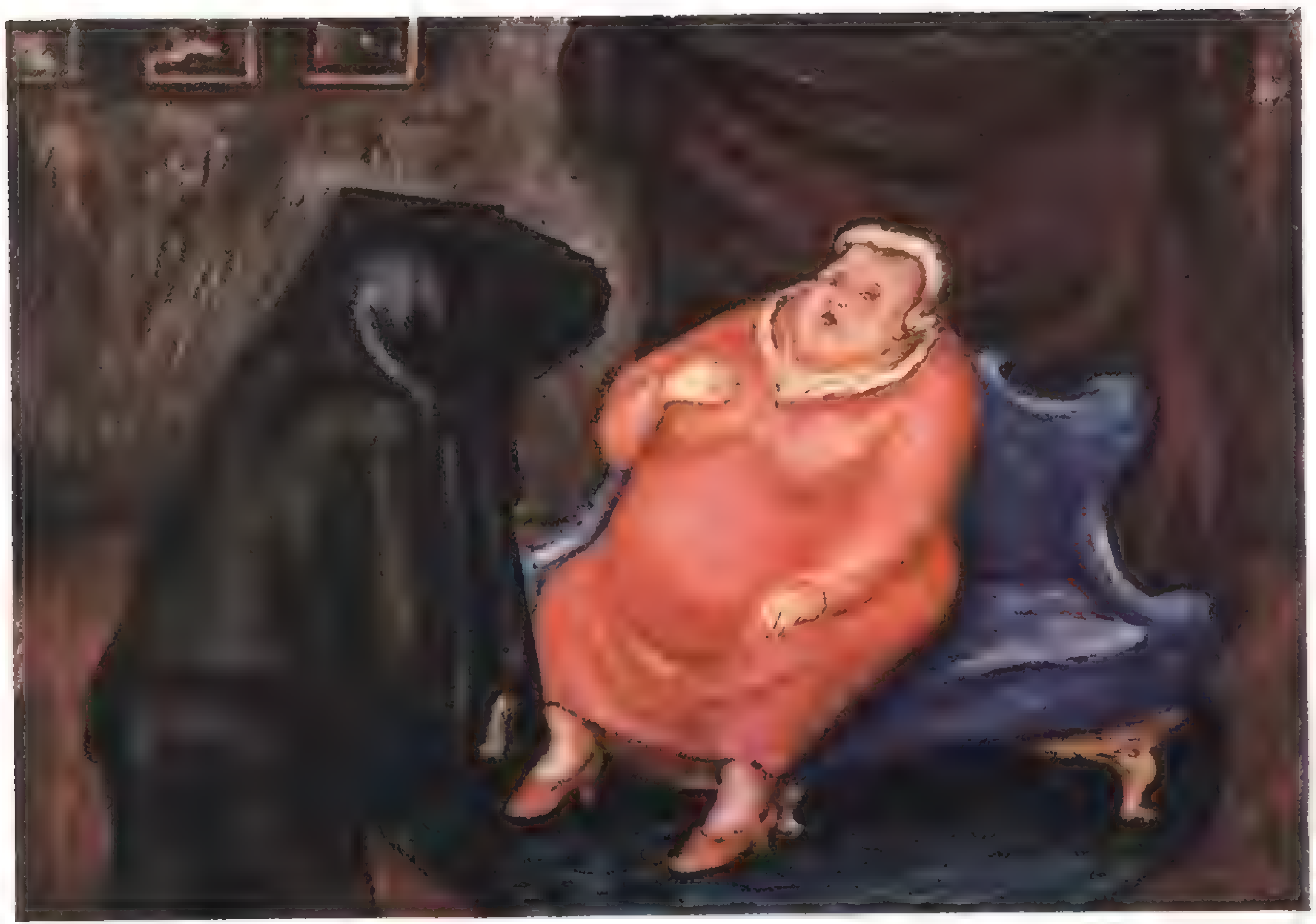

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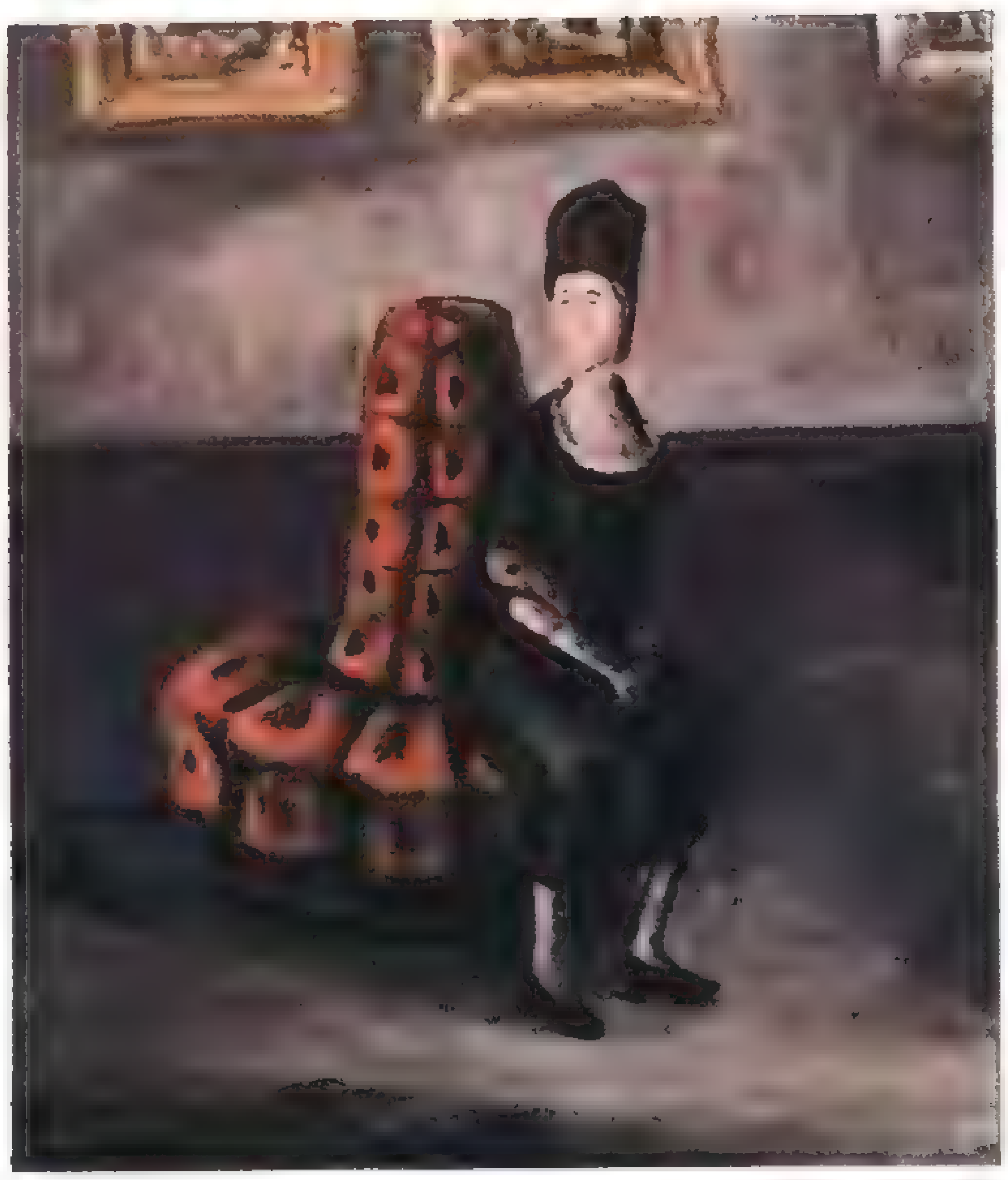
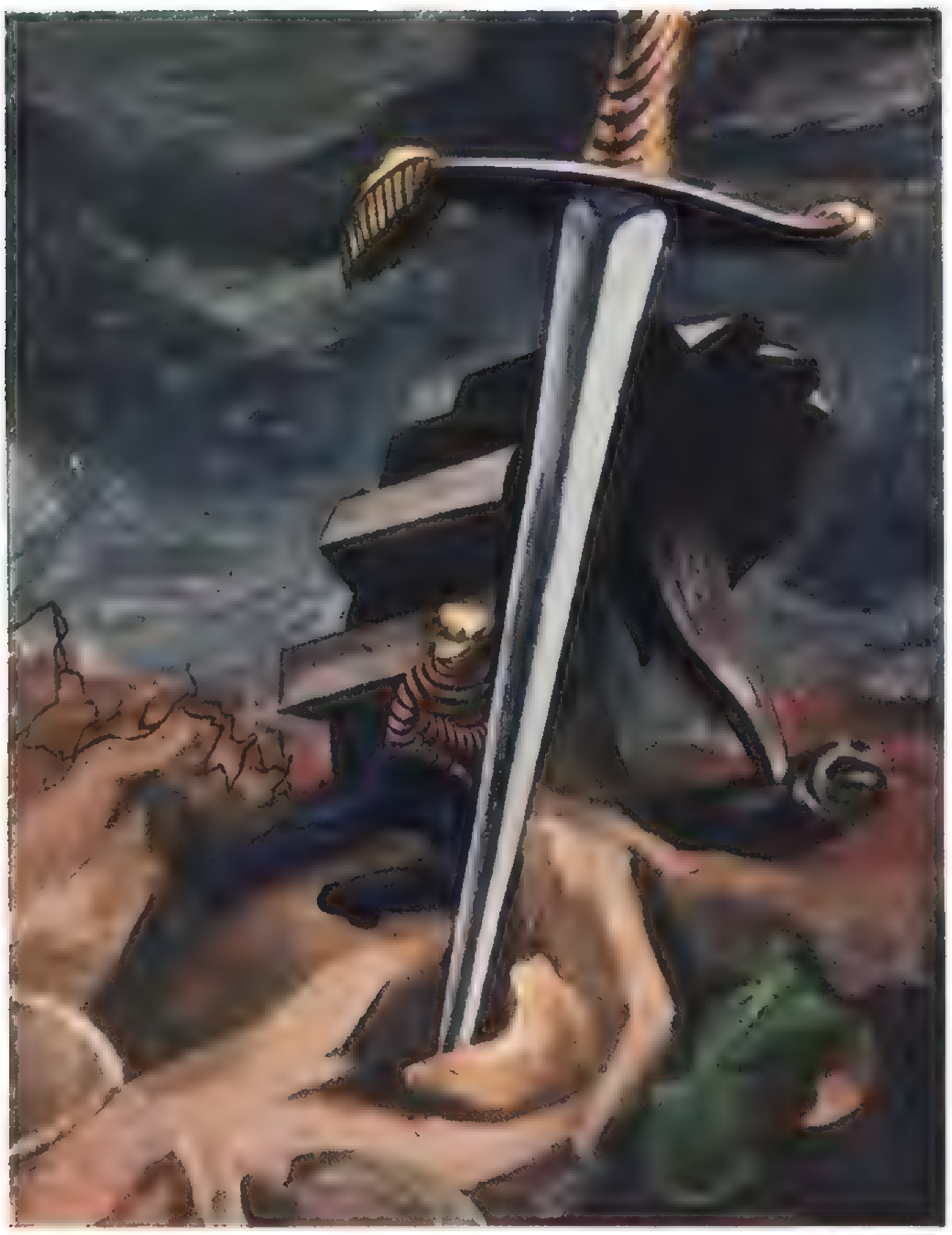


GALLERY GOER

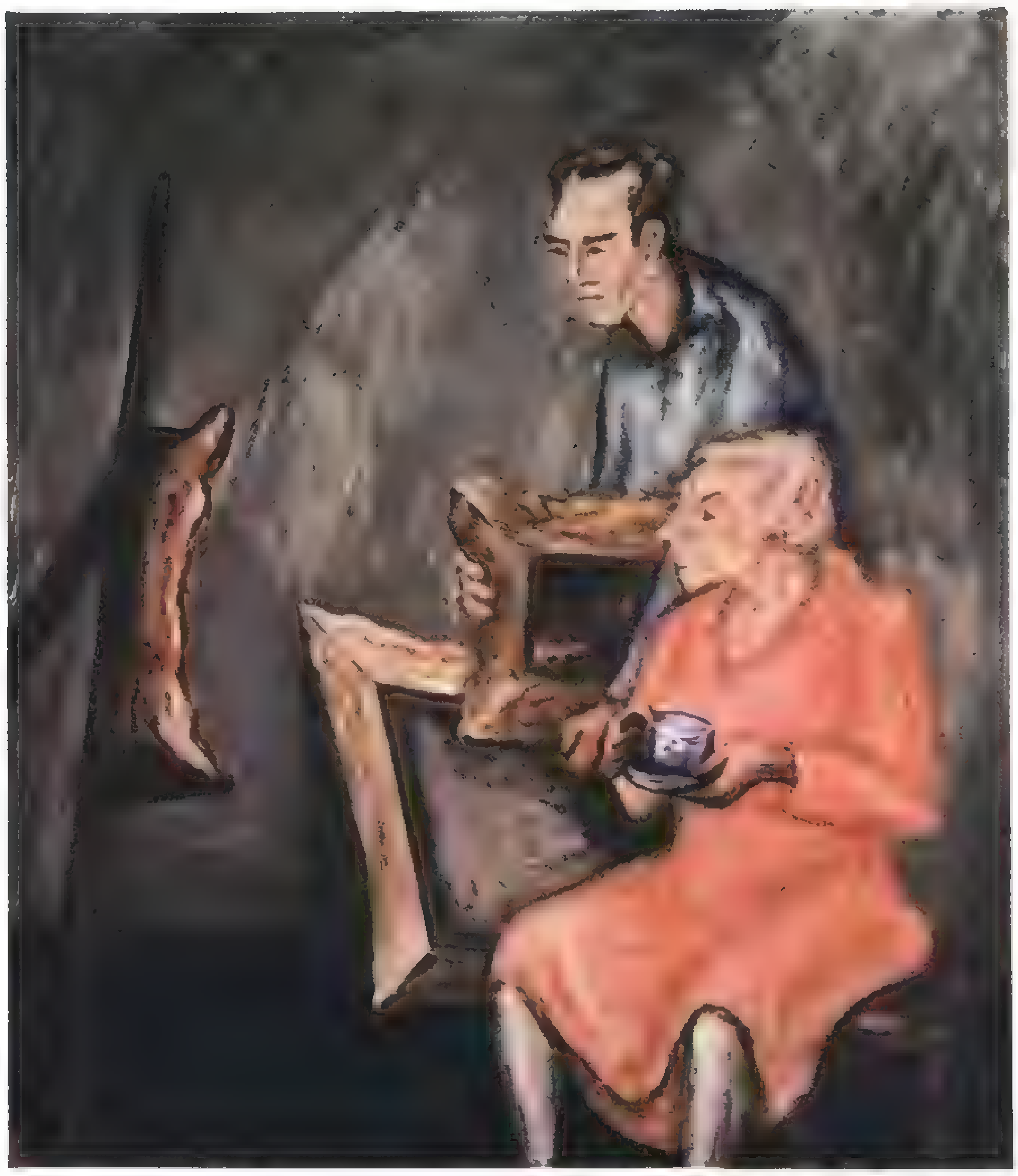
A Collection of Paintings

by MERVIN JULES

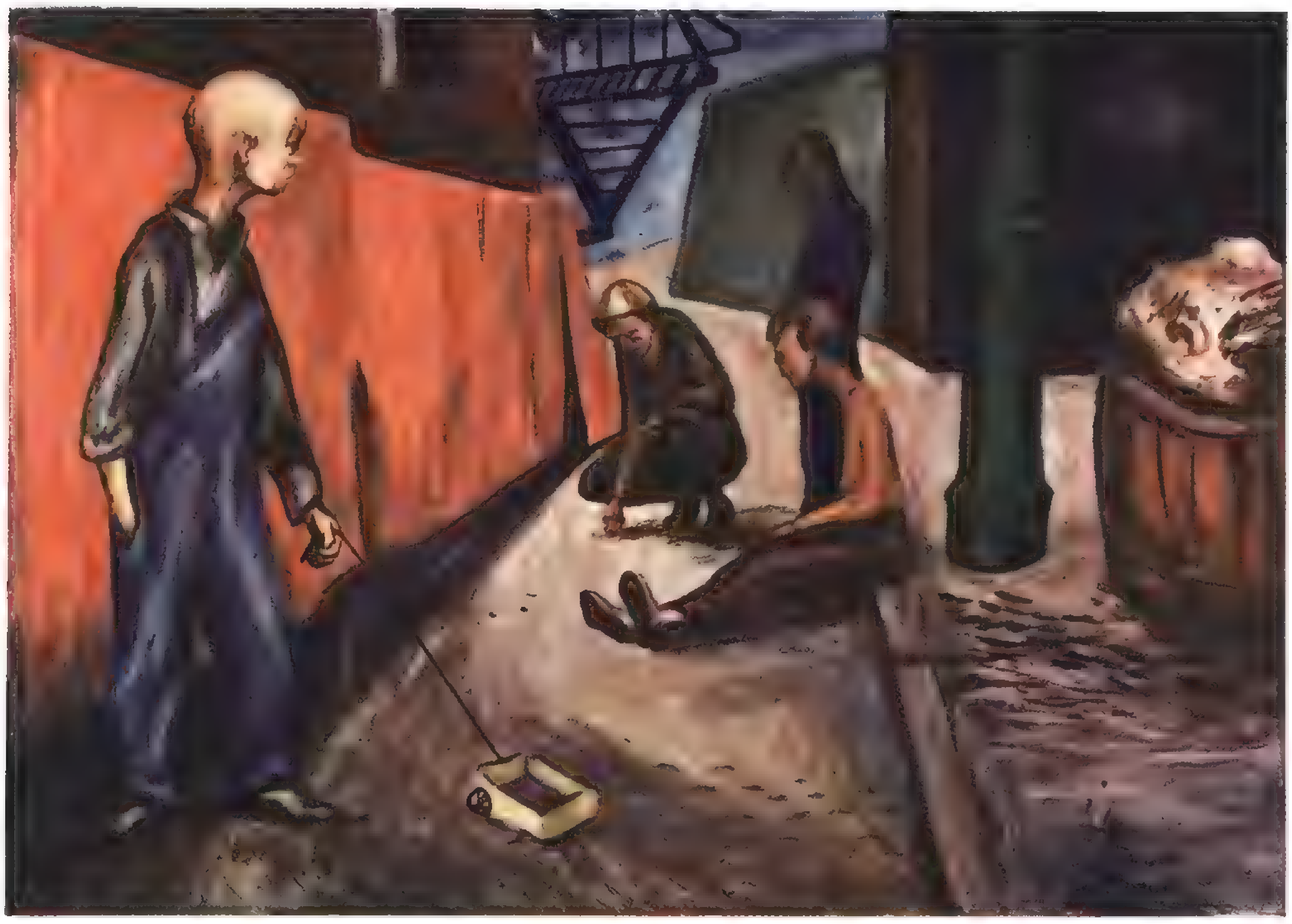


ADOLESCENCE—DISCARDED

These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Hudson Walker Gallery, 38 East 57th Street, New York City.

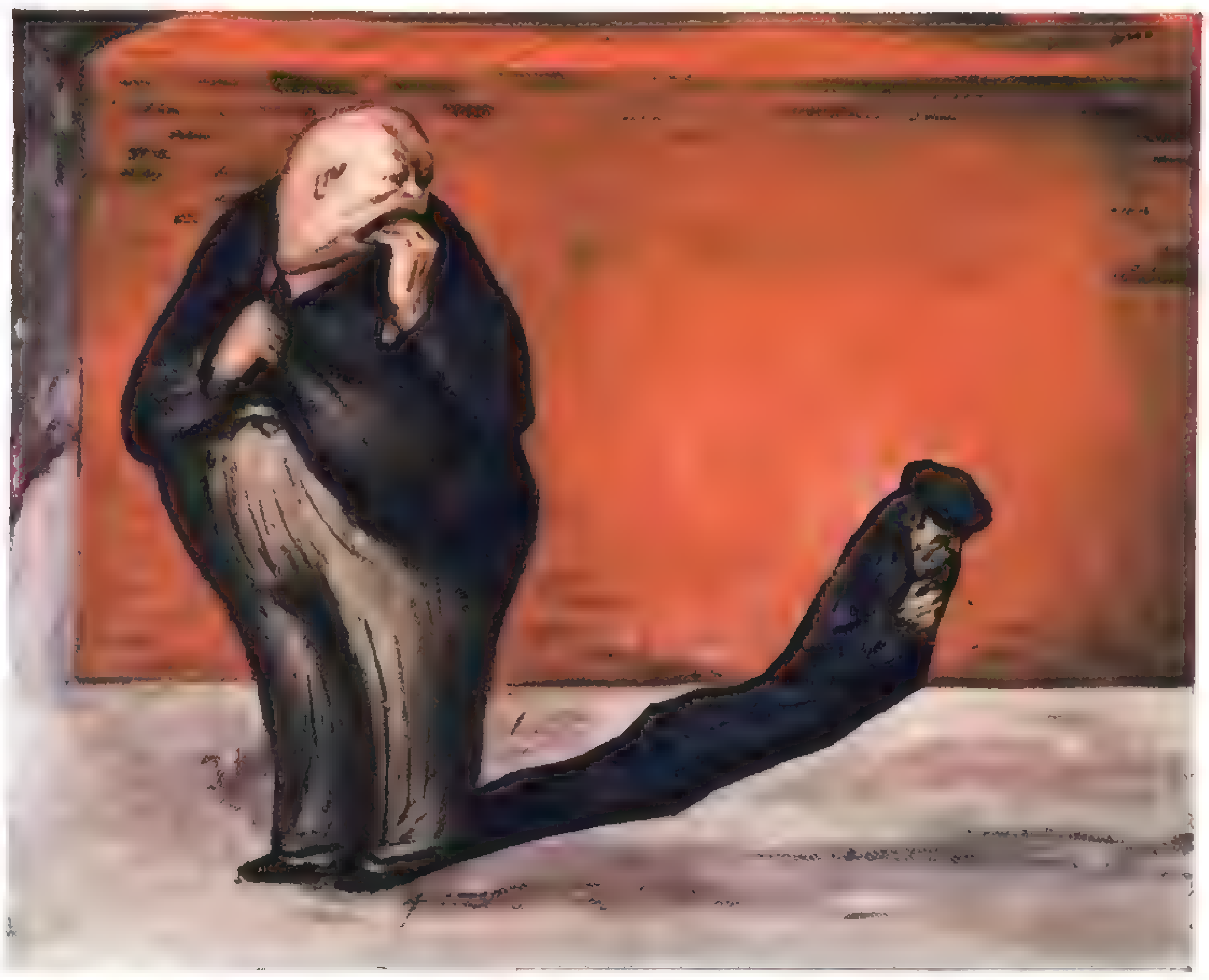


THE LADY AND THE ARTIST

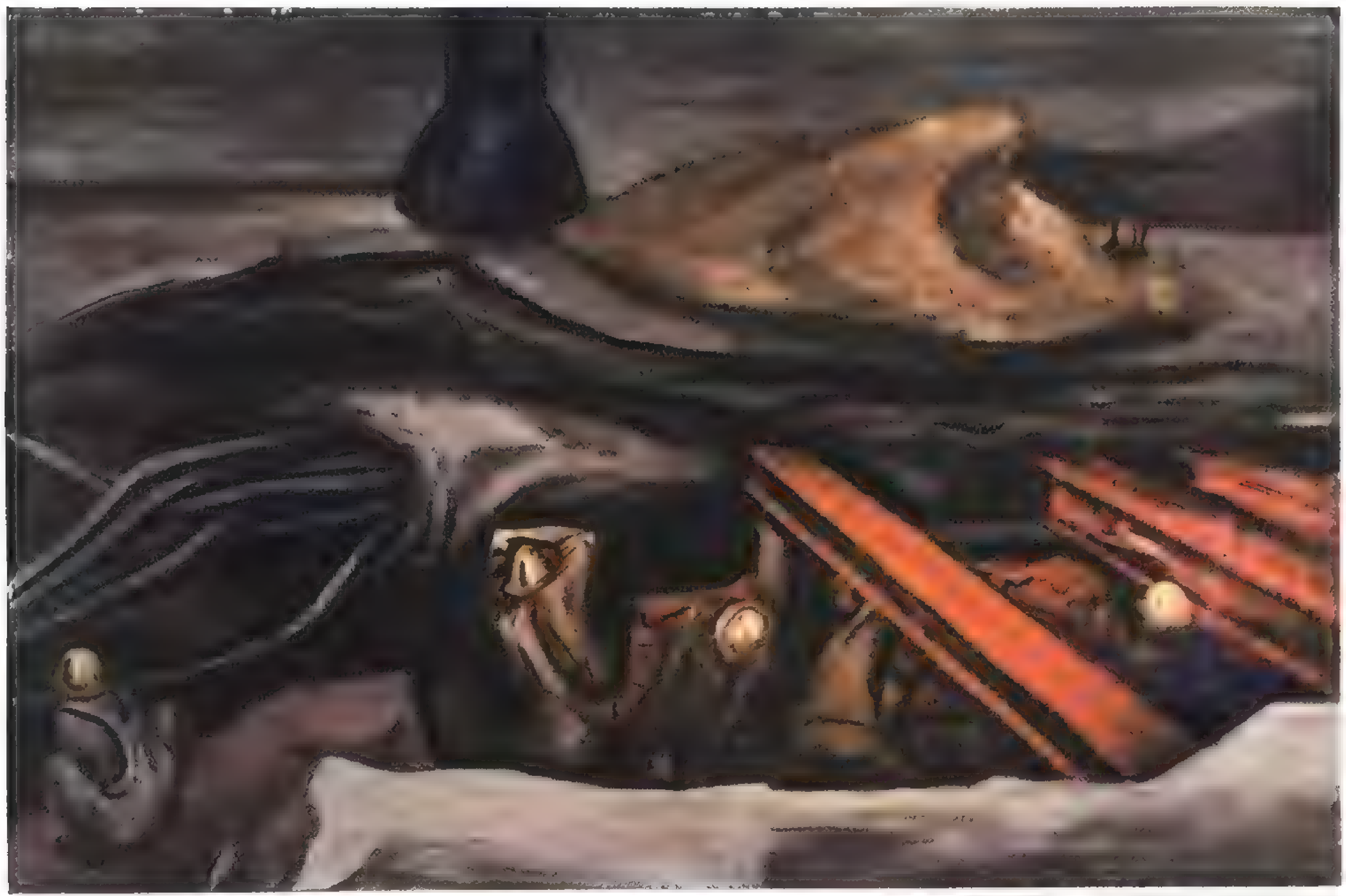


KIDS

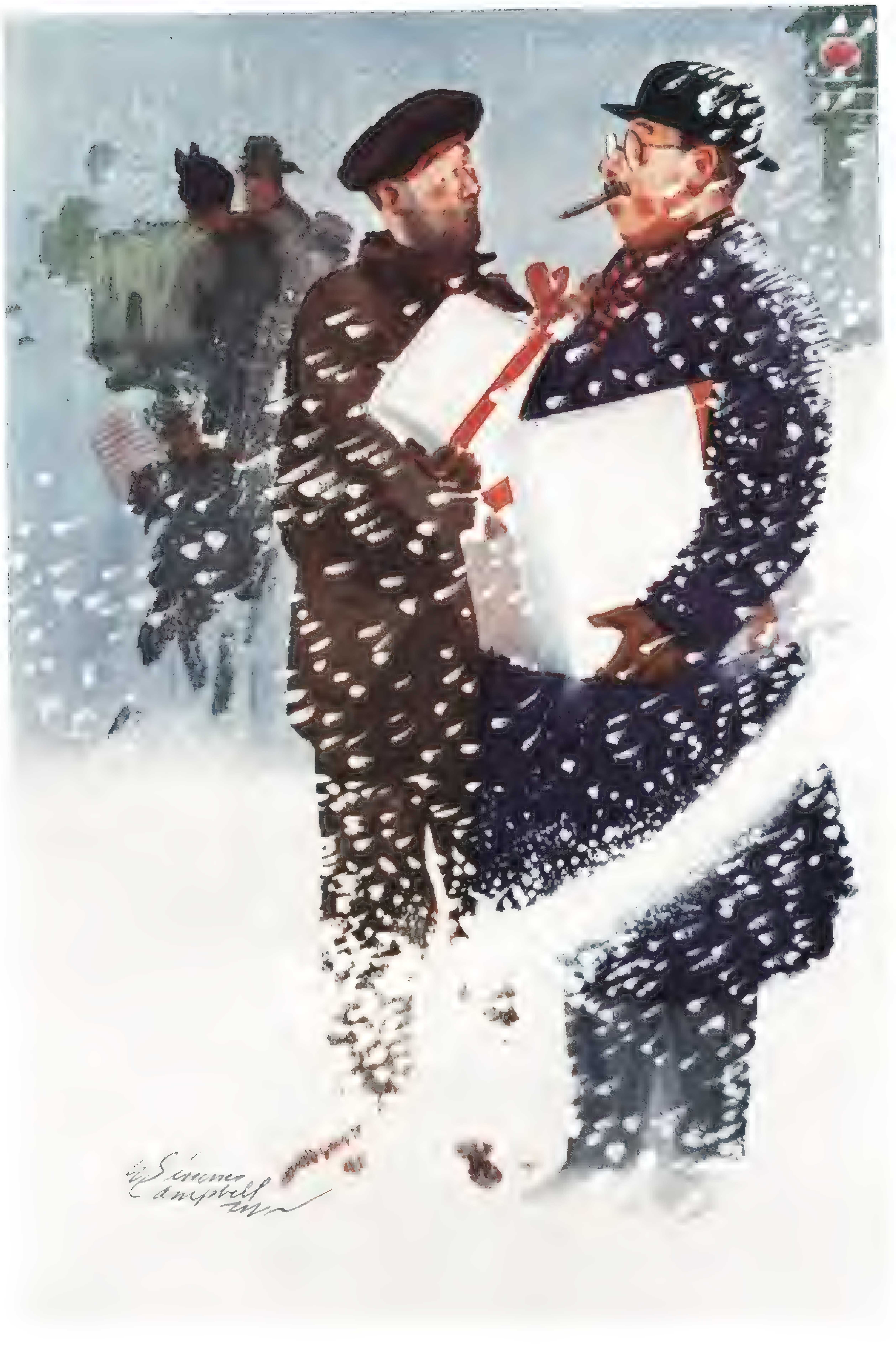
MERVIN Jules possesses an active social conscience. His paintings make that plain. As an artist, he combines sympathy and caricature, sympathy for the worker and the underprivileged, caricature for the rich and the wasters. He admires the dignity of work and condemns the waste of human effort. The painting called *The Lady and the Artist* is a statement expressive of Jules's attitude toward the underprivileged creator and the overprivileged potential patron. He feels that there is a solution for human problems and he hopes that this solution will be for the greatest good. He hopes that he reflects this optimism in his subject matter and in his approach to it. He uses landscape only as subsidiary to his peopled themes. At the present writing he is working toward his third one-man show at which he will exhibit chiefly, if not exclusively, paintings in oils instead of egg tempera, which has been his medium up to now. He proposes to exhibit no pictures, in whatever medium, unless they make manifest change, or advance. Such a resolve tells us that Mervin Jules is still a young man.



EVERYONE WALKS ON HIS SHADOW



SIXTH AVENUE SUBWAY


E. Simms Campbell

"Could you spare ten bucks Buddy, to help me give a lovely young lady a beautiful Christmas?"

The Box Cracker

It would have been terrific for those gals to come hoofing right out of the vault if only the door hadn't jammed!

by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

FICTION

While the orchestra played low and spooky music Kaufman tiptoed to the vault. He grasped one of the four handles of the great circular plug-type door; and from a gallery constructed for guards, through an aperture designed for a machine gun, a baby spotlight javelined to his hands, which glittered with rings.

"Lay-DEES and gentle-MEN! Not even in this palace of steel and marble—not even here we ain't safe! They's Dillingers everywhere, and Al Capones and so forth. I predict that we're going to be invaded right now by tough gangsters. But keep your seats, lay-DEES and gentle-MEN! These gangsters, they may be desperate but it's only to give you a good time. And I think you'll agree with me that if all gangsters were as good steppers and as easy on the eye, well then our cops would never get to first base in their war against crime. Lay-DEES and gentle-MEN—the Pulchritudinous Prowlers!"

He tugged at the handle, but the door did not budge. Usually, despite its immense weight, it moved at the slightest pressure.

Kaufman giggled. The joint was frosting on him anyway, but he was worried about this vault door. There were twelve girls in there, and they'd been there half an hour, since being smuggled in during a black-out scene. That door had always worked very easily up until now. The time mechanism was disconnected: he needn't worry about that.

"—the bloodthirsty babydolls, the ravishing racketeers from the land of razzle-dazzle! And brother, believe you me, when these beautiful hoodlums you're about to see right now—when *they* take you for a ride you don't *want* to come back—*ever!*"

He laughed, and the orchestra blared again, and he tugged at the door, much harder this time, and nothing happened.

He was too old a hand to swear out loud, or to cease beaming. Nevertheless he was worried. But not about the suckers! The suckers had been admitted for the opening without a cover charge, they were not spending much, they weren't going to return, and they would tell their friends, accurately, that the Depression Club was a waste of time and money. So the hell with the suckers.

It had seemed such a bright idea at the time, too. Kaufman often got those bright ideas, and some of them worked, but this one was not working. It had come to him suddenly, with an exuberant smash, exciting and delighting him and giving him no chance for cool thought, when he heard that the bank had folded. He knew nothing about the bank except its appearance, which was splendiferous. Indeed he knew nothing about the city in which he found himself more or less by chance, not exactly stranded yet not swimming in cash either. What he did know was that here was a building, a gorgeous structure with Corinthian columns, gilded capitals, a grilled gate, a floor smooth as crystal and fully as expensive—here was a building the state bank examiners would lease for a song, and apparently nobody was going to do anything about it. Stripped of its furniture it stood, without desks, telephones, high-stacked papers, speared memoranda, its walls austere, its ceiling rich and remote. Another man might have been awed. Max Kaufman, smitten by an idea, was delighted.

With no credentials, no backing, no local acquaintanceship, but possessing a glib tongue and faith in himself, possessing also a divining-rod ability to find sources of credit, he scurried from place to place. A week later, somehow, the doors of the Depression Club were opened.

But it is difficult to raise hell under a high ceiling. The very essence of the night club spirit is intimacy, and who can be intimate in an establishment so recently devoted to the solemn business of handling money? Those gilded capitals were splendid to behold; but they chilled. That floor of marble was magnificent; but flanking it were rows of tellerless tellers' windows like so many unblinking, disapproving eyes; and these did not encourage the dance.

Moreover, to start with, the place was a gaudy ruin, a failure, and the memory of the crash lingered. It had been a very big crash. Possibly none of the suckers this first night had themselves lost money, but many must have had friends who were stung, and every one of them as he sipped his drink and half-heartedly made noise with his noise-maker must have glanced around and thought to himself, "I wonder if *my* bank's going to be a night club like this pretty soon now?" You can't blame a man for not being hilarious in those circumstances.

Kaufman had caught this feeling instantly, for he was a sensitive little man, and he knew he'd made a mistake. Well, it would not be his first flop, nor even his tenth. He bounced around, chattering like a monkey, burbling, beaming, master-of-ceremonying. Not until the vault door for the third time refused to open did Kaufman get rattled.

He whispered to Ames, his head-waiter, "Tell the musickers to play a dance, and get some of the boys to stand around here so's I won't be seen. They're not all busy, are they?"

"Aren't any of them busy," Ames gloomily replied.

The lights went on, and the swing artists, seated in what had been built as a directors' balcony, took attention from the vault, against which the baby spot still shattered itself in senseless rage.

The vault was in the wall at the very end of the building, facing the main entrance. It

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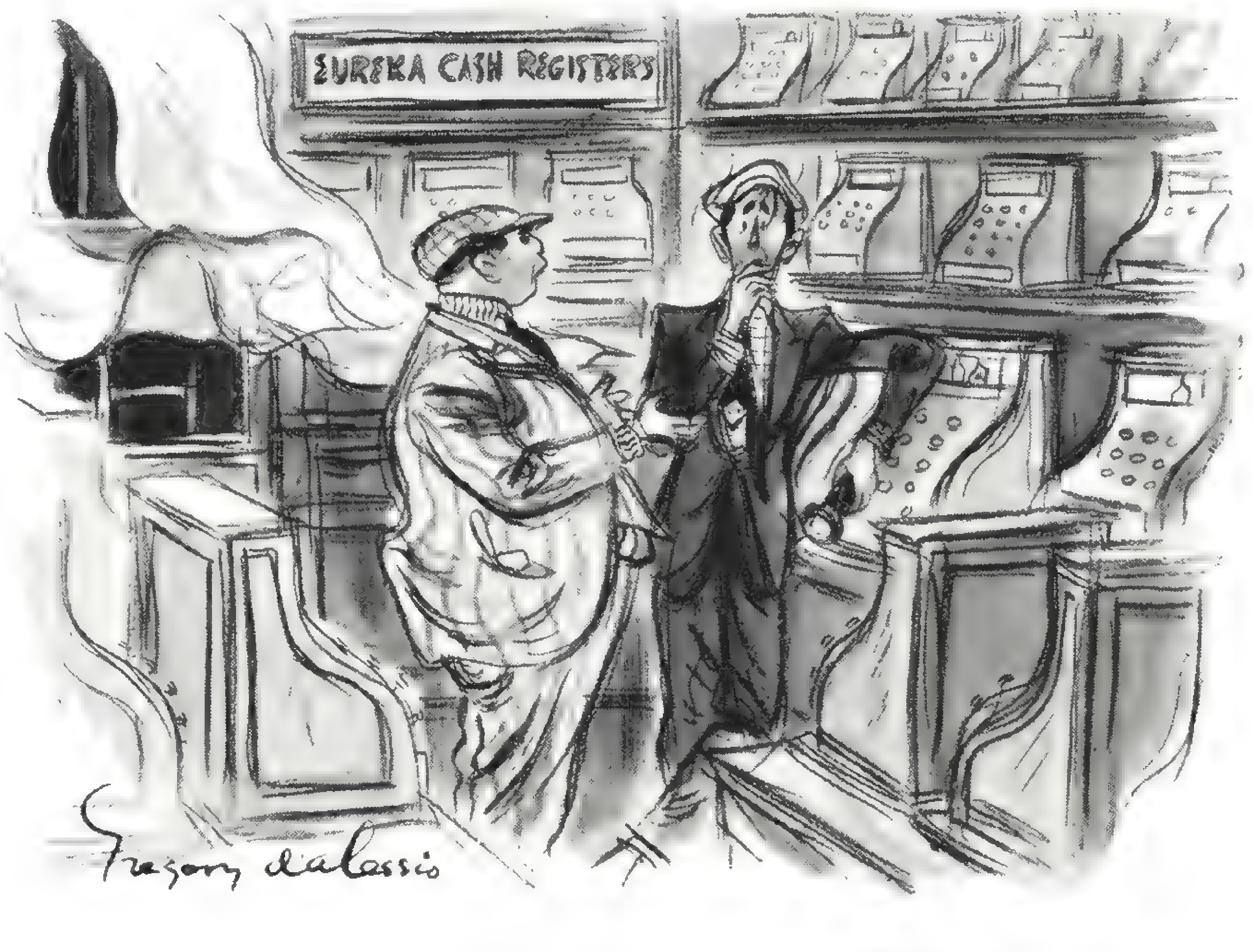
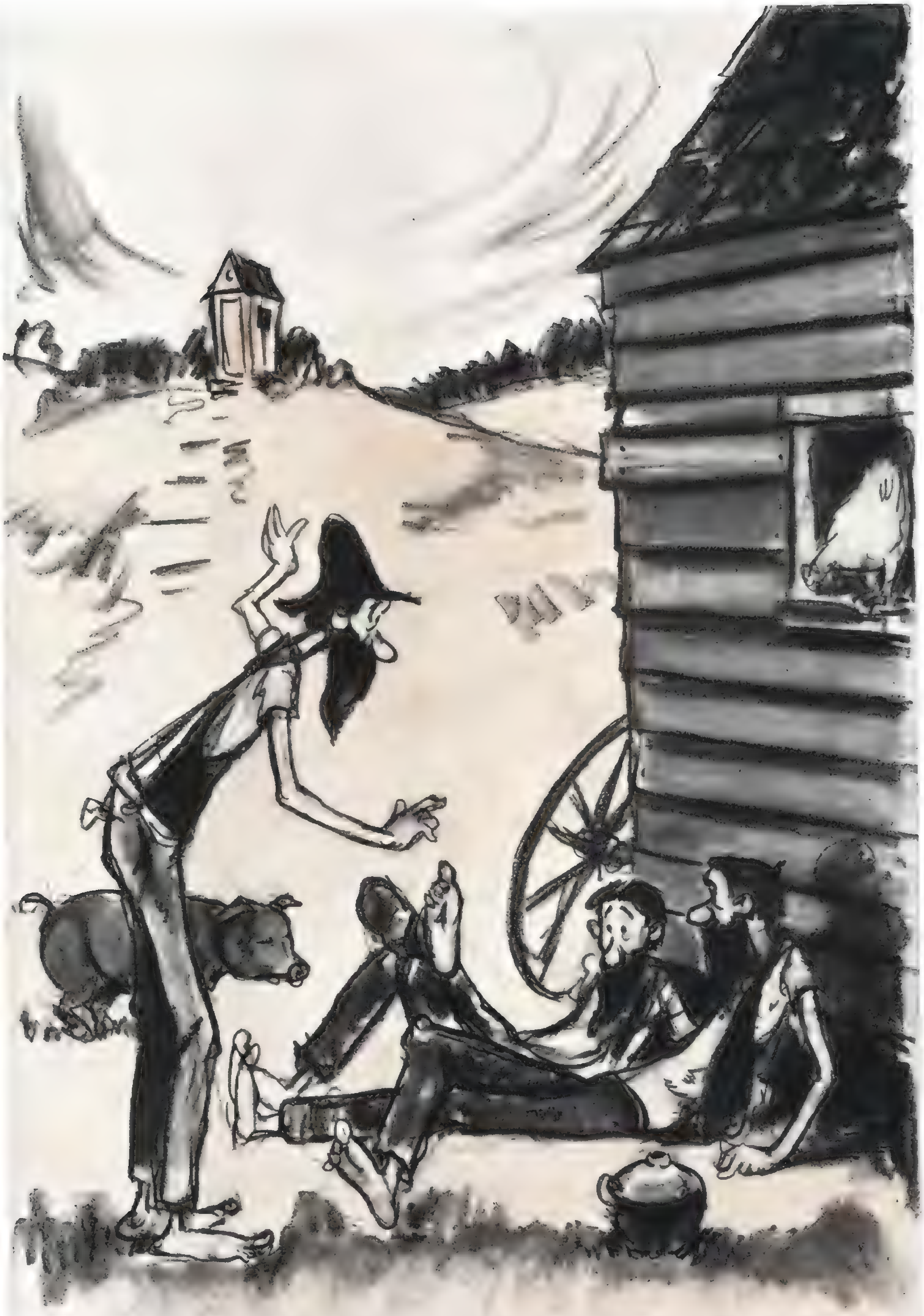


"It was your idea—now you find the right one!"



"Ah think this year we ought to plan to put the Xmas tree out yonder thar where Gran'pappy kin enjoy it"

A Kingdom for a Record

American athletes don't run for fun, they're Hell-bent on coming in first and on breaking the world's record

by CURT RIESS

▪ SPORTS ▪

A FEW months ago I saw a movie on the development of certain sports in the last twenty or thirty years. I had arrived as usual exactly in the middle of the feature; I had witnessed the gruesome sufferings of the leading lady, and I had struggled through all dangers and perils till the very happy end. Now, in order to find out what it was all about, I had to sit through the newsreel, the comic short, and the picture about the development of sports.

This picture was very comic, too—the public shook with laughter. A young man was seen with an enormous and very impressive mustache, clad in something which thirty years ago, was called a training suit. This young man ran short distances, and long distances, jumped high and wide, threw the disc, the spear and the javelin. After each and every one of these exhibitions, we saw a modern athlete at the same performances. The difference was quite obvious, the commentator really didn't have to be so sarcastic about it. In the first place, the modern athlete was entirely without mustache; then too, his costume was so much more sporty, and elegant. And while everything which the man with the mustache tried, somehow looked awkward and seemed to involve an enormous amount of hard work, the performances of the modern athlete seemed fluent, achieved without strain or sweat, as though child's play.

But the most important thing for the commentator, who got extremely excited about it, was the result. The man without the mustache ran so much faster, jumped so much higher and farther. The man with the mustache was simply outclassed. So were his methods, his kind of start, and his way of handling his body. All this seemed so definitely passé.

There is—as in all pictures coming from Hollywood—a message. We run faster, we jump higher and farther, than our fathers, and possibly than our grandfathers did, if the latter bothered with sports at all. A look into the record lists of all sports shows that all the world's records have been beaten again and again, for the last twenty or thirty years.

Don't be afraid! I'm not going to give any figures. Instead, I want to ask a question. Is it more fun for us to run and to jump than it was for our fathers and grandfathers? Have sports become a greater pleasure for those competing, since they have to run so fast or jump so high in order to be allowed to compete at all?

But no one in America asks such a silly question, because the World's Record is a religion to the American Sportsman.

Of all the idiotic slogans, perhaps the most idiotic is that sport is international. The sport of each and every land is a national institution of the particular land, and its development can only be explained through the history of the land and the psychology of its population.

We know that for some few hundred years, the English ruled the world to a greater or lesser degree. They were rich, they had a great deal of time for leisure; therefore the English sports developed into the sport of the rich who did not wish to grow fat. English sport is *Sport pour le Sport.* The history of German sport began as a reaction to the defeat administered by Napoleon. Even in its earliest beginnings, the aim was the general fitness of the people which could come in handy in any war of revenge. Since then, sport in Germany has never been anything else than either preparation for a war or Ersatz of war. Today more than ever. That is why they have been building such a fantastic number of stadiums, swimming pools, tennis courts, etc., in Germany. That is why, for the Germans who indulge in sports, nothing matters except victory.

In France, too, the sports movement began as a reaction to a military defeat (1871). But while the German gymnast Jahn used sport as a militaristic preparation, the French Baron de Coubertin developed it into a symbol for pacifism (Olympic Games). The French are rugged individualists and enjoy life. Therefore, sport appeals to them only in the form of play. Where the mood of play dominates as in tennis, bicycle racing, or in soccer, French sportsmen are in the fore. They make poor showings in sports which are more or less exercise.

The Americans are young. It was only yesterday that the pioneers explored and opened up the country. They had to fight. They had to fight against everything, against the climate, against Nature, against the pioneer who had arrived before, and the one who came afterwards. These historic conditions form the psychological basis of American sport. It is of no importance that the first real sports activities started when some rich people, especially of the South, imported certain English sports, such as horse racing and fox-hunting, or that the sport of the masses got its impetus from the rapidly developing industrialization of the country. The development of either the sports imported from Europe or the sports created in America was outlined by the psychological factors explained above. American sport became the sport for the sake of the fight, the expression of a people who love to fight, the symbol of a mass of self-made men, whose achievements and successes are best expressed by the symbol of the man who is stronger and faster than his opponent.

American sport is: Man against Man. Victory is vitally important. But not as in the case of the Germans merely because it proves that the winner will be useful in a war, but because

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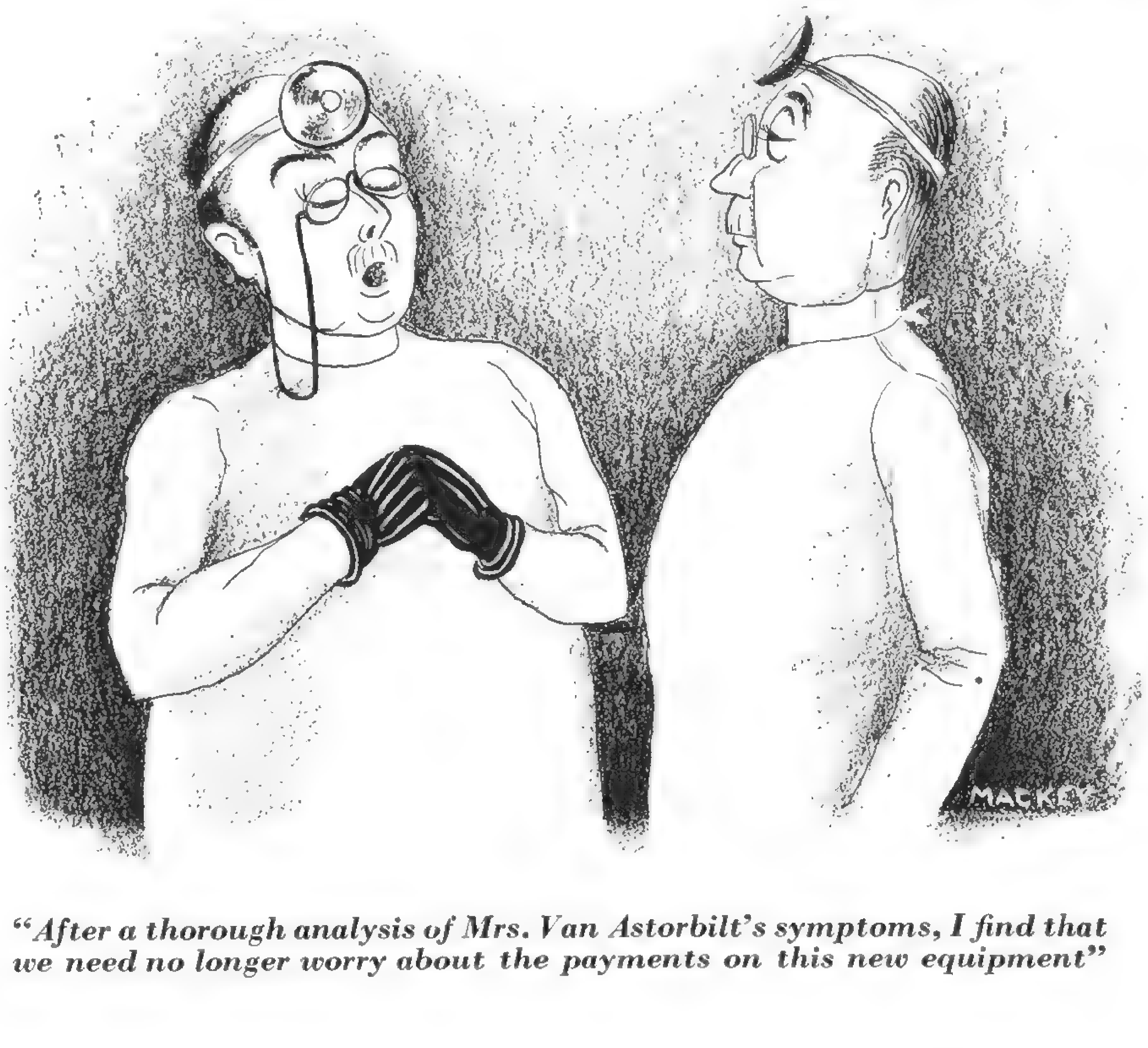


"After a thorough analysis of Mrs. Van Astorbilt's symptoms, I find that we need no longer worry about the payments on this new equipment"

The Sunday Dinner

By visiting his cell mate's home he would surely gain a fine dinner and entree of the higher crooked circles

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

▪ FICTION ▪

Otto and Gus got acquainted in jail. They came to like each other, but even in the common cell there remained between them that sharp distinction of rank which had formed a wall between them in the outside world. Otto was still a very young man, well under thirty. He had scared eyes like a rabbit's and a pleasant, girlish face. His inclination toward an irregular life was indicated only by the capricious shape of his twisted nose—if one can form any conclusions concerning the soul on the basis of bodily configurations. This was his first time in jail. He had been caught trying to steal a camel's hair topcoat in a café. This attempt at stealing a coat was the peak performance of his career. His previous trespasses had been little morsels. He had touched people for money, collected charitable gifts with forged letters of recommendation, sold falsified eau de cologne; and if he could find a man naïve enough to play cards with him, he cheated, of course.

On the other hand, Gus was a stubborn and daring character. After his long terms in jail he would go home for a little vacation like a sailor from the seas. He had a moustache, gold teeth, a stocky stature; his hair was turning white, and his deep masculine baritone was the kind of voice which commands respect.

Otto admired Gus deeply, as the pupil does his master. He would clean up the cell and carry water for him, because even among prisoners the weak character will become a slave. As compensation for all this, Gus took into his hands the education of his young companion. He related his adventures; he explained everything carefully, with diagrams. He philosophized for his pupil, enriching him with the fruits of his wide experience. Otto watched with a wide mouth and learned. He was almost sorry that his term was so short. His scared rabbit eyes were filled with a sort of trembling love when it occurred to him that soon they would have to part. Because he was soon to be released, while the master would have to stay in eighteen months yet.

On the last day Gus said to his faithful disciple:

"Look here, son. I want you to do me a favor. The first Sunday you are out, go and look up my family. On Sundays we always have a very good dinner. Just go at noon time, and don't worry about formalities. You can just tell my wife I have invited you to dinner, and she will put a plate on the table for you. My wife's name is Mitzi: just call her by her first name. Tell her that I am getting along all right in here; that I have got fat but that my coughing has stopped since I can't smoke. You'll be surprised at how glad they are to see you! Kiss my little girls for me. I'd like to know if the big one still has that sore ear. Anyway, make yourself at home with them and eat at my table every Sunday if you want to."

This commission filled Otto with deep gratitude and joy. He was a forsaken, poor boy; a cowardly beginner, a small fry, and a proletarian in the society of the underworld. He felt that through these visits he might get into contact with the "better circles." He looked at Gus, who was lying with dignified laziness on the cot in the cell. What a guy! And he could open a triple-walled steel safe like a cigarette case.

Otto was released on Friday, and he could hardly wait until Sunday. All sorts of thoughts had come into his head. What would happen if Gus's wife were pretty? Would it be fair to make up to her? He made up his mind not to do it even if by some chance he were to fall in love with her.

He felt ashamed that he couldn't take any gift to the children. He had one *pengö* to his name. What kind of toy can one buy for a *pengö?* And he was rather hungry. His stomach was growling and his heart was beating when, on Sunday at noon, he entered the joyless building in the suburban slums, in the doorway of which there was a stale odor of soured food. He looked at the list of the tenants. Gus's family lived on the third floor. There was no elevator in the building; he climbed up on foot.

The building was filthy, but Otto didn't notice this circumstance because he did not know the buildings of the rich. He felt the kind of excitement that a poor man feels when he is preparing to call in a place too elegant for him. He arranged his necktie, wiped off his shoes, and stood for a moment in front of the door which led to his master's apartment. He looked at it. What could be behind that door? Opulence! Festive Sunday cooking! The smell of rich soup! Roasting meat! He rang the bell. A faded little woman appeared on the threshold like a frightened sparrow. Her eyes blinked furtively. She rather admitted than announced that she was Gus's wife.

The young man raised his hat:

"I am Otto, Gus's cell mate."

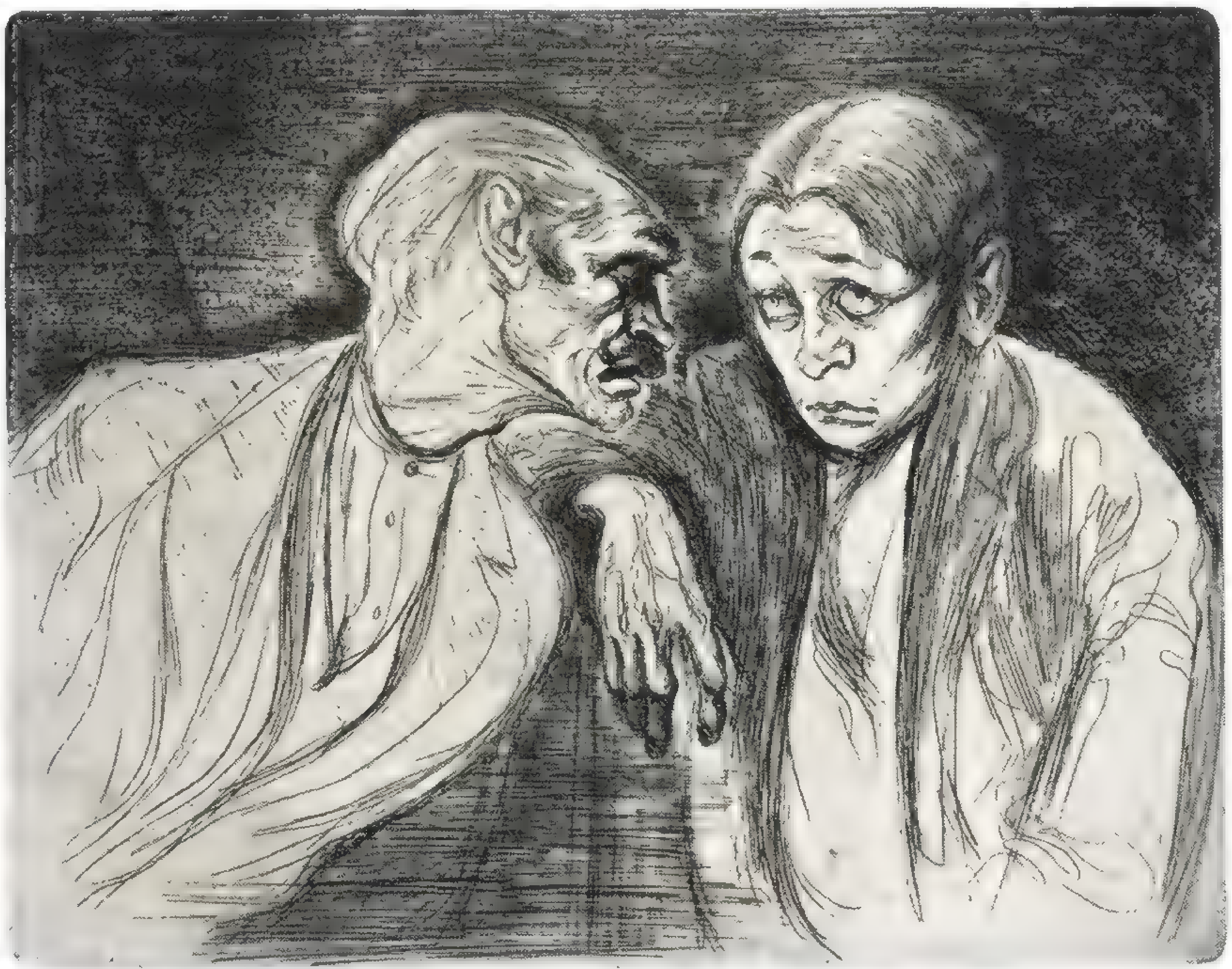
"Come in"—said the faded woman.

Otto followed her, and noticed with surprise that the flat was empty. On the walls the filthy paper showed light squares where mirrors and pictures must have hung once. In the corner, instead of beds there were two mattresses on the floor.

That flat was a picture of abject poverty. The guest's rabbit eyes went up and down the barren walls. The furniture has been sold in this place—he decided. He was surprised and a little angry, as if he had been gypped.

He was surprised by the poverty because he had been certain that Gus had left a lot of dough with his family. And he was mad because he had been sent here to eat. The door leading to the kitchen was open. He saw that there was no fire in the stove and that the entire kitchen was empty. There was nowhere a utensil to be seen. What's more, there wasn't even a table or a chair in the whole flat. One couldn't even have sat down.

On the other hand, the two little girls of whom Gus had spoken were actually there. They stood side by side against the wall. One of them might have been eight years old, the other perhaps nine. They



ETCHINGS BY WILLIAM SHARP

William Sharp

"In a Summergarden" William Sharp

were thin, and were faded and unkempt. They weren't exactly ragged, but one need not have worried about sending them down the street to beg.

Otto looked at the children:

"Gus asked me to kiss the little girls for him. May I, Mitzi?"

"Please!"—answered the disheveled little sparrow. And she began to sob when she saw the guest step up to the children and festively kiss each on the top of the head. There was a lot of ambition but absolutely no mark of practice in his performance. This was the first time in his life that Otto had kissed little children.

The woman begged Otto, in case he should write her husband or go to visit him in jail, not to tell him in what poverty his family was living:

"Isn't it bad enough for poor Gus to be locked up, without me nagging him with our troubles? I never tell him or write him anything bad. I would rather have him think everything is all right here at home. He couldn't help us anyway. He'd just worry himself sick. You can imagine, Otto, what we have been through. Gus has been in for eighteen months this time, and he got nabbed just at the worst time. We had fifteen *pengös* in the house when the detectives took him away. When I go to visit him I always say: Don't worry, Gus. The relatives and friends help us a lot. But I know that there are no relatives and no friends in this world. I take in washing and sewing and do what I can, but believe me, Otto, this is a tough life when you're used to keeping a maid."

The little girls saw that their mother was crying, whereupon they too began to sniff, and then to bawl loudly. Two thin little girls bawling hand in hand in a corner present a very embarrassing sight. The electric sparks of pity were generating in Otto's twisted nose and big ears.

The woman was wringing her hands and looking at the ceiling as if she were complaining to the Lord of the heavens:

"Believe me, Otto, I'd like to put a plate on our table for you today. But you can see that we have no plates and no table. My poor dear Gus always loved guests. For God's sake don't let him know that I couldn't give you a meal here. There is nothing under this roof today but bread. That's what I am going to give the children for dinner. But if you feel like having a slice, I'll be glad to cut one for you too. It's really very good bread from the co-operative store!"

Some queer instinct rose in Otto and prevented him from going on his way smoothly. It occurred to him that he had a waiter friend who had recently opened a restaurant somewhere in the suburbs. Perhaps he could take the family there and stuff the children with food. He could explain to the waiter what it was all about. He knew Gus too; there was a time when he got a lot of tips from him. Otto was sure he would put a dinner down on the books for Gus's family. He waved with his hand toward the window:

"Look, what a beautiful, sunny day it is. Come on, let's go outside. Today's Sunday. I'll take you out for dinner somewhere in the country."

The woman demurred a little. At first she was terribly embarrassed. Then she looked at the children. A little walk in the sun; some substantial food after all the potatoes and bread, would be very good for them. She blushed:

"You are very kind, Otto. Thank you. We'll go. Just wait till I get my hat."

She grabbed her hat, which was hanging on a nail on the wall. At the faucet she washed the children's faces, filthy with crying. Then they started out.

They didn't have to walk long across the park before they reached the outskirts of the city. They saw green trees, flowering shrubbery, little provincial cottages, decaying fences on which pneumatic advertisements were pasted.

Otto walked between the two little girls. One of them held his right hand, the other one the left. Strictly speaking, they held only his two index fingers. Otto felt the pressure of the small hands. The children were full of the excitement of the excursion, and they came to be very fond of the new Uncle. They

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Cut Yourself a Slice of Show

It was a good show all right, but Ira kept barking it was all wrong, and who can do business under those conditions?

by WOLFE KAUFMAN

• SATIRE •

I WANT to tell you about Ira Burr, my partner, so you will be able to understand the whole situation. Because if you don't know him you won't be able to understand it. Because if it wasn't for him it wouldn't have happened. Because it's all his fault.

Ira Burr is a pessimist. I have known Ira many's the year now and maybe I should ought to have known better. I should ought to have realized that a pessimist is like a disease, you can't pay too much attention to it, unless it's on your ownself, because if you begin worrying about other people's diseases, why, sooner or later, you begin thinking maybe you ain't so healthy your own self, and you begin sticking your tongue out and looking at it, and examining every little pimple, and first thing you know, why you're in a hospital.

So when Ira came in that morning and says, "Nate, this play is lousy," I shouldn't ought to have paid any attention to him and just gone right ahead and produced it.

Well, of course, I did go ahead and produce it, my instinct was right, but that pessimistic attitude of my partner's, right from the beginning, why, it ruined me. How can a man work when he's got opposition and nothing but a sour puss all day long right from his own partner?

I'll never forget it. Right the first day.

"Nate," he says, "this play stinks."

"That's fine," I says. "That's the first good word I've heard about it. So, if you think it stinks, why it's probably a work of genius."

"Nate," he says, "I am never wrong about a script. This play hasn't got a prayer."

"Ira," I says, "I been in this business many's the year now, and I got a certain amount of respect on the street and anybody on Broadway can tell you that Nate Burns sometimes makes mistakes, but he's never wrong about a script. That much I do know. This is a masterpiece."

"Well, I don't want any part of it," Ira says.

"So okay," I says. "So I'll do it on my own."

"So fine," he says. "As long as you count me out, I don't care if you cut your throat. Your flops I'm not a partner in."

"No, huh?" I says. "But my successes you'd like a piece of, huh? You should wait so long till I give you another chance!"

"I should live so long till you *get* another hit!" he says. "I'd be old as George Bernard Shaw."

So that finished it right then and there. Every time Ira Burr wants to get me burned up, he starts throwing in fancy names, like George Bernard Shaw, or William Shakespeare, or Eugene O'Neill, or something. As though I can help it that I'm an educated man and he's a dope. Is it my fault if he never could get through school, but I not only graduated high school and finished a night course in stenography besides?

So I figured to hell with him. Who needs him anyway? So I walked out on him. I went over to my corner of the office and I didn't even look across the room at him for about two hours.

And then I did a foolish thing. I said, "I won't forget this, Izzy Bernstein. Never will I forget it."

It was a silly thing to do, I admit it, but still and all, I was so upset and nervous that I couldn't help it, because in a time like that, a fellow can't think very good.

Because naturally, right away, he answers with: "Look at him! Nathan Bernstein is gonna call me names!"

Now if there's one thing I hate it's personalities. And anyway, it's nobody's business if I happened to change my name a little bit. And I still think it's a very strange thing for him to do to me, him being a partner of mine, to go throwing things like that in my face.

So once more neither of us said nothing for a couple of hours, but then, just to spite him, and anyway, because I knew that I couldn't possibly be wrong, I called Sallie in and I said to her, "Please tell Mr. Burr that Burns and Burr will put *Quality* in production immediately."

So Sallie, who's a smart girl, and who's been with us long enough to know what to do at times like this, goes across the room to his desk, and tells him what I said.

He says to her, "Please tell Mr. Burns that Burr and Burns is not going to do any such thing."

So she comes across the room and tells me. So I says, "Okay, Sallie, fix up an announcement and send it out to all the papers that Nate Burns is preparing immediate production of a new play named *Quality* by Stefan Swift."

So she says okay and starts to the door. But, naturally, Ira can't stand it no longer, so he calls her back and says to her, "Please ask Mr. Burns since when he's all alone in this business and hasn't he got a partner any more?"

So she does and I say to her, "Please tell Mr. Burr that you can't be a cow in the caboose all your life and either he's my partner or he isn't, but just the same we're going to do this play."

So she does and he says to her, "Please tell Mr. Burns that he's eight different kinds of a jackass."

So she does and I says, "Don't get fresh."

So she says, "Who's fresh?"

So I says, "You are."

So she says, "I am not. I just told you what Mr. Burr told me to tell you."

So I says, "Messages like that you can

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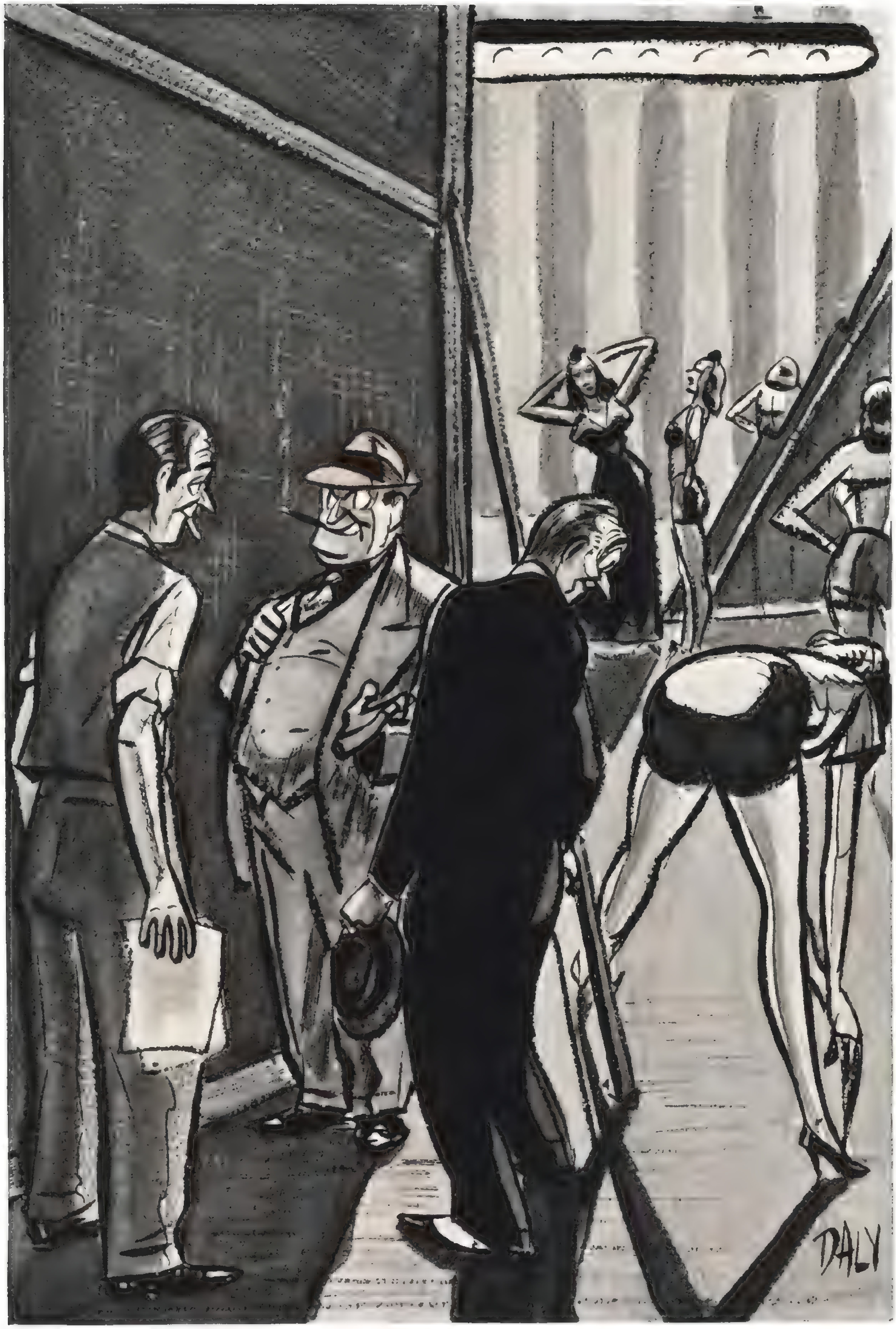
"Phyllis! Will you stop flirting with these young men!"



"This is Mr. Phelps—he's buying a piece of the show"

Panic in the Jungle

The Djuka chief insisted the white man was killing him, his wives set up a howl, the medicine man snarled

by WILLIAM LaVARRE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The water in the jungle river jumped down at us in angry, froth-spitting waves. It flooded past the canoe in a steady turmoil, muddy, foaming, sucking; a man-fighting maelstrom which could swallow a man so quickly he couldn't count two. When a man drowns in still water he is supposed to see the events of his life flash past him, just before he dies. But not in the rapids of this Equatorial river. Once tossed from the dugout I knew I'd have only a split-second more to live. Sure, I can swim—in oceans, gulfs, big rivers, or lakes. My father believed that the way to teach a boy to swim was to throw him overboard, and let him find out for himself. He threw *me* into the Rapidan—and I swam and swam and swam.

But I couldn't swim here, in the wild Surinam. It came down from the lost-world divide from which some rivers flowed south into the Amazon and others north into the Caribbean. The water dropped down in terraces and falls from the unexplored highlands, sputtering its wrath, digging into the forest banks, sucking at great trees, eroding them from the earth, smashing them as they toppled into pulp against the sharp, slick river rocks. No man can live in that kind of water.

The Djuka paddlers strained at their blades. Their ebony bodies glistened like amethysts, not dead black but purplish under the sunlit sweat. Twenty-four of them bent, dug, and pulled on their paddles. They were the finest rivermen I have ever seen. They were master paddlers, Djukas who had spent all their lives on the wild jungle river, assigned to me by *Ah-Tu-Den-Du*, the Djuka king. No *riber* had ever beaten them. Usually they shouted and cat-called to the river, playing a challenging game of catch-me-river-if-you-can. But not now. This was *Papadam*, the father of all rapids—the worst series of waterfalls on the Surinam. Now they made no jokes but silently watched the water with fearful eyes, laboring like highly compressed machines to gain another, and another, and another foot, as the steersman guided the canoe up behind midstream boulders.

I quarreled with myself for not letting well enough alone. I had visited the jungle king, made a deal with him for a thousand mahogany logs. My assignment was accomplished. I could have gone on down the river and reached civilization by the end of the week. But here I was, again risking death—just because no white man had ever been through *Papadam*, just because curiosity, to see what I could see at the head of the river, had taken possession of me. I should have let well enough alone!

"Can we make it!" I asked *Mombai*, the steersman, in talki-talki. "Can we?"

"Sitti dow!" he exclaimed. Sit down! Be quiet, he commanded. I huddled as low as possible in the stern. He stood over me with his legs spread, with his big carved steering paddle in his hands, peaveying the stern right and left, left and right, in order to point the upturned bow into less brutal currents and eddies. He was like a colossus over me, with his muscles flexing and reflexing under his spray-soaked skin. I was just a white man, just a passenger. If I got above the rapids safely it would be as baggage. I contributed nothing. All I did was hold my breath and worry. All I thought about was what a fool I was to leave home. Sure, I could be sitting right now on the terrace, looking peacefully and safely out over the skyscraping turrets of the big city. I could be three thousands miles from the fetid jungle—from sweating black men in loin cloths, from the Equatorial heat. Hell! I could be sipping a mint julep and watching the white swans swim in Central Park! The things I could have been doing were legion. The thing I was doing was right here, all around me, splashing muddy slop all over me. One foot, two feet, three feet, we went higher and higher, hour after hour until, at last, I saw the glassy expanse of upper river. Dammed up by the rapids' upper-ledge of rock, it was like a placid cloud-reflecting lagoon. There, ahead of us, at last lay safety, rest—a respite from looking death in the face. Above *Papadam* there was, so the Djukas said, only still water. We could draw the battered canoe up on a sandy beach, and let the sunlight dry us. We, one white man and twenty-four black heathens, could sit and laugh at the river god whom, again, we had escaped.

"*Ai!*" Mombai shouted above the water's roar. "*Diggi fundo! Worki biggi!*" Dig deep! Work hard!

He leaned heavily on his steering paddle, bared his cicatrized lips until his big white teeth glistened apelike. "*Go sidom! Bahkra no bom!*" he grunted, as I started to raise a spare paddle to help out. Sit down! The Whiteman is useless! That is what he said.

We made it. First the curved bow, then the straining bow paddlers, helped out by two bow polers, then the stern paddlers, then I, and then the steersman's frantically skulling paddle edged over the brink of the rapids and we glided safely into glassily flowing water. The men didn't relax. One false move, one break in the rhythmic paddle beat and the whirlpools would suck us back.

But death was now behind us. Nothing but smooth current lay ahead and through it the paddle blades shoved us quickly to a safe beach. Two paddlers jumped out as soon as the bow touched sand and ran with a rope to the nearest tree. The others slumped on their benches and began bailing water out

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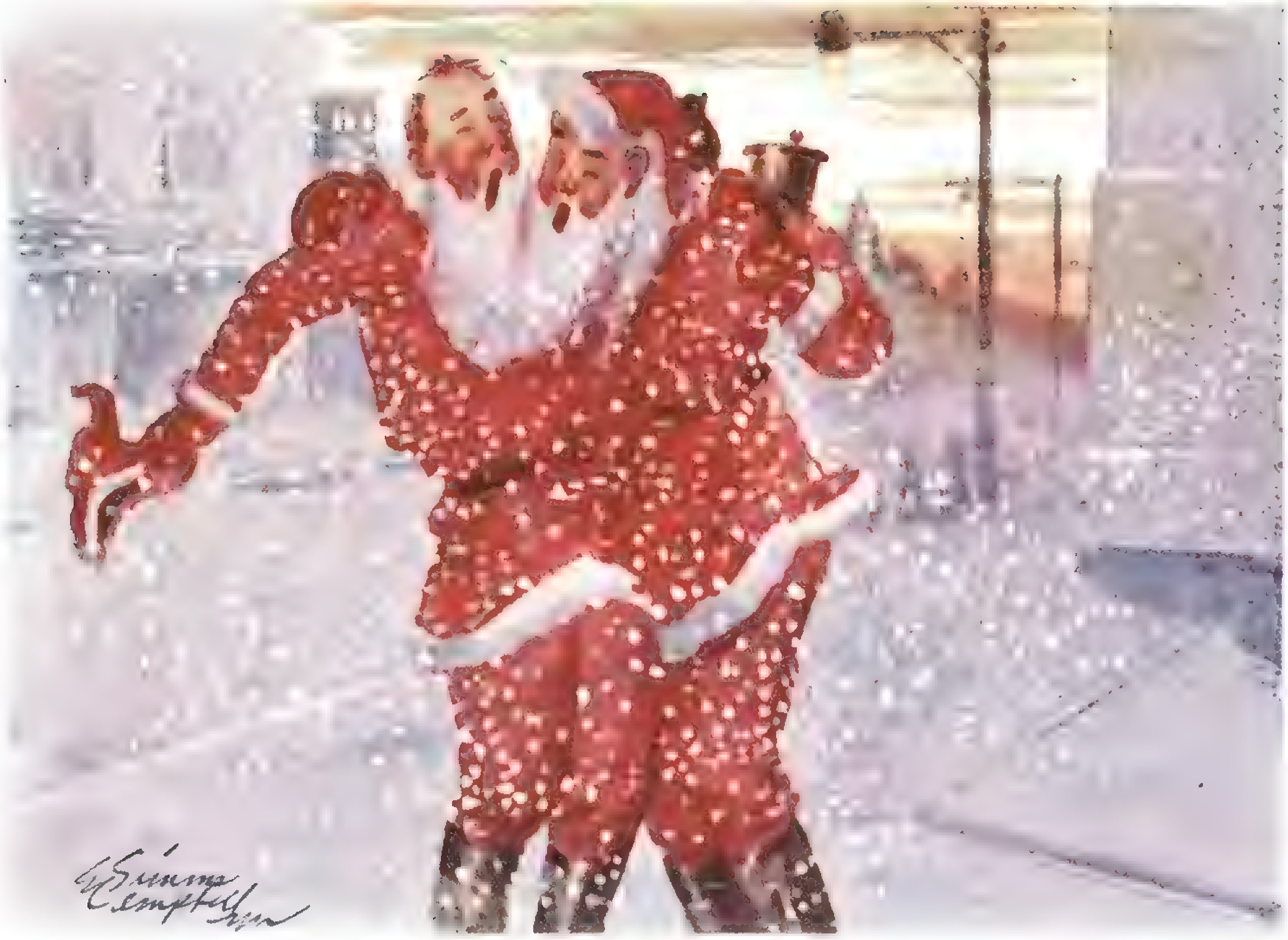
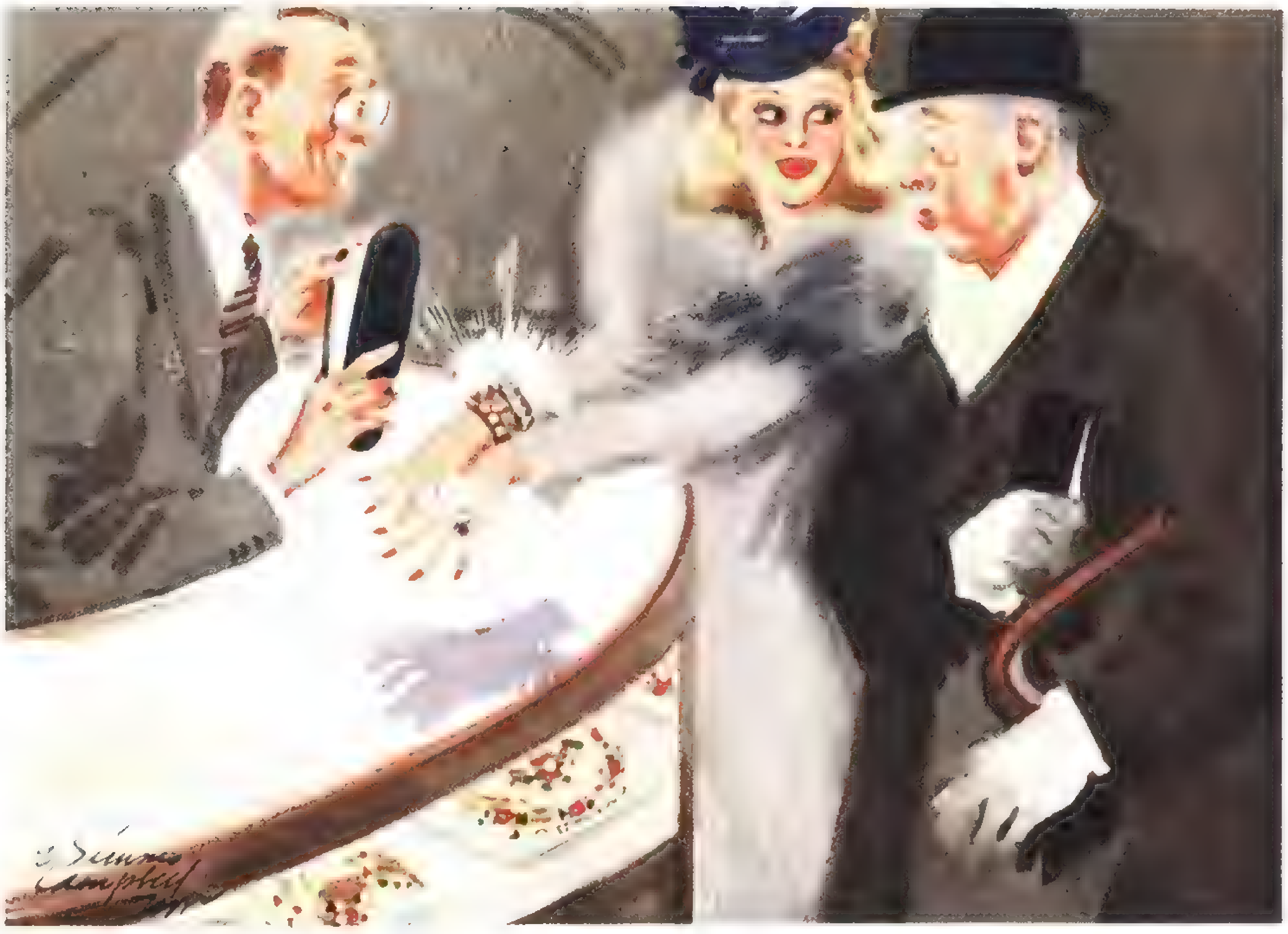
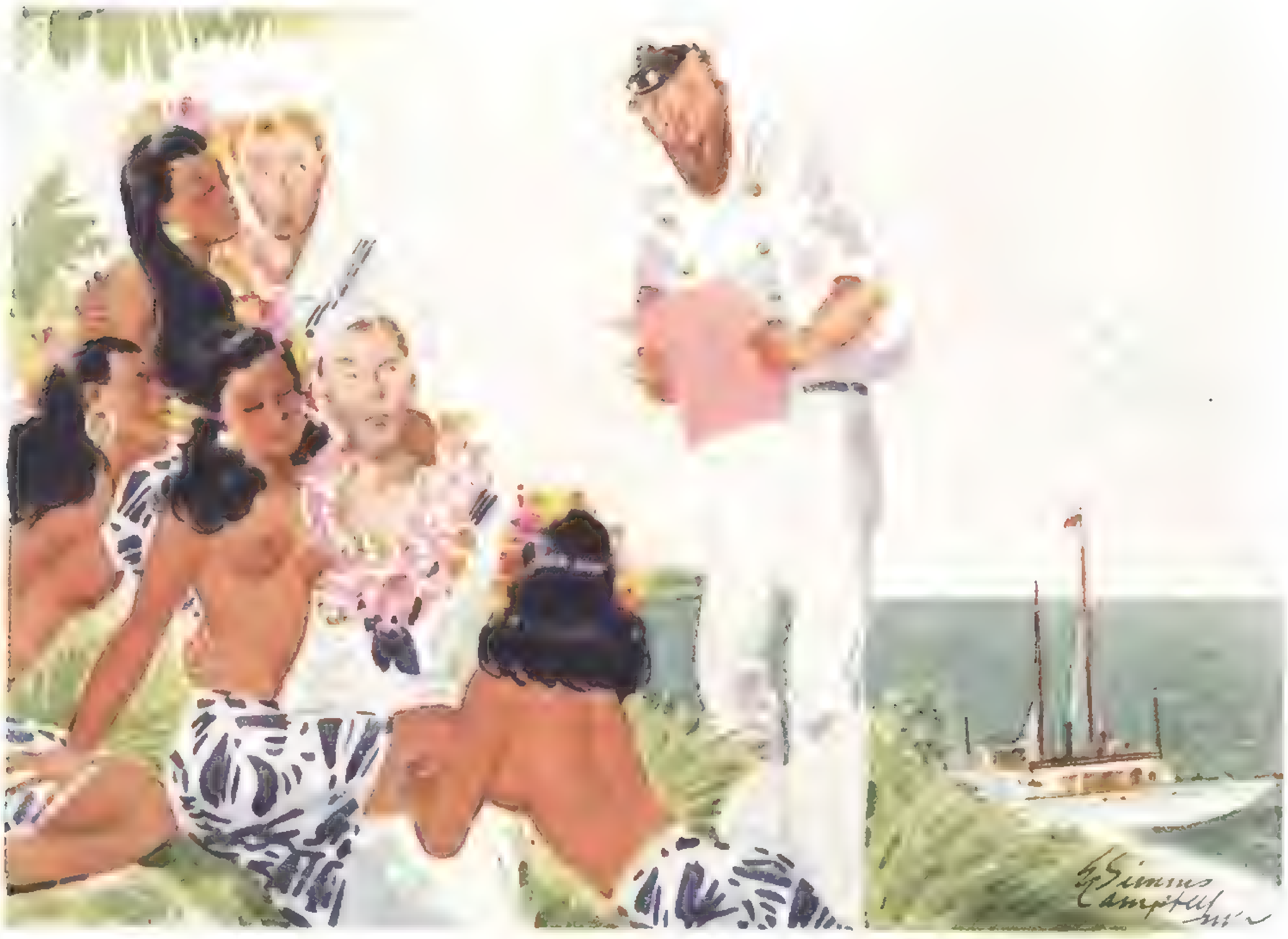
"Joe, look—there it is again!"


E. Simms Campbell

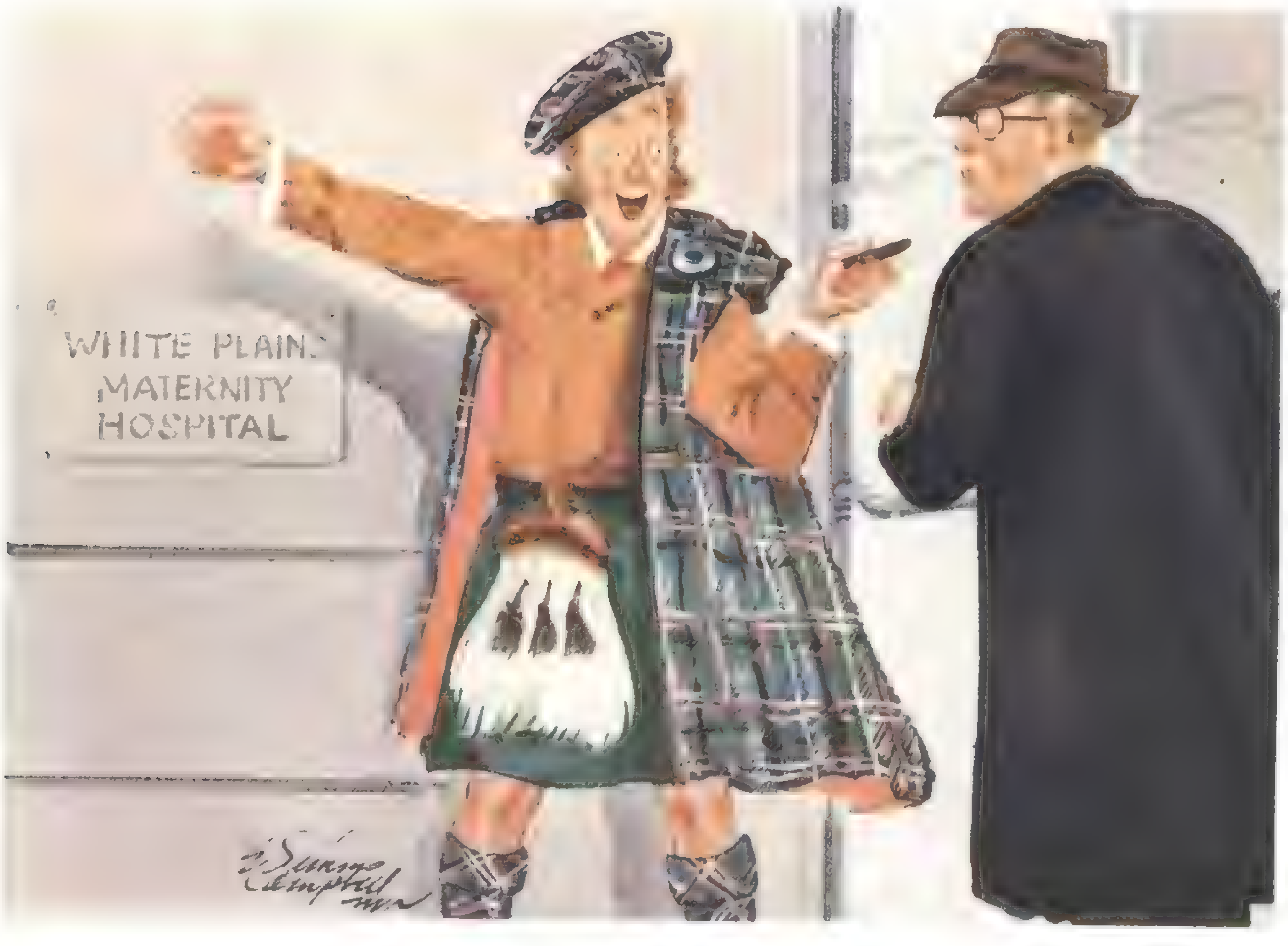
"Sweet Ad-ol-li-i-i-i-ine"


E. Simms Campbell

"I'll take both of them—then you won't have to give me a Christmas present until 1941!"


E. Simms Campbell

"It's from mother, men—I told her we'd surely be in England for the Christmas Holidays"


WHITE PLAINS
MATERNITY
HOSPITAL
E. Simms Campbell

"I'm a father! Have a puff!"

The Racquet Busters

Before you dub racquets as a game for those who can't play anything else, what about Robert Grant III?

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SPORTS •

When I was in college in the early nineteen-twenties I used to practice tennis strokes in a huge slate-colored court in the squash building. I knew that this was not a squash court because I had already played squash, and I knew that it wasn't a court tennis court because—I had read about it somewhere—a court tennis court is a tremendously complicated affair containing a net, holes in the walls, galleries, a sloping roof, a whole coterie of geegaws and gadgets, the mere description of which has threatened to break down the mind of many an otherwise capable describer.

There was nothing complicated about this court. It was merely a big box, sixty feet long, thirty feet wide, with an extremely high ceiling. If I had gone to the right person I undoubtedly *could* have found out what game was intended to be played inside it, but in actual fact I never did until some years later. This ignorance of mine was shared, at a conservative estimate, by at least a hundred million other Americans; I take some comfort in the fact that my ignorance was typical. Typical also is the fact that this court, intended for the game of racquets, was shortly afterwards dismantled and broken up into several *squash* racquets courts.

Racquets is one of the four indoor "club" games played in this country and abroad, the other three being court tennis, squash racquets and squash tennis. It is unique in that it compares closely to court tennis in some respects, closely to squash racquets in others. If this sounds a little fatuous, please bear with me. It compares closely to court tennis in that it is a very expensive game to play, and hence is enjoyed by only a relatively few men. A racquets court costs in the neighborhood of $50,000 to build, and there are less than a dozen such courts in this country. A ball sometimes may last for only one rally; a match may consume a good many dozen. If a racquet collides with the stone-hard walls of a court, that racquet is seldom of any use thereafter. There have been many gruesome tales of the number of racquets shattered in one match, and the highest estimate I have ever heard is thirty-seven—by Jay Gould. This is probably high, but I haven't the slightest intention of checking up on it. Thirty-seven is an arresting figure, and, even if it is an exaggeration, it gets across the point that racquets is not a game for paupers. That is what I mean when I say that it closely resembles the very ancient and very costly game of court tennis.

But court tennis is an extremely complicated game while racquets is, fundamentally, a simple one for all its costliness. It is in this respect that racquets resembles the relatively plebeian game of squash racquets. It would be accurate to say that racquets is an enlarged and speeded up version of squash racquets except that this would give the wrong historical perspective. The squash games, invented after racquets, are, more accurately, diminished and far less expensive versions of racquets.

When I say that racquets, along with the squash games, is simple, I do not mean that it is easy to play well, but that its rules are not involved, that its scoring principle is easy to comprehend. Two men stand inside a large oblong court. One man hits the ball so that it strikes the front wall at the required distance above the floor—over the twenty-seven-inch high tin "telltale." The other man must then return that ball against the front wall before it has hit the floor the second time. Fundamentally there are your rules for racquets, and also for squash racquets and squash tennis.

In short there is no contradiction involved in a game's being "exclusive" and at the same time uncomplicated. Did you ever stop to think that baseball, the favorite of the masses, is in its rules one of the most complicated and involved games ever invented by the mind of man? Take a look at the size of a baseball rules book. If you buried the rules of racquets somewhere inside a baseball tome, it would take bloodhounds to track it down. And compared to the laws of such popular games as golf and lawn tennis, the can's and cannot's of racquets are still comparatively simple.

Wherein, then, lies the appeal of racquets for those who can afford to play it? In the fact that it is a game of lightning speed. In the fact that it is a game where not only the ball *travels* fast but the players must *run* fast. In the fact that it combines *both* speed of ball and foot to a higher degree than any of the other indoor club games. In the fact that it calls for quick coordination and for strength of limb. And also in the fact that, in common with such diversified sports as bob-sledding, football and auto racing, it is more than a little dangerous. The little white racquets pellet—smaller than a golf ball—travels with almost bullet-like speed, and in texture it resembles the aforesaid bullet a great deal more than it does the squashy balls of lawn tennis and the squash games. "What happens," I once asked old Tom Pettitt, an almost legendary figure in both racquets and court tennis, "if you get hit by a racquets ball?" "Well," said Tom reassuringly, "you'll go down of course, but *usually* you'll get up again." How true! And maybe minus an eye. In the squash games it is good judgment not to get in the line of flight between your opponent and the front wall when he is about to make his shot. In racquets such judgment is nothing short of perfect. Because of its cost, racquets may be a game for the few but it is distinctly not one for the flabby or the timid.

Do men turn to the game because it has

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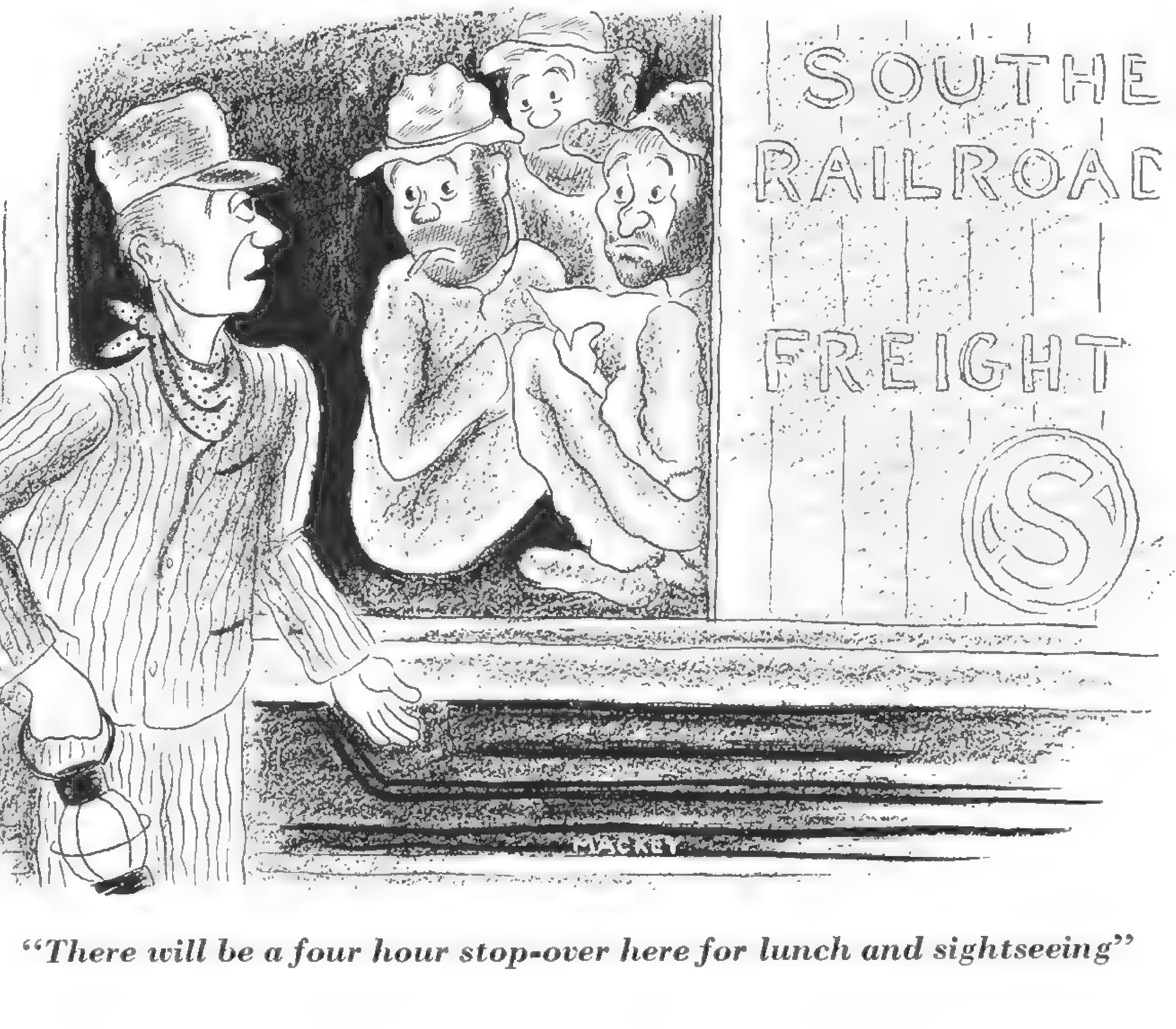
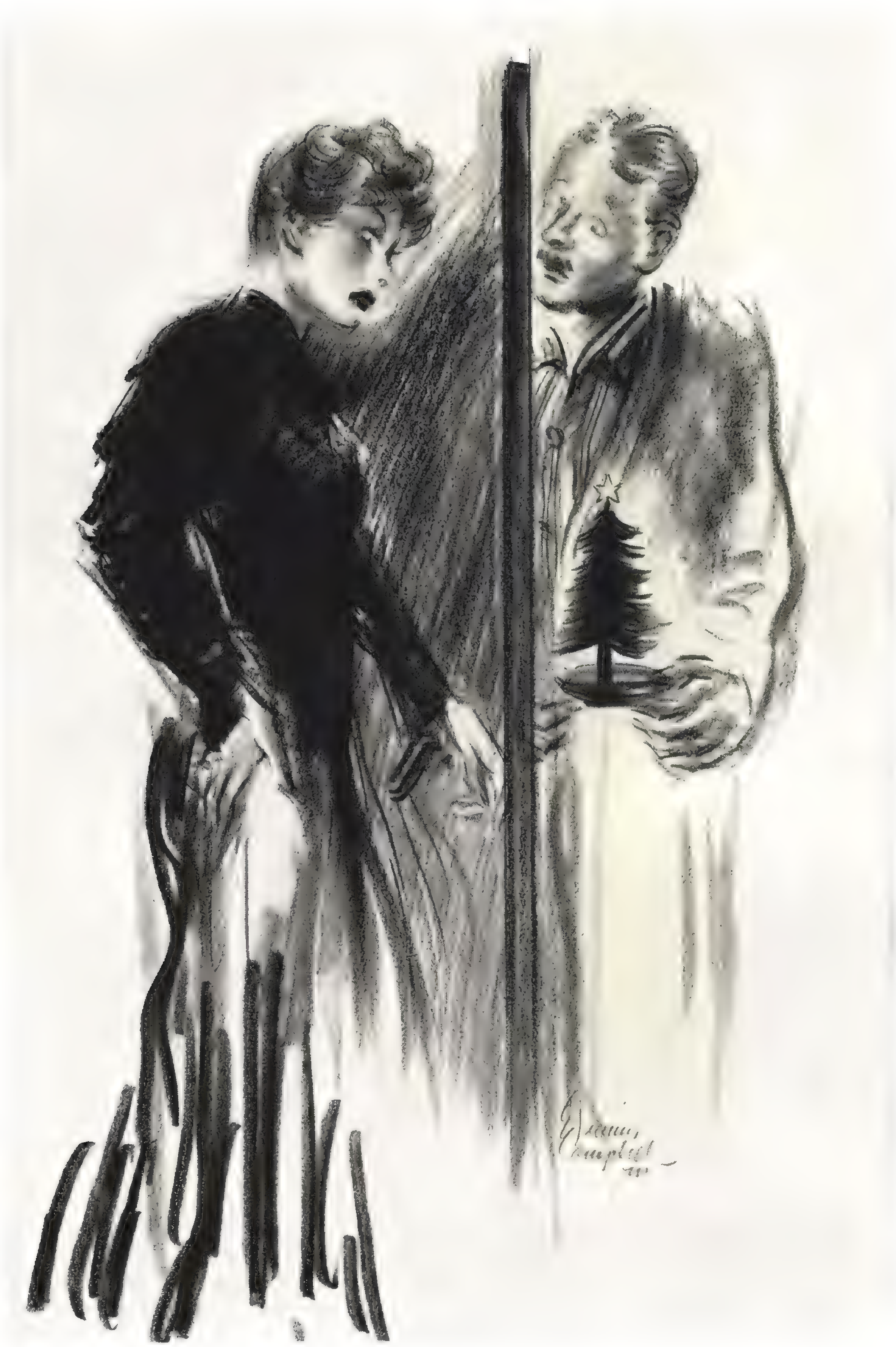


"There will be a four hour stop-over here for lunch and sightseeing"



"Merry Christmas, darling—it's all I could afford after tipping the employees in this apartment"

"Men I've Fought With"

Hinting at the Hell a gal suffers for a few free meals and the slim chance of meeting Prince Charming

by ANONYMOUS

ARTICLE

Recently published in these pages, and written by Hubbell Robinson, Jr., was an article entitled *Women I've Fought With.* It advanced the author's theory that past romances were best-remembered by their battles and bickerings, while the more ecstatic moments were swiftly blended with other ecstatic moments into a vague anonymity. The Case Histories of four young ladies were exposed in considerable detail in an effort to prove that all women were nothing more nor less than hornets' nests of irritating habits. Moreover, the four chosen guinea pigs covered such a variety of types that it would seem that happiness for Mr. Robinson can lie only in a beruffled robot. What is more likely, though, is that he needs a little straightening out on the subject of "L'Amour."

For he does make mistakes. Despite the fact that the four young ladies apparently never considered him anything but perfect, his own bum steers are just as much to blame as their glaring defects. For instance, what sense does it make to take out a girl from Alabama and later complain about her Southern accent? What sense does it make to pursue a reigning Glamour Girl, who is invariably on hand at "21," The Stork Club, and such, and then resent her reluctance to dine in simple, little out-of-the-way places where "they won't know a soul"? It doesn't make any sense at all. In fact, it's just a little wide-eyed. Many rare gems undoubtedly do lurk in the wrong settings, but they may want to stay on right where they are. It takes time to find out about that.

During the first two or three meetings between man and maid, conversation on the part of the maid is apt to be rather limited. She naturally wants to find out what the new man's like, and he naturally wants to tell her. So that a slow nodding of the head and a few breathless "uh-huhs" to punctuate his monologue are all that's really required of her at that stage. Not, mind you, that she objects; this is the first, fine, explorative flush, and she plays to his ego the way actors play to royalty at a Command Performance. Later, if his opinions and tastes turn out to parallel her own . . . if the two of them come together as effortlessly as whisky and soda . . . why then our story ends and so to bed. But if it develops that he reads nothing lighter than James Joyce, whereas she reads nothing heavier than *Love Story Magazine*, we have a far more usual setup. In the beginning, the girl creates and encourages within herself all those qualities she believes will further attract the man. In this particular case, she probably takes out a library card, spends hours over Gertrude Stein, and is shortly prey to sudden, splitting headaches. Her own personality becomes more and more submerged because once Proust moves in there just isn't room for it. Meanwhile, of course, she and her new-found intellectual are meeting regularly. And, as time passes, she begins to discover whether or not he's worth all the trouble. If he is, she will struggle on, and romance flowers to the point where it's possible to effect an honest compromise between them. But when the man doesn't conform to her initial expectation . . . when he is either so obsessed by himself or so lacking in sympathy that he fails to recognize and appreciate the effort she's making . . . that's when the heroine resumes her original character and the hero can damn well like it or not. The day she stops trying to decipher Joyce and returns with a sigh of relief to Temple Bailey, the honeymoon's over. And then you get one of those rows that Mr. Robinson writes about.

His piece left the reader with the feeling that women were incurable problem children, completely lacking in patience and understanding. It's possible that not one of that Famous Foursome did understand him. But they must have been patient. Every woman's that. Just consider what the average girl copes with for the sake of a free meal and the chance that the man may turn out to be her long-sought Dream Prince. Ask your sister. Or, better yet, put yourself in her shoes and see how you'd like to settle down for twenty years, or even twenty minutes, with any one who appears in the following collection:

Harvey: Good old Harvey rarely dines out or goes dancing, so he's always a new face to headwaiters. Harvey is a cinch to draw the worst possible table in any room. You can take that all right, but it develops that Harvey can't. And instead of registering his complaints where they might do some good, he squawks to you all night from his chair by the kitchen door. "They can't do this to me," he sputters wildly, as the third plate of soup is upset over his head. That's your fondest, and final, recollection of Harvey.

George: George is a name-dropper. All the people George knows are so important they don't have last names. A girl can stand this for just so long, and then something snaps. So you go out for revenge. After George has mentioned "Doug" for about the tenth time, you ask for the first time: "Who's Doug?" He says: "Why, Doug! Doug, Jr!" You say: "Who's Doug, Jr.?" He says: "Douglas Fairbanks, Jr!" And then, if you're smart, you say: "Who's Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.?"

Bertram: Bertram is always building, by innuendo, the legend of his conquests. You can't mention anyone from Lily Langtry to Shirley Temple without Bertram raising a sly, knowing eyebrow. Bertram has lived, he'll have you know, and Bertram has been to Paris. So far as you're concerned, Bertram could be the Man in the Iron Mask. Most of the time he's a pansy.

Jed: Jed thinks his polo ponies are almost

Continued in center of page 167

"I just moved into the building . . . aren't you in the apartment without the window shades?"

Promoter's Dream

They'd all pay a hundred bucks to review the best fights and see Joe Louis against the old Jack Dempsey

by ROGER TREAT

▪ FICTION ▪

You could see him any time in Mike O'Brien's place hunched over a table in the corner staring glassy-eyed at nothing. Unshaven, disheveled, pathetic. Irv Shapiro, erstwhile cloak and suiter, the unluckiest fight promoter that ever lived. How he continued to dig up additional scratch after each fiasco is a tribute to his glib tongue, his larcenous abilities, and his perseverance. Nothing ever broke right for Irv. If he tried to stage a card in an outdoor arena, it would invariably start to rain about supper time and continue for three days. If, in desperation, he switched the fight indoors, there would be mobs crowded in the streets for blocks trying to get in. One time he had the greatest heavyweight match ever conceived. The stadium was sold out weeks in advance and Irv was 110 Grand to the good. The weather was perfect. On the way to the fight the Champion's cab was plowed under by a gasoline truck and the Champion was burned to death. Irv refunded four hundred sixty thousand dollars and went completely to pieces. He got on the brandy bottle and stayed there to the end. But looks are deceiving. Irv was the happiest man in the world. He was seeing his dream.

He was sitting in the control room directly over the ring at Shapiro stadium. Every one of the two and a half million seats was filled. The ring was enclosed with a special glass, invented by Irv, that magnified the fighters in the ring so that every seat was a ringside, even those on the outside of the circle a half mile away. At a hundred bucks a seat, Irv had put two and a half billion into the cash box. Irv pushed a button and the enormous Neon lights flashed "November 28, 1901—Hartford, Conn." Into the ring stepped scowling Terry McGovern and sneering Young Corbett. McGovern, champion, the toughest featherweight that ever lived. Corbett, cocky, contemptuous, confident. Bristling with mutual hate, they sailed in at the first bell punching like welterweights, proudly refusing to give ground or attempt to block. McGovern was the harder puncher but Corbett had too much reach. By the end of the first round Terry was a bloody mess. In the middle of the second he was down and through. Never again was the world to see such unreserved fury in men of this size. So much punishment given and taken. The crowd relaxing for a moment asked its neighbor what the Wonder Boy Shapiro would do next.

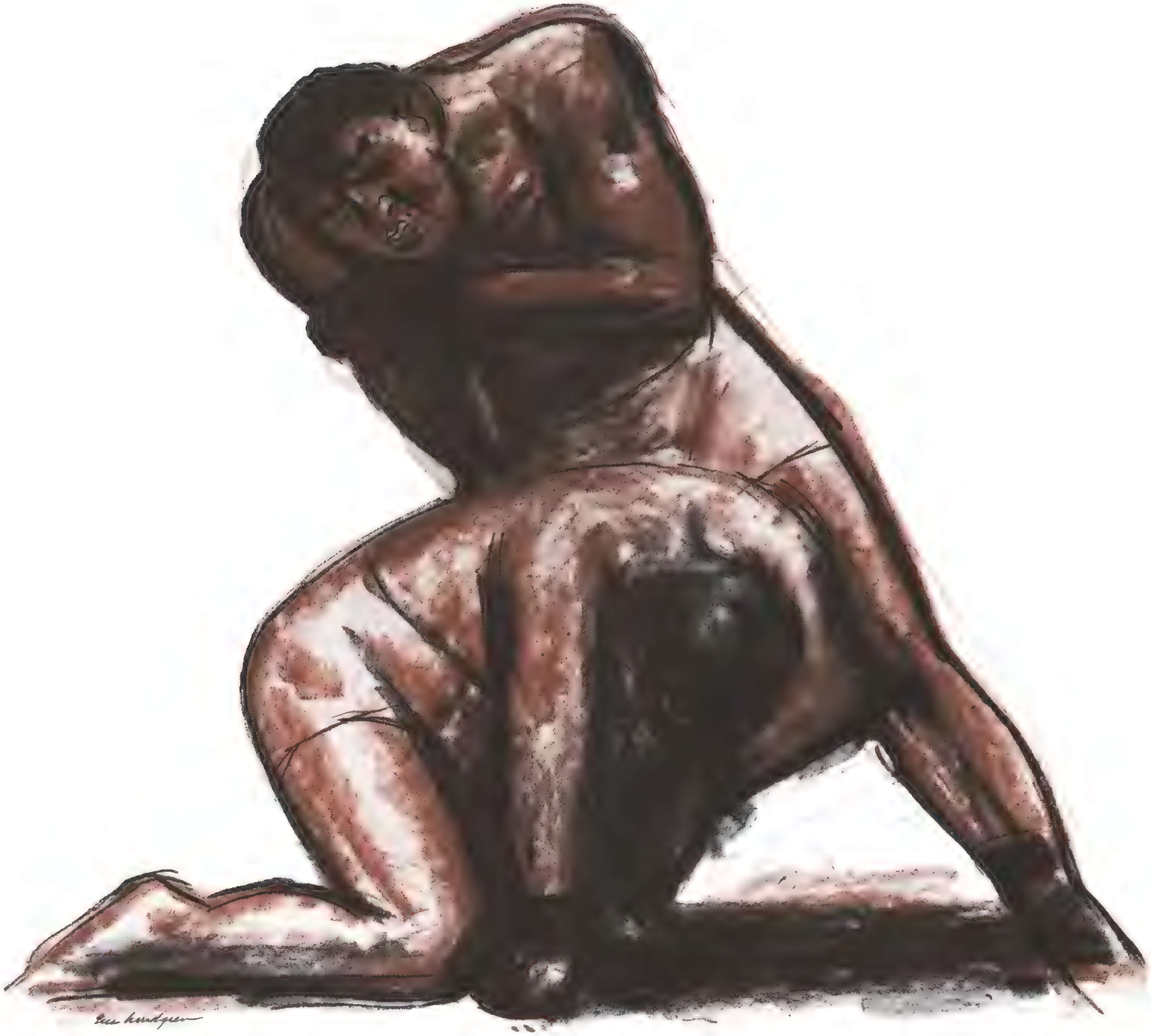
The light again—"July 4, 1908, San Francisco." Old timers scratched their heads. What was coming now? Then down the aisle they came and hopped in. Joe Gans and Bat Nelson. It went seventeen rounds. The first half was all Gans, dancing on his toes chopping at the iron head of the shuffling, charging Nelson. But the stamina wasn't there. Making the weight was too much for Joe and after the tenth Nelson began to get to him. Ripping and clawing at the lithe brown body, Nelson took command in the eleventh and from then on it was only a question of how long. There were four in the ring now and the fourth man was death. Gans took too much, sank into pneumonia and soon died. Courage claimed another gallant little man.

The light again—"Madison Square Garden, N. Y. C. November 25, 1938." Ah, this was something they could all watch again, all those who had seen the first one. Hammerin' Henry Armstrong and Ceferino Garcia. The most vicious, most unbelievable welterweight fight in history. Armstrong 134 pounds, Garcia 147, for Armstrong's welterweight title. Armstrong was out of his class now. It had been no great surprise when he had taken the title from the light-hitting Ross, but Garcia was different. Garcia carried the thunder of destruction in both hands, he had recently beaten Glenn Lee, a tough slugging, full-sized middleweight. Garcia hit Henry with his number one punch early in the second round. The crowd stood up and howled for a knockout. And Henry came on faster. Garcia slammed it home again and again. And Henry plowed in. He was hurt all right, badly hurt. And his answer to the pain was to speed up his eternal charge and take the play away from the man who by all rights should be winning by a knockout. Armstrong, with his amazing courage, his stamina, his endless drive, was making a story to live in the records long after many champions will be forgotten. Tonight if never again, he was the greatest fighting machine that ever laced a glove.

Middleweights next. Who would it be? The loudspeaker answered—"Ladies and Gentlemen, the next bout is the only one on tonight's card that is not a championship fight. Because we feel that this bout excelled all the matches there have been for the middleweight title, we bring back to you—Harry Greb and Mickey Walker." A roar went up and never stopped through the entire fifteen rounds. The "Toy Bulldog" was what they had called Walker and no more appropriate name was ever hung on a fighting man. Like Armstrong who was to follow, Walker did not know how to back up. His remarkable record was built with two tough fists and a lion's heart. Lack of stature alone prevented his going to the top of the heavyweight pile. All this in spite of the fact that training meant nothing to him. Matching him in fighting fury, great heart, and contempt for training was the one-eyed Harry Greb. No one knows when Harry lost his eye. It is only known that he fought most of his career with a glass one and never seemed to think it was worth mentioning. Like McGovern and Corbett, these two were too proud to block. Punch and take it or get the hell out. Fortunately, neither of them bled easily. They ripped and tore through the early rounds. In the thirteenth Greb had Walker in a corner, groggy and beginning to bend at the knees. Greb kept slugging both hands to the head. Walker got down to a sitting position. He was done. Then he got mad, good and goddammed mad. Up he came, both hands chugging to the middle and drove Greb, still slugging, back across the ring. You go to hundreds of fights to get a thrill like that one.

They were done now and it was time for the heavyweight. The light again—"September 23, 1922—Paris, France." Carpentier and Siki, the battle of the double cross. Handsome, graceful, romantic Georges Carpentier had won his title only two years before by kayoing Bat Levinsky, and had been dropped the previous year by Jack Dempsey which helped to increase the glamor of his story. On the other side Battling Siki, illiterate apeman soldier from Senegal. Mad, bizarre, laughing, drunken Siki who after this fight was to stroll Paris streets leading a lion cub from bar to bar as the white women fought for his favors. Child of the jungle, Siki could fight like Hell. It was later claimed that Siki was supposed to do a dry tank job when he got the signal. If this was so, Siki deliberately muffed the signal. He knew only one thing inside the ring—KILL—kill with your fists—and he nearly killed debonair Carpentier who fought desperately with all his consummate boxing skill to stave off the mad attack of this brandy-crazed animal. As Brisbane often said, "A gorilla could lick them all"; Siki was the nearest thing to a gorilla we have ever seen in the ring. Georges was down for good in the sixth and he was glad to get out with his life.

The final bout of the evening was Irv Shapiro's big surprise. He chuckled as he pressed the loud speaker control. This was going to be Shapiro's masterpiece, "Ladies and Gentlemen—our final bout and feature attraction will bring you the heavyweight fight you have all been waiting for. A fight that never was, and never could be. We give it to you here tonight. In this corner Jack Dempsey as he was the afternoon he beat Jess Willard—in this corner Joe Louis at the peak of his career the night of the second Schmeling fight. Place your bets at even money." At last the question fight fans had been arguing for years was going to be settled. Considered by most to be the two best heavyweights of all time, they were to come together at their mutual "unbeatable" peaks. Dempsey couldn't lose. He hit too hard to



DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

lose. Look at the pictures of Willard's face after Jack got through with him. A kicking stallion couldn't hurt him any more. Jack could take it too. Remember the Firpo fight when Jack came up off the floor to blast the big South American? Remember the beating Tunney gave him in their second fight and still he had enough left to drop Gene? When he gets inside he will rip Louis in half. On the other side: What do you mean, when he gets inside? He won't ever get that close. Louis' left is too fast, you can't see it start. One left jab is enough. Look what he did to Schmeling. Max was gone after the first punch. If Joe wants to, he can finish it in the first flurry. Nuts, when Jack hits him he gets befuddled. He isn't worth a damn after he gets hit. Oh Yeah? What about the Galento fight? Joe was hit hard twice, down once. And he got up and nearly killed Galento. Yeah, but he has never been hit by Dempsey. And don't forget, Friend, that Dempsey has never been hit by Louis. Now they are ready and the bell sounds for the first round. They whirl and come out. Louis straight up, hands working in front of his chest. Expressionless, watchful. Waiting for the one shot. Dempsey, semi-crouched, weaving slowly. Two cobras ready to strike. Louis flicks a tentative left and Dempsey lashes a left high on the cheek, drives his right to the heart before Louis ties him up. Apart again. The cautious circling. Louis flicks the left again and as Dempsey counters, Joe steps inside and crashes his right on Jack's jaw. Dempsey is hurt. Louis turns it all loose now. Both hands go smoking to Dempsey's head. Six, seven clean shots. He has to go down. He does. Badly shaken, he gets to his knees at four, his feet at nine. Louis comes shuffling in. The kill now. A left to set him up, a cruel right smash and Jack is down again. Up slower this time. Barely up at nine. Joe comes in fast. Not much time left in the round. He pulls back his left and out of nowhere Dempsey's left comes whistling to Joe's jaw to dump him flat on his pants as Dempsey reels back and grabs the ropes to hold himself up. Louis rolls, falls back and is struggling to his feet at eight. THE BELL ends the round and two groggy men stumble to their corners. The crowd is too full of excitement to yell. There never could be a fight like this. Too much emotion. Too near the fundamental fight-for-life to be sport. One of them has to go next round. Which?

The frantic work of both teams of trainers has them almost back to normal at the ten-second whistle. Dempsey perhaps the clearer headed. They circle. Supremely cautious now. The next punch will probably decide it. Then it happens. They both elect to gamble, put everything they have left into one punch. Louis' left comes through clean to Dempsey's jaw, smashing it as thoroughly as a .45 bullet. At the same moment, Dempsey's left sinks wrist deep in Joe's belly. They are both down, Dempsey on his back trying to paw himself up, Louis groveling on his face. The count reaches five. Neither is up yet.

Irv Shapiro sprawls dead on his face in Mike O'Brien's saloon. The brandy has finally struck home. ⌗

When the Eels Are Running

How to tell lampreys from elvers; to get home alive with congers, morays, or electric eels; how to dish them up

by H. E. WENRICH

• ARTICLE •

"When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock," the great eel migration is on. The slippery, finny, slimy tribe is moving to the sea.

Ask any culinary specialist calling himself an Eagle, Elk, Moose, Stag, or just ordinary Hog, what his favorite club supper is, and he will shout, "There is nothing on my menu but eels! Feed us eels!" For some reason or other, such meals are not known as "Dinners" but far and wide as, "Eel Suppers." Fraternities go for eels in a big way. Perhaps the reason is that only the female of the species ever graces the banquet table. Male eels never enter up fresh water streams. They are contented to stay behind along the seacoast, awaiting the return of the females. But nevertheless, they too go the way of all flesh, although their death is less ignoble.

When the eels are running, wiseheads among the purveyors of food lay in a supply of eels or have placed their orders beforehand. They know what it is to be caught napping. The unlucky club-room chef who waits too long after an eel run to stock up, will often find he has been caught short. Then trouble starts. His car will be ticketed for the least infraction of traffic rules; his house can go to hell if it catches fire; his fraternity brothers will claim he is lower than catch it; and the only recourse left such a dimwit degenerate is to jump off the river bridge and furnish a meal for the omnivorous voracious eels that have been fortunate enough to have escaped fishhooks, gigs, traps and baskets, while on their journey to the sea.

Unlike salmon, shad, and numerous other members of the deep that migrate from the sea to fresh water for spawning, the eels reverse this order, as being catadromous, they fatten up in fresh water streams, then make the long pilgrimage to their spawning waters deep beneath the blueness of the Sargasso Sea, south of Bermuda. But this is not the only unusual aspect inherent to the slimy tribe. One of the oddest, is their strange instinct that leads American eels back to American waters, and European eels to European waters; the larvae hatching in the same spawning waters. A Japanese print (flat, without shadows) would be something like this: Honorable girl eel meets Honorable boy eel to exchange greeting. They traverse many miles from coast to waters of birth. Honorable girl eel spawns, then Honorable boy eel germanizes eggs. Now that race is sure of birth, Honorable Mamma and Honorable Father, willingly give torch of life to offspring.

But presenting a picture of present-day life with sufficient feeling to show that everything in an eel's life isn't drudgery and death, here is the actual happening when the wenches—that have been lucky enough to escape our clutches—meet the boy-friends at sea. They slither around in the brackish waters along the coast like young jitterbugs gone haywire. The young bucks have a silver suit and look so handsome that the gals insist on being modeled with the same material. Mother Nature obliges; and within a few weeks not a yellow, brown or blackish wench is in the crowd. They have all turned silver! Realizing that the twilight-hour has approached their lives, the silver eels settle down to their long swim "Bermuda Bound." Reaching the waters of their birth, the wenches settle down to real business that would make any blue-ribbon chicken green with envy. Each one lays a few million eggs to start with, then unlimbers all birth-control pretense by laying a few more million eggs. The deep Sargasso sags with its heavy load of oily porridge. The young go-getters start sowing their wild oats by fertilizing the hatch. Thus a new life is started, and an old life ends.

Shortly after fertilization, the eggs are hatched into the larvae. Here is where Mamma and Papa's disintegrated carcasses keep baby eels in food until their eye-teeth are cut, for they grow into elvers before settling down to retracing the back-swim of their progenitors. American elvers (baby eels to you) hit the Atlantic coast in springtime about a year after hatching, while European elvers take approximately three years to cross the dangerous waters of the wide Atlantic infested with hobgoblins such as sharks, as well as other would-be assassins that reduce the eel population by the billions. After fresh water streams have been reached, the female elvers are no longer elvers, but fresh water eels. They make a beeline for the feeding grounds of their long departed mamma; scenting and nosing out familiar mud banks as a homing pigeon locates its loft.

At about this stage of the game, the girlies are just learning their ABC's—and just about six inches long; limber. They dig into culm and mud banks, under rotten logs and ledges, around sunken automobile bodies and protective boulders, nosing about for tid-bits to appease their rapacious appetite. It might be a bit of clam, a dead dog, a German carp, or other decaying matter along the water's edge, but whatever it is ripening with deterioration, each and every morsel is a choice bite for *Anquilla rostrata*, or, *Anquilla vulgaria*. Many fishermen digging the mud banks for bass bait mistake the lamprey for elvers. The two species are entirely distinct and separate. While the fresh water eels are fish, the lamprey is wiggling under false colors as it is not a true fish. The lamprey has no bones; no paired fins; no gills; and no real schnozzle. True, it has a queer-looking snoot that appears to be the real thing, but on close inspection, that schnozzle will be found

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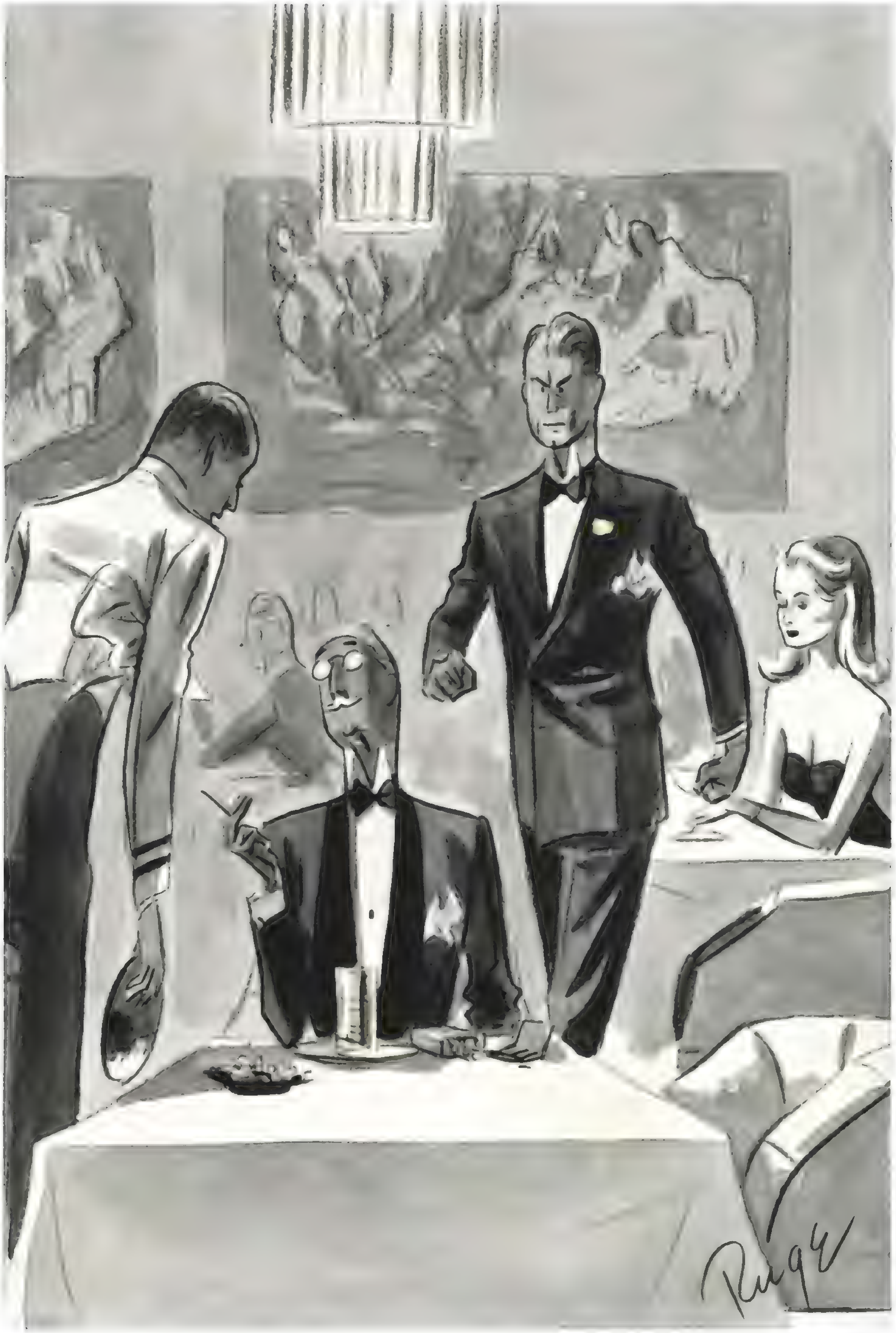
LICENSE BUREAU
FISHING LICENSES

"Is this a legal size for this sort of thing?"



"Don't look now, sir, but here comes the answer to the note you sent the young lady"

After All These Years

Speculating on that quality possessed by Rudy Vallee and Fanny Brice that has helped them to weather the storm

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

EARLY this fall I read that after ten years without interruption on the air, Rudy Vallee would be missing. A little later, I heard his remarkably dignified farewell speech. It is perfectly clear that Mr. Vallee could have found a sponsor had he wished to. But as he is resting, it gives us time to speculate on his special quality.

It happened that I had caught Mr. Vallee, in person, about two weeks before the announcement, and apparently I made one of my historic wrong guesses. Because it seemed to me not only that he was better than ever, but that he was in all probability the best showman in his business—which is, by the way, the prosperity of Rudy Vallee. Mr. Billy Rose's job is not pushing forth Billy Rose; he has a show to produce. But Vallee, like Cantor, like Bing Crosby, like Whiteman, and a few others, has a program *and a person* to produce. None of those I have named are exactly duffers at the job. But Mr. Vallee had to overcome greater disabilities and in many ways had less basic and original talent to play with; he had to be a master showman or he was finished almost as soon as he began.

Do you remember the days when it seemed that he had gone overboard? Who in Heaven's name could resist the total odium which fell upon him, because he was the best known of the crooners and every dirty crack at them he had to take to his bosom. Who could live through the affection of elderly spinsters and the indifference of the hard younger set? Who could get anywhere, when the beginning was so collegiate, and didn't even make fun, as Waring's Pennsylvanians did, but took the Maine Stein Song to be music and poetry all in one? Who could live through the whole of the depression anyhow?

Of course we know that Mr. Vallee stopped featuring his croon (I don't know whether he ever bothered to learn to sing) and became the top man in a program which introduced Charlie McCarthy to the world and loads of other stars; and some of you may remember that on his program Mr. Vallee would bring forth so un-radiable a person as Hillaire Belloc and conduct with him a conversation in which both seemed remarkably brilliant, both remarkably agreeable people. Yes, Mr. Vallee knew when to quit what he was doing, and do something else. But he knew something else.

The night I dined at the Astor Roof where he was playing, I was warned to arrive by a certain time because after the show began, service was a bit sketchy. I don't like to be hurried, but I arrived in fairly good time and I saw the whole show. It wasn't much good. If Vallee had discovered new talent he was saving it for the air. There isn't anything much drearier than a bad parodist; any three girls who sing are as good or as bad as any other three girls who sing; and so on. It was a mid-summer show at a quantity-production roof, and it wasn't at all disagreeable; but not distinguished.

And as it ended, Mr. Vallee appeared and said, "Now ladies and gentlemen, I'm sorry but that's all of the entertainment for tonight, and I suggest that you go on with your dinners and we'll play and presently when you want to, you can dance . . . we'll still be here." That was the general tenor of his remark and it was made in such a way that you simply couldn't accuse him of coyness. He knew that ninety per cent of the people who came there had come because they wanted to hear him play, see him in person, and dance to his music. But he was the long-sustaining part of the evening and the others were the features; and he managed to make himself extremely agreeable while he bowed them out and himself in.

And when he played a medley of his old favorites, right through, including the unspeakable croonings of his earliest days, the people danced or applauded where they sat and had a very good time.

Morris Gest once told the story of his early days when he bought a live vixen and put her in a tent and came out and cried to the yokels, "She's all naked and her skin is soft and you'll dream about her at night . . ." and they trooped in for fifteen cents a look and came out too sheepish to tell the others . . . and that, Mr. Gest cried out, "that's show business."

Maybe. What Vallee has is showmanship.

SECOND NOTE: MISS BRICE

And what Fanny Brice has is genius. Of course Miss Brice is an old-timer and learned in a harder school than radio. She was a headliner, and a great woman, when Mr. Vallee was being crooned to, not crooning. Not remarkable, then, that she remains at the top. But the remarkable thing is that she has made a new top for herself. The stage she knew doesn't exist. No vaudeville; no Ziegfeld; few Follies of any other kind. And some people even imagine that styles have changed.

Miss Brice has never been any great shakes in the movies. I don't know why, unless it is that the general blah of movie musicals is more than she can bear. I saw her in a picture once and she was a million times better than anyone else; but then I don't remember who else was there. Maybe her style isn't movie style.

I know little of the ups and downs, if any, of her career in radio. I know that she brought to it the one character in all her repertory for which I never cared very much: Baby Snooks. I know that this character is played against a Daddy who sounds the way Gene Howard looks when Willie Howard tells a joke—a combination of the slowburn and the superfluous assist. This isn't to be held against the

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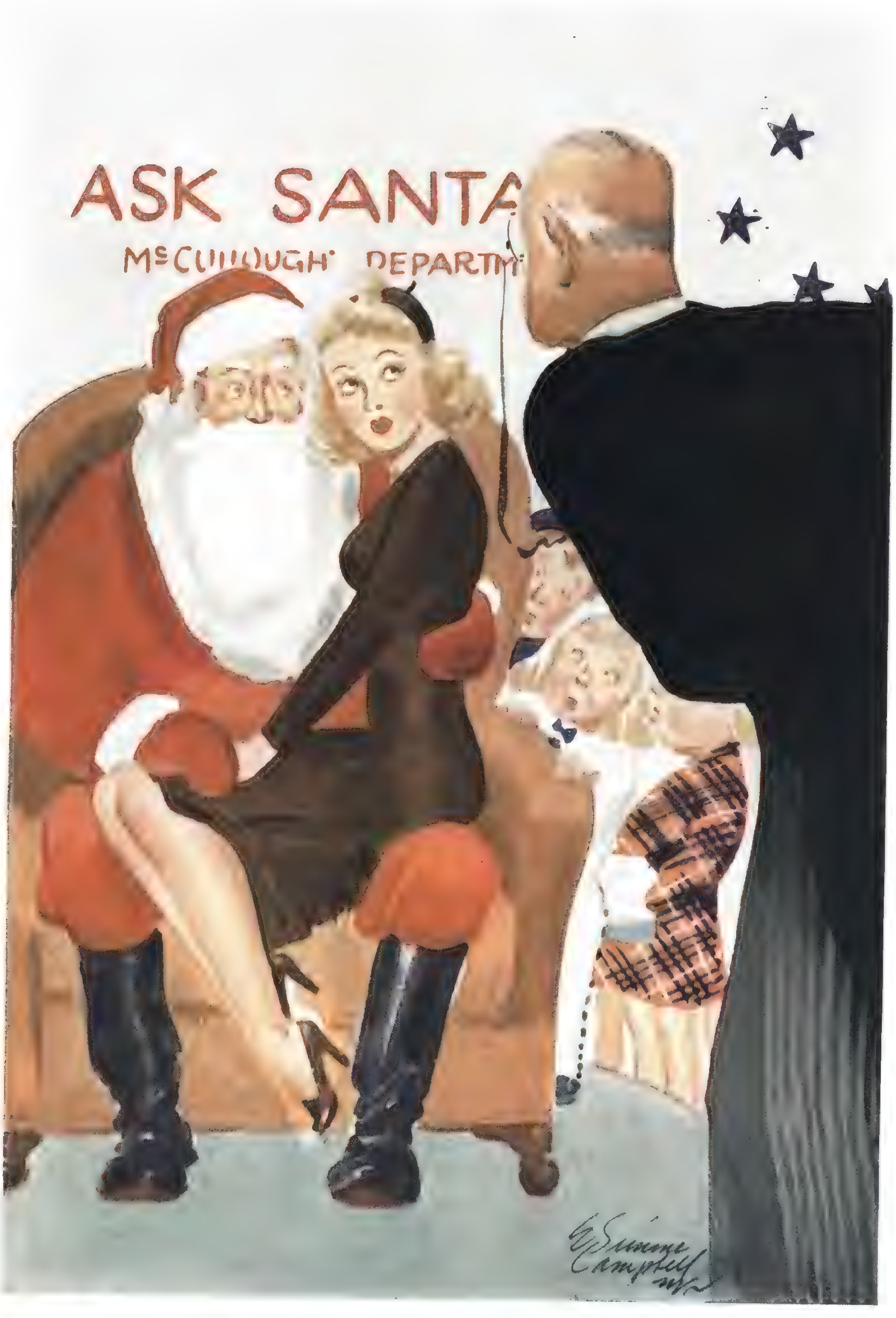
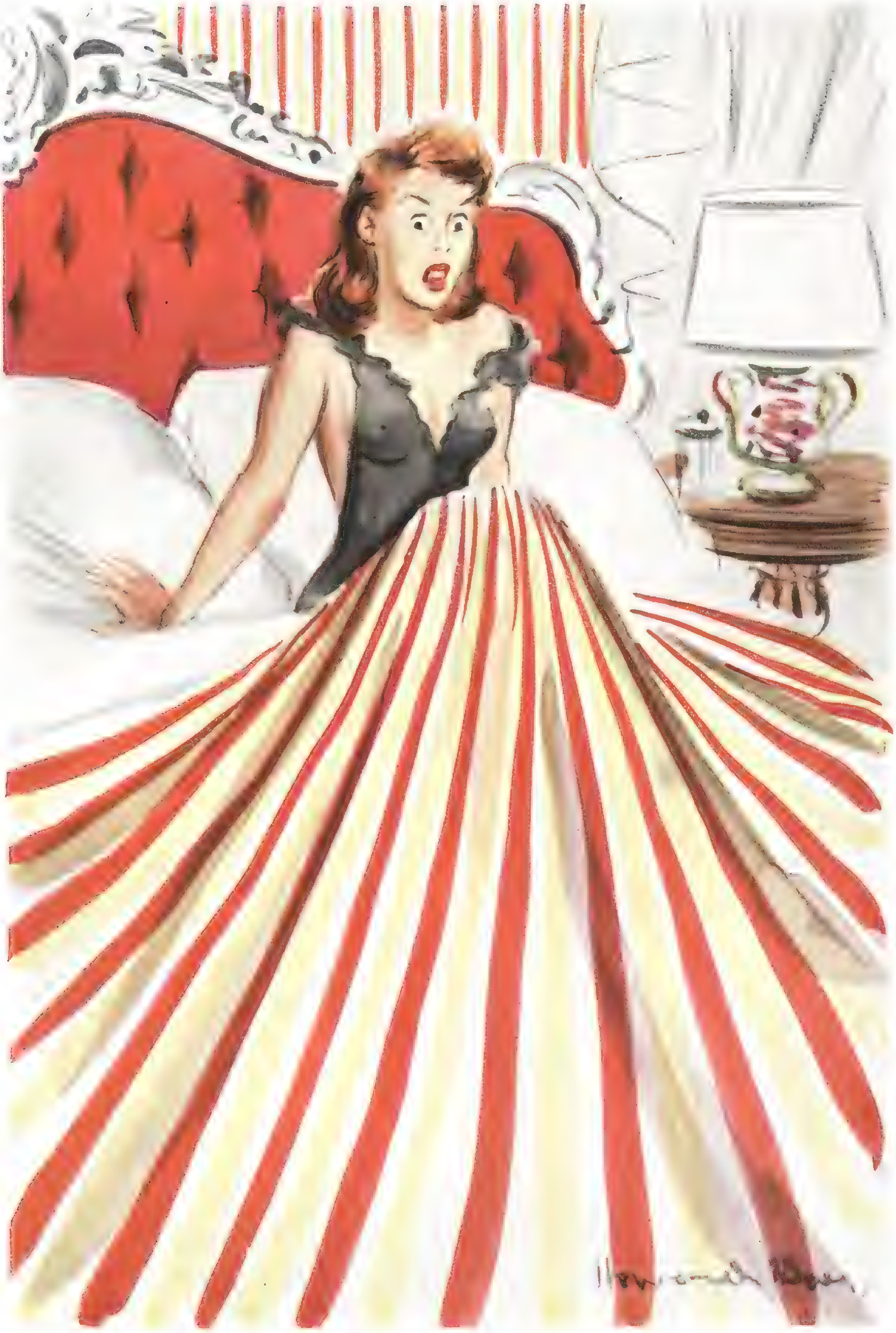
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Be careful, Babe, the money's 'hot'!"


ASK SANTA
McCULLOUGH DEPARTM
E. Simms Campbell

"Come! Come! Corcoran!—Give the smaller children a chance!"



"Good heavens! Clothes certainly do make the man!"

A Point of Honor

Perhaps cigarette smoke played a trick so the girl in the movie-house lobby thought she caught a come-hither look

by DAVID CORNEL DeJONG

▪ FICTION ▪

Actually, I recognized something untoward immediately, but it was the startling tawdriness of the place which made me more obtuse than I should have been. There she stood, jutting somewhat from the crowd of young fellows, most of whom were dressed in mackinaws, bush coats, sweaters, and even much faded overalls. And her eyes seemed to be drifting out to me, taking anchor on my face, while her fingers were grabbing somewhat possessively at nothing at all in that lobby, unless it was the cigarette smoke and popcorn fumes, which made the place fairly opaque. She fairly exuded a sort of protective covetousness, of which I couldn't imagine myself as being the prey; certainly I couldn't possibly resemble anything she'd ever lost or mislaid.

Perhaps the smokiness distorted things, I comforted myself, as I pushed toward the ticket window, where a risible sort of chap, in wide, blue cape over grey corduroys kept twanging: "Room downstairs only. No room in the balcony." I bought a downstairs ticket for fifteen cents. That crowd in the lobby was evidently waiting for the ten-cent balcony seats. I cast one furtive glance back at the girl, recognizing her by her drooping hat and spiny-looking furpiece, even through the smoke. Then I hurried inside, considerably prickled by all sorts of monitory qualms. What in the world was I doing at a place like this?

It just seemed to have happened. I had stopped at the street corner to buy a newspaper, when I noticed the movie house half a block away. *Of Human Bondage* . . . old, but I'd missed it so far. On the same bill was something called *Speed Devils*. Consulting my watch, I had hesitated, because I wasn't very well acquainted in that end of town. Seven-forty-five . . . Then the newsboy sizing up my indecision, had said helpfully: "It's a swell show, mister. It's worth your money." And with that specious recommendation to clinch matters, I had come.

The popcorn and peanut smells were thicker inside. Voices from the screen bellowed, four times louder than I'd ever heard them before. Bette Davis loomed at the far end of the center aisle, flickering, almost sputtering. An usher pointed at a seat. "But that's behind a pillar," I protested. "Well, bud, if you wanna stand," he shrugged and walked away. I decided to sit.

At that moment I had practically forgotten the girl in the lobby. As I headed where the usher had pointed, however, I realized there were two vacant seats together. Suddenly there seemed something prearranged about it all; words like fate, destiny and the inevitable, flashed through my mind, while I tried to select one of the two seats. My indecision kept me preoccupied for a while. I saw that the pillar was rather slender, but even so, if I chose the seat nearest the aisle, I'd have to slant considerably leftward, over a much-entwined couple. From the other seat I had the choice of leaning at a right-tangent toward an obese man, who settled the question, however, by leaning contentedly toward me, saying: "It's okay, slim. I just had that seat myself." Then I realized also that everybody in the audience seemed to be talking to everybody else. And not in whispers; that wasn't necessary. The roaring Leslie Howard and Bette Davis did from the screen was competently viable over any other sound. It was a moment of considerable love-making on the screen, and the audience, more or less in harmony, rooted: "Atta boy, Atta boy. Wheeh, whee . . ." I was sufficiently entranced to forget all my premonitions.

I had barely adjusted myself, however, when she came . . . Unmistakably the girl of the lobby, the bristling fur, the drooping hat. Pushing herself unceremoniously across the entwined couple, rustling a bag of candy I hadn't noticed before, she dropped herself in the seat beside me. As yet she didn't seem to be taking any notice of me, taking considerable time settling herself, teetering between left and right, while her hand had already jabbed into the paper bag, and her mouth was churning on chocolate-reeking candy. From her fur rose odors of slightly rotted, faintly sour petals. Suddenly from behind her, a thick voice suggested: "How about takin' yer hat off, sister?" She turned vehemently and snapped: "Whyn't you ask me to move that pillar, too?" And that seemed to settle matters, and she kept her large hat flapping from one side to the other, till at last she chose to settle toward me, leaning for a while sedately against me. "Can you see, mister?" she asked.

"If you lean the other way . . ." I suggested.

"No," she said. "Oh, no."

I leaned a bit further toward the large man, who said: "It's all right, slim. Don't be bashful." He had a faraway smell of burned onions and liniment about him. At the moment Leslie Howard on the screen had a brooding fit, which the audience seemed to resent considerably. And I was wondering if perhaps there hadn't been something come-hither in my eyes when I had looked at this girl in the lobby. Unconsciously, of course; or the smoke had played me a trick. Now, what to do with her . . .

"Have one?" she asked, thrusting her paper bag toward me.

"Thanks," I said, wondering why I accepted. It was a chocolate-covered marshmallow.

"Don't mention it. D'you like it?" she asked. "I mean the picture. I seen it twice; it's good."

Just then, Leslie Howard had finished his

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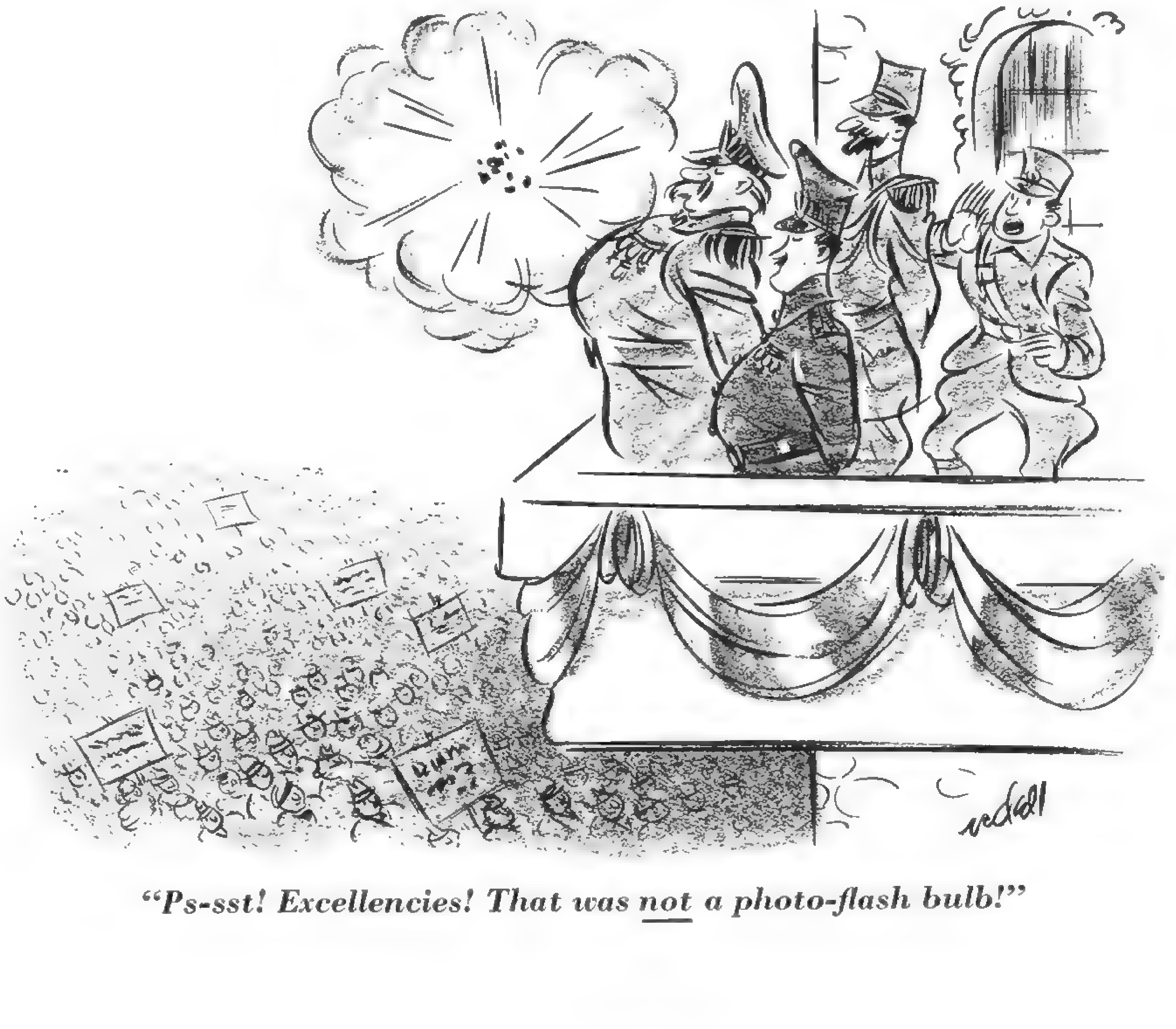
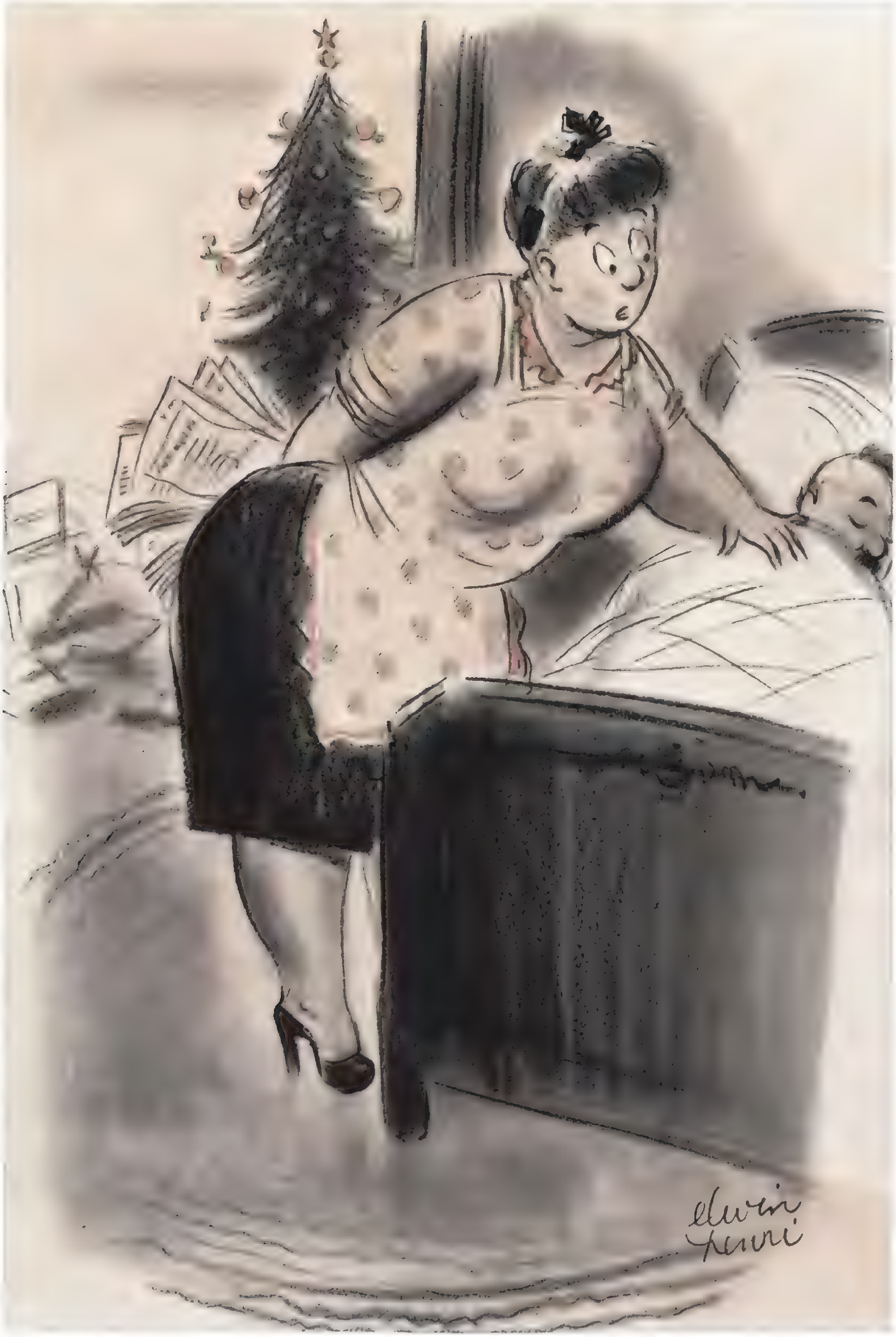


"Ps-sst! Excellencies! That was not a photo-flash bulb!"



"Wake up, John, it's Christmas morning! Get up and take a look at the . . . bills!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Turning the critical spotlight, just for a change, on Abbott, Brady, Cohan, Hopkins, Dowling, and other producers

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

Dramatic critics habitually write about everybody connected with the theatre but the producers. They write about playwrights, actors, actresses, stage directors, scene designers, costume designers, dancers, pantomimists, the chorus girl second from the left in the front line, and even the girl ushers if they happen to be good-looking. But the men who put up the money, or—more usually—get someone else to put it up for them, seem to get a break only when they die or go into bankruptcy, on both which occasions the critics work up a little sentimental reaction to them, rather belatedly.

By way of giving the poor neglected fellows their day in print, I devote this month's department to them. Aside from affording them a little gratification, it may also serve a collateral constructive purpose in acquainting theatrical hopefuls in the direction of playwriting and acting with the nature of the men they will have to deal with. I proceed to the biographical remarks alphabetically.

George Abbott doesn't drink or smoke, thus preserving his unimpaired energy for rhumba dancing, which he engages in nightly for four or five unflinching hours, and for the kind of direction which converts his stages into a cross between the Hambletonian and an intercollegiate track meet. His success is chiefly with farce-comedy, at which he is a foxy hand. When he tries that hand at the more elevated species of drama, it loses its cunning. Give him something in which three men rush madly about a room tearing frantically at their neckties, the while the pants fall off one of them, and worrying how they can raise five dollars either to pay their hotel bill, bet on a horse, back a play, hornswoggle a movie deal, or get control of a gold mine, the while in turn they ejaculate "Nuts," "It stinks," or, "How about calling up Jock Whitney?" and the next morning you are pretty certain to read my colleagues' tributes to his remarkable genius, along with the news that the line of art-lovers at the box office is half a mile long. But give him a play in which human emotions impel their possessors to sit down quietly once in a while and to speak their thoughts without once resorting to such facetiæ as "Sez you" or "I wonder what Lee Shubert is writing on the tablecloth at the Astor," and he gives the impression of being lost.

In the way of what is often too restrictedly called popular entertainment (for, after all, such a play as *Tobacco Road* has run much longer than Abbott's most successful runner, *Three Men On a Horse*, such a one as *The Children's Hour* longer than *Boy Meets Girl*, and such as *Rain*, *The Green Pastures* and *Street Scene* longer than *Brother Rat*)—in the way of this so-called popular entertainment Abbott has few rivals. But if someone like O'Neill or O'Casey were perchance to send him a script, he would be so puzzled and confused that you'd probably find him that night doing the minuet under the impression that it was the conga.

Richard Aldrich is a quiet, cultivated, reserved sort of fellow who hasn't been in the business long enough for us to get a real critical slant on him. So we'll hold off on him for the time being.

William A. Brady, on the other hand, has been in the business so long that he himself can hardly remember when he began. He is, naturally, a representative of the older theatrical and dramatic order, an order whose chief characteristic is a peculiar conviction that the theatre died on the day the road couldn't assimilate more than five companies of *A Trip to Chinatown* and that the drama is in the doldrums because there are no more Jules Eckert Goodmans writing masterpieces like *The Man Who Came Back*. Bill, a genuinely charming old boy, for some years held the record for proclaiming the demise of the theatre. The statistics show that he proclaimed it at least twenty times every season for a period of twenty-two years. In the other three years of a twenty-five-year period his annual obituaries fell to a mere sixteen, due to the fact that one year he was laid up with a bad case of rheumatism, that in another he went to Europe and didn't want to spend money for the heavy cable charges, and that in the third he had produced a play which was embarrassingly packing his theatre to the roof, presumably with people who had given up going to the theatre.

The firm of Bushar and Tuerk is composed of George Bushar Markle, a wealthy coal-mine owner, and Johnny Tuerk, who for years worked for the abovementioned M. Brady. Markle is a worldly and liberal fellow and Tuerk knows the managerial side of the theatre business from consommé to salted almonds, but save for their acceptance and production of O'Casey's *Within the Gates* their taste in and judgment of play manuscripts has been pretty bad. For one example, they rejected Carroll's *Shadow and Substance* in favor of the Goodmans' *Many Mansions*, thus simultaneously losing critical affection and their shirts instead of achieving the former and making a pot of money on the side.

Delos Chappell must regretfully be listed as a dilettante, although it is to his credit that he saw the very considerable virtues in Robert Turney's excellent script, *Daughters of Atreus* (subsequently, not to his credit, woefully botching it in production), as well as the appetizing humors in *Father Malachy's Miracle*. He indicates a measure of taste but is handicapped by a half-hearted approach to the theatre and by inexperience. If he were to apply himself singly and seriously to the theatre he might in time develop into a pro-

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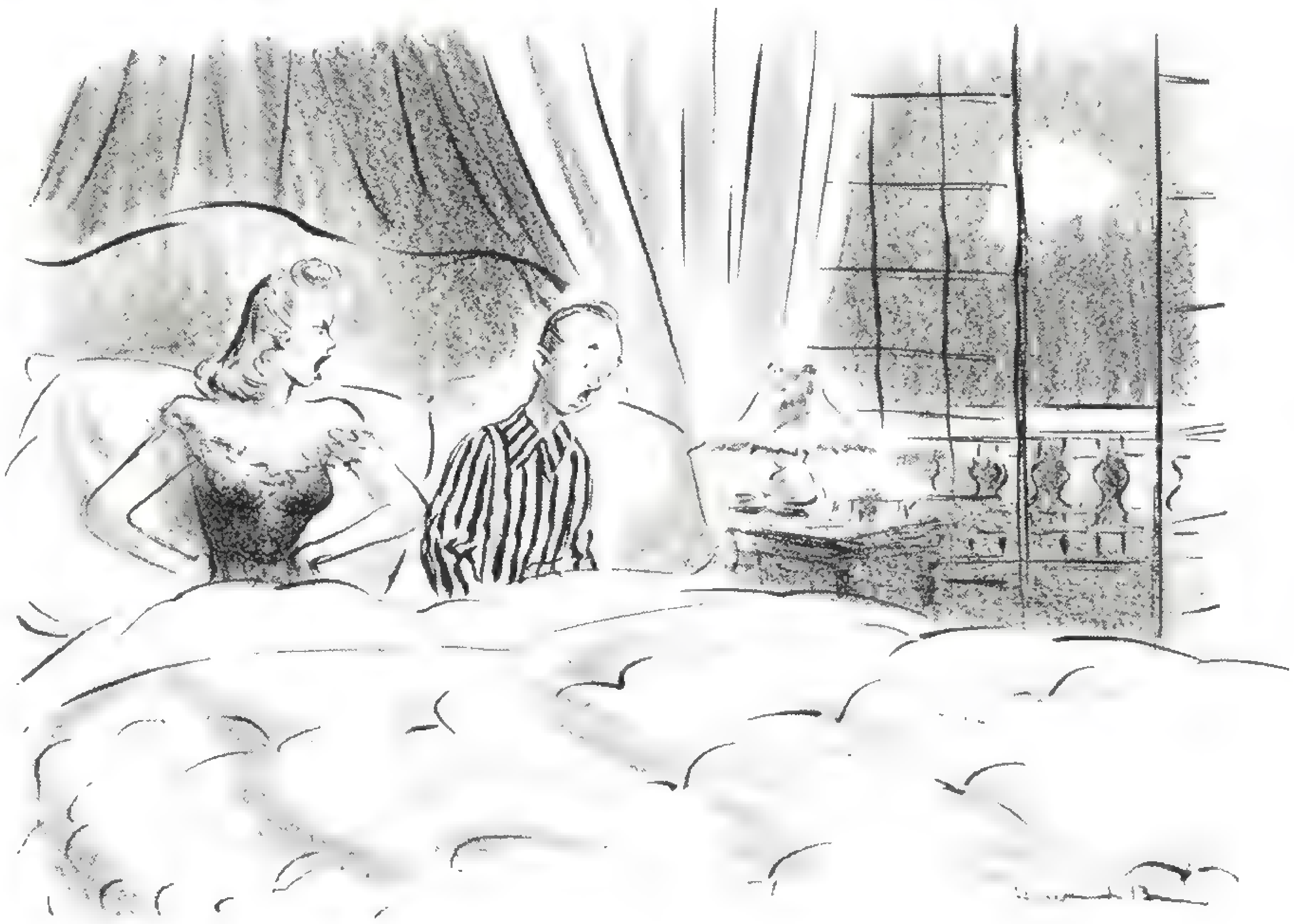


"If I was sure it was a big burglar, I'd go down myself"

Saving the Bees

The boys swore they'd take all the honeybees from the Plum Grove hills folks, back to the woods and freedom

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

"Come over here, Shan," says Big Aaron to me. "I've got something I want to tell you." I walk over across the creek to a rock cliff. Ennis Shelton, Little Edd Hargis and Dave Caxton are standing beside of Big Aaron Roundtree. Big Aaron is smoking his pipe. Ennis, Little Edd and Dave are smoking home-rolled, hawk-billed cigarettes.

"Now, Shan," says Big Aaron, "we are going to save the honeybees in this country. We are going to try to free them. The honeybees don't have liberty anymore. Look up in your yard! Your Pappie has six stands of them back of the woodyard. Look at the stands of bees my Pappie's got—twenty-six of them over on the bank from the house under the pines! Look at the honeybees that old Willis Dials has! Look at the bees Kenyons have upon the Old Line Special. Look at the bees Uncle Fonse Tillman's got and old Warfield Flaughtery! Boys, we've got to do something about it! Are you willing to jine us, Shan? If you tell anything it won't be good for you! If you are ever caught saving bees and you are whipped because you won't tell on the rest of us—you let them whip you until the blood runs out—and you never tell! Can you be that kind of a soldier?"

"I can," I says. "I'll do all I can to save the bees. We ain't going to take my Pappie's bees, are we?"

"We are going to take your Pappie's bees and my Pappie's bees," says Big Aaron. "We don't have any respect for any person's bees. We are going after all of them. We are going to take the bees back to the woods. We are going to set them free. It is a big job but we can do it. Every man must fight to the last. He can't get cold feet. If he is shot at—he can't let that bother him. He must grab the bee stand and run anyway. The bees must be put back in the woods—let them grow wild again. It's got so in these parts you can't find a wild bee tree anymore. It is a shame to coop bees in boxes and sawed-off logs and make them work their lives away for a lazy bunch of people. We won't have it!"

The water drips from the roof of the cliff. It drips on my ear and tickles it. The ferns hang over the front of the cliff. There is a pile of ashes on the floor of the cliff with burned-brown rocks around the ashes. There is a wire wrapped around a splinter of rock above and hangs above the ash pile. It has a hook on the end of it to hold a pot. There are chicken feathers around the rocks. Back in one corner of the cliff is a .22 rifle. Beside the .22 rifle is a .32 Smith and Wesson pistol. Beyond the drip of water is a big pile of dry oak leaves.

"Boys this cliff can be our home," says Big Aaron. "It is our hide-out. We can work from here when we are saving the bees. We can have chicken any time we want chicken. We can have honey any time we want wild honey. We can have Irish taters and sweet taters any time we want them. Show me a house here that ain't got a tater patch beside of it. We have a cup here to catch our water from the drip in this cliff. We have a good oak-leaf bed. All five of us can sleep in the oak leaves with our guns beside of us. This cliff is back from the road and the ferns nearly hide the front of it. It just looks like the green hillside. No one would know that a cliff is here unless he would come over here, push the ferns back and look in. If he ever does that he'll be batted in the face so hard he'll never do it again."

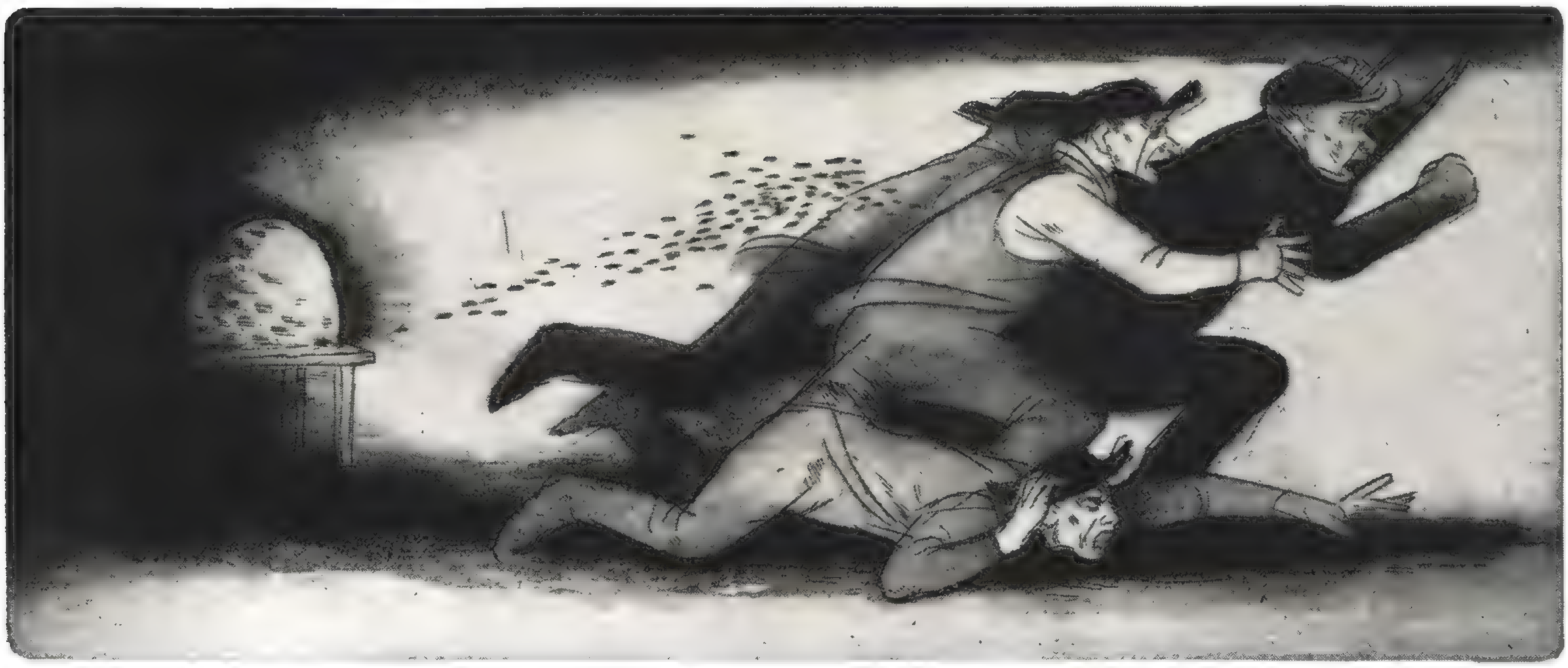
"When will we meet, Big Aaron?" asks Ennis Shelton.

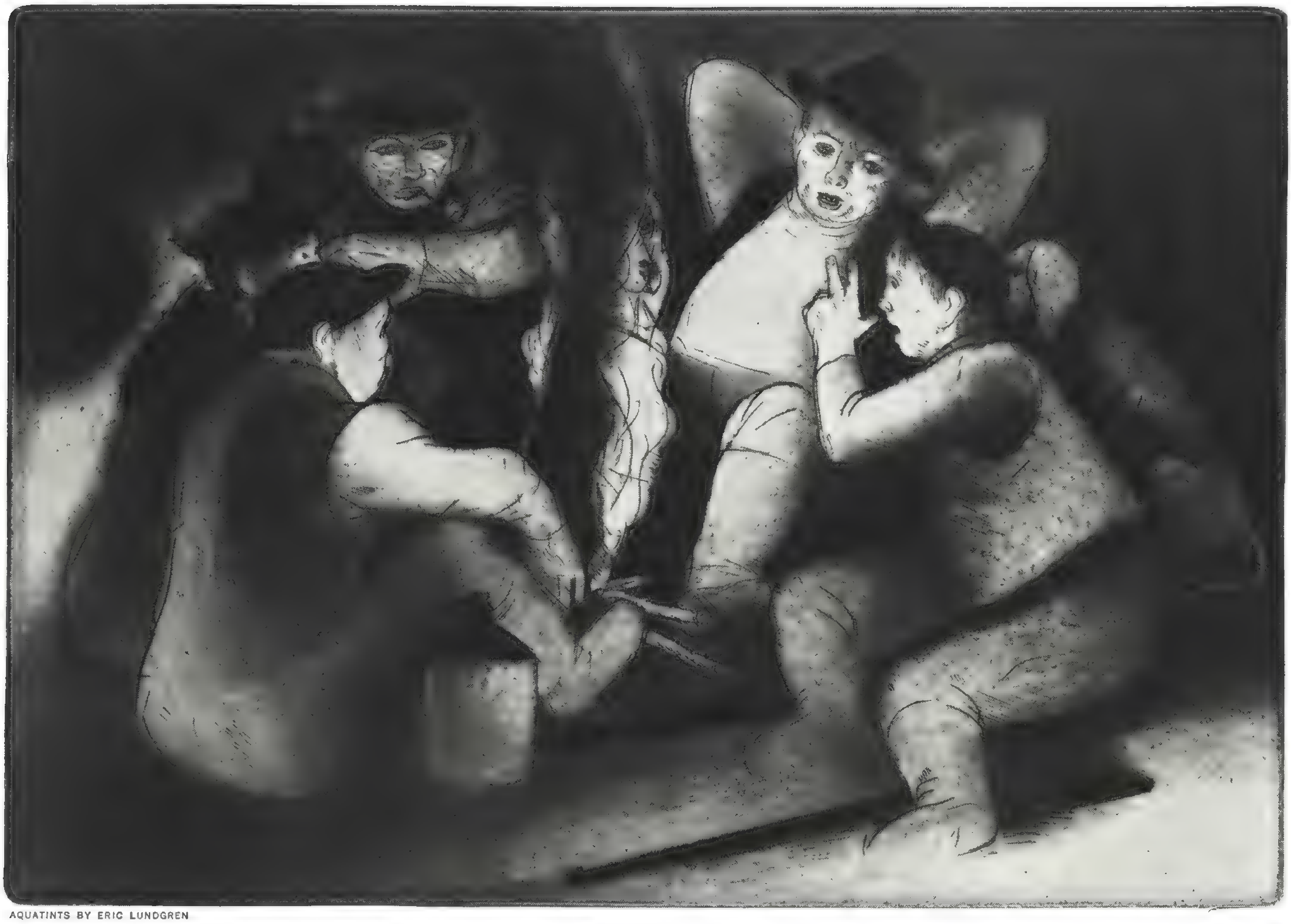
"Be here tonight when you see the moon come above the pines on the Flaughtery hill," says Big Aaron. "You be here, Shan. Don't pick up no stranger and bring 'im along either. You come straight to the cliff. All of you boys be here on time. It is in the light of the moon now and the moon ain't goin' to waste no time nohow gettin' to the top of that pine thicket on the Flaughtery hill."

"We'd all better be gettin' home to get our suppers now," says Dave.

Big Aaron hides the pistol and the rifle in the leaves. He walks under the cliff—pushes back the ferns and sticks his head out. "Everything is clear, boys," he says. He leads the way out. We follow Big Aaron. He is sixteen years old. He has big arms and a big bull-neck. He can pull the plow in the field like a horse. His hands are hard as rocks. He has a heavy beard on his face. He is the stoutest boy among the Plum Grove hills. He can lift 7 x 9 crossties and load them on a jolt wagon. He can shoot a sparrow's head off with the .22 rifle from the top of the highest tree. He says he can save all the bees among the Plum Grove hills.

I leave the boys at the forks of the road. I go up the creek home. I eat my supper, carry in stove wood, kindling—draw up water for the night from the well under the oak tree. I milk two cows and strain the milk into the crocks on the big flat rock on the smokehouse floor. I am ready to go to the cliff. I





AQUATINTS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

turn to walk away. "Where are you goin' Shan?" asks Pa.

"Fox huntin'," I says. "I'm goin' out with Big Aaron Hargis to hear his hound pup run."

"Just like me," says Pa, "when I was your age. I loved to hear hounds. Go out and lay around all night on the cold ground. That's the reason I'm so full of rheumaties today. But you go on and live and learn like I have. I still love to hear the hounds."

I walk down the hollow to the big road. I turn down the big road—down to the big sycamore. I look up the road and down the road—I cannot see anyone coming. I run across the rocks at the foot of the bluff. I run down behind the trees. I climb up the little path to the cliff. I can hear voices within. I climb up—part the ferns—the boys are all under the cliff. I look toward the Flaughtery hill—the big moon is coming up behind the trees. Its face is red—It is blushing like a young boy that watches things from behind the trees.

"You're here," says Big Aaron. "Now Shan Powderjay—remember if you ever tell anything, the rest of us will down you and cut your tongue out. That is the jail sentence for a tattle-tale among us. We have a job to do and we must do it. You fellars follow me tonight. We're goin' after Willis Dials' bees. I've been past his house today. I know where he keeps his bees. I know a little path that leads up the bank to the bee gums. You fellars just follow me."

We follow Big Aaron down the hollow. We do not go along the road. We follow the creek bed. We wade the water. We come to the big white oak at the forks of the W-Hollow and the Three-mile road. We take to the hill. We follow a fox path over the hill to the Old Line Special railroad tracks. We can see the big log house upon the bank above the railroad track where Willis Dials lives. "See the bee gums in the front yard, boys," says Big Aaron. "There are five of them. There are five of us. The bees ain't working now. Stick little pieces of wood in their holes so they can't come out. Lift them easily. You won't get a sting. I'll get the first bee gum. You just watch me. Do as I do."

Big Aaron slips up the bank. He takes little sticks and stops the two little holes where the bees come out of the gum. Then he lifts the gum to his back. He walks down the bank. No one whispers. Each of us tops the holes where the bees come out with little sticks. We get our bee gums on our backs—We follow Big Aaron up a little path to our left around the Plum Grove hill. After we get away from the yard—a dog comes out and barks. He barks and barks. "Don't be afraid boys," says Big Aaron. "He ain't no bitin' dog. He's one of them barkin' dogs that never bites. Come on with your bees."

"Lord but this is a heavy load, Big Aaron," I says. "I don't know whether I can carry it or not. Sweat has popped out all over me."

"You ain't no man," says Big Aaron, "if you can't carry a bee gum loaded with honey and bees." My bee gum is a cut of a hollow log with boards nailed on the top and bottom. It is black gum and it is heavy.

"I'm about all pooped out with my load too," says Dave Caxton. "Sweat is streaming in my eyes until I can't see the path. I'm wet as a river with sweat."

"Follow me," says Big Aaron. "I've got the heaviest bee gum of all you. I got a cut from a hollow beech-log. It's the heaviest wood in the world. I'd hate to think I couldn't carry one cut of a saw-log." We follow Big Aaron down the cow-path and up the Jackson hill. We follow slowly to the top. We are getting our breaths like spans of mules pulling a jolt-wagon load of crossties out of W-Hollow. Big Aaron reaches the top. He sets down his bee gum. "Here's the top, boys," he says. "Now we'll smoke before we go down the other side."

We reach the top of the hill. We put our burdens down. The bees are mad within the gums. If they could get out they would sting us to death. But we have them fastened in behind the little sticks. We roll our cigarettes in brown sugar-poke paper. We fill the papers with crumbled, home-grown tobacco. Dave takes a dry match from his hatband. He strikes it on his teeth. He lights our cigarettes. We stand in the moonlight and pant and blow smoke toward the red-faced moon. The cool wind from the high hilltops hits us. It dries our sweaty clothes. It cools our faces.

"Let's finish our job," says Little Edd Hargis. "How much futter we got to go?"

"Just under the hill," says Big Aaron. "I've got the place picked. It's safe for the bees."

We throw down the stubs of our cigarettes. We twist the fire out'n them with our shoes. We pick up our stands of bees. We walk down the hill behind Big Aaron. We walk down to a locust thicket. There is a groundhog path back under the locusts. Big Aaron bends down and walks back this path. We follow him back to a little open space where he puts the bees down. "Ain't this a safe place for the bees," says Big Aaron. "Look what a purty place for them! See, I got one bee gum here already. I got one of Pap's and brought it

Continued on page 104

Happy Pioneers Day

Private Smoot figured those men with beards and girls with old-fashioned skirts would probly raise some hell

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

Private smoot shook his head and looked up from the newspaper. "Boy oh boy," he remarked.

"What's the matter?" said Private Cleasby. "Is Switzerland declared war against Russia?"

"Boy oh boy," Smoot repeated. "That is really gonna be something, this here Pioneers Day."

Ortwingle had his rifle dismounted. "Never heard of it," he said as he wiped the film of oil from the firing pin.

"All you ever heard of," said Smoot, "is what anybody tole you. If you would go and learnt to read maybe you'd find out something."

"Well," Corky Smith inquired, "what the hell is it?"

"It's—it's Pioneers Day. I guess they must be pretty dumb if anybody don't know what a Pioneers Day is."

"What?" said Private Cleasby.

"Jeez, I'm tryin' to explain it, ain't I? It says people all gits dressed up like pioneers and raises beards and there is girls all gits wearin' them old-fashioned skirts and guys ride horses and covered wagons and some guys is Indians and raises hell in general. It tells you right here in the paper. Some birds goes as cowboys, and—"

"Why do they have it?" asked Ortwingle.

Smoot threw up his hands. "How the hell do I know why they have it! They jist have it. It don't say nothin' about why in this here newspaper."

Ortwingle, interested, put down the parts of his rifle. "Where's it gonna come off?"

"Down in Ewenville. Everybody's gonna go from all over the state. Especially guys which is pioneers."

"That leaves me out," said Cleasby. "I was born in a orphan asylum."

"Ewenville—that's way over the other side of the state, ain't it? What good does it do to you havin' it there?" Corky inquired.

"They gotta have it there. That's where the pioneers settled in the old days. Boy oh boy. Would I like to go to this Pioneers Day!" Smoot repeated dreamily.

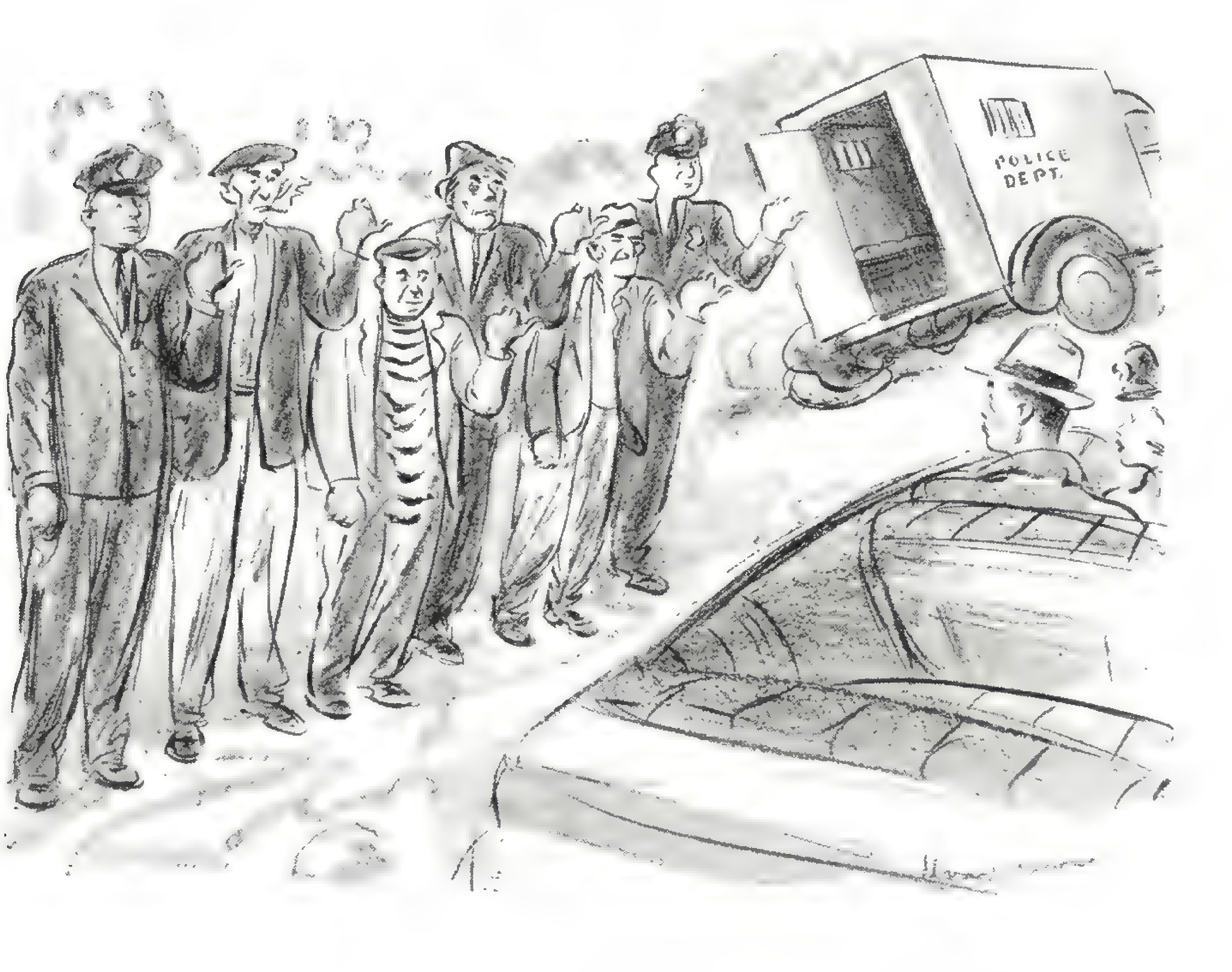
"In the first place," said Cleasby, "nobody ain't got any money. In the second place, it would take a day to get there and a day to get back. In the third place, it don't sound so dam hot to me—dressin' up like pioneers."

"I'd sure crave to raise me a beard just the same," said Ortwingle.

"Zowie!" Smoot exclaimed. "I got a idear."

"If it is anything like that there idea you went and had about shootin' craps," said Corky, "just go and leave me out of it."

"No. This is some idear. We'll put in for a pass and git about six guys to chip in some dough and hire one of these here Drivit Yourself autos. Boy, is that a good idear!"


POLICE DEPT.

The thought was pervasive, as Smoot's suggestions always were.

"I would certainly like to see myself in a beard," Ortwingle murmured.

"I got a dollar six-bits," said Corky.

"How much you got?" said Smoot to Cleasby.

Cleasby counted his money. "Two-eighteen."

Ortwingle looked up sorrowfully. "I ain't got nothin'. But I'd be ony too willin' to chip it in if I did."

"That's all right," said Smoot. "I think maybe I kin git a loaned of two bucks."

"It ain't no use," Corky shrugged. "They wants seven and a half a day for one of them flivvers. The hell with Pioneers Day. I guess it would be lousy anyway."

"Yeah," said Cleasby. "I bet it's lousier than hell. The cluck that thought up Pioneers Day is probly escaped from some nuthouse. It don't make no sense raisin' beards and wearin' ole-fashioned skirts."

Smoot rose and faced his comrades. "I have never seen no guys with such little brains as I have got in this here squad that I belong to. There is one question which will solve the whole answer, and that question is jist one word. The corp!"

"Sure," cried Ortwingle delightedly. "The corp!"

"The corp. That's it."

"Leave it to Smooty. What a head!"

"You think we kin git the corp to chip in with us?" asked Cleasby.

"Why not?" said Smoot. "We'll raise up about five bucks and the corp'll put in about ten. Boy oh boy. Will this be some Pioneers Day!"

"Yeah, but how about what do we eat on durin' them two days? And gasoline for the flivver?" said the practical Cleasby.

"Some birds they is always worryin' crossin' their bridges before they are hatched," said Smoot. "The corp ain't gonna let us down once we're started for this here Pioneers Day. I think I'll begin to raise my beard right now."

"What do you do?" asked Ortwingle.

"Do about what?"

"About startin' to raise a beard?"

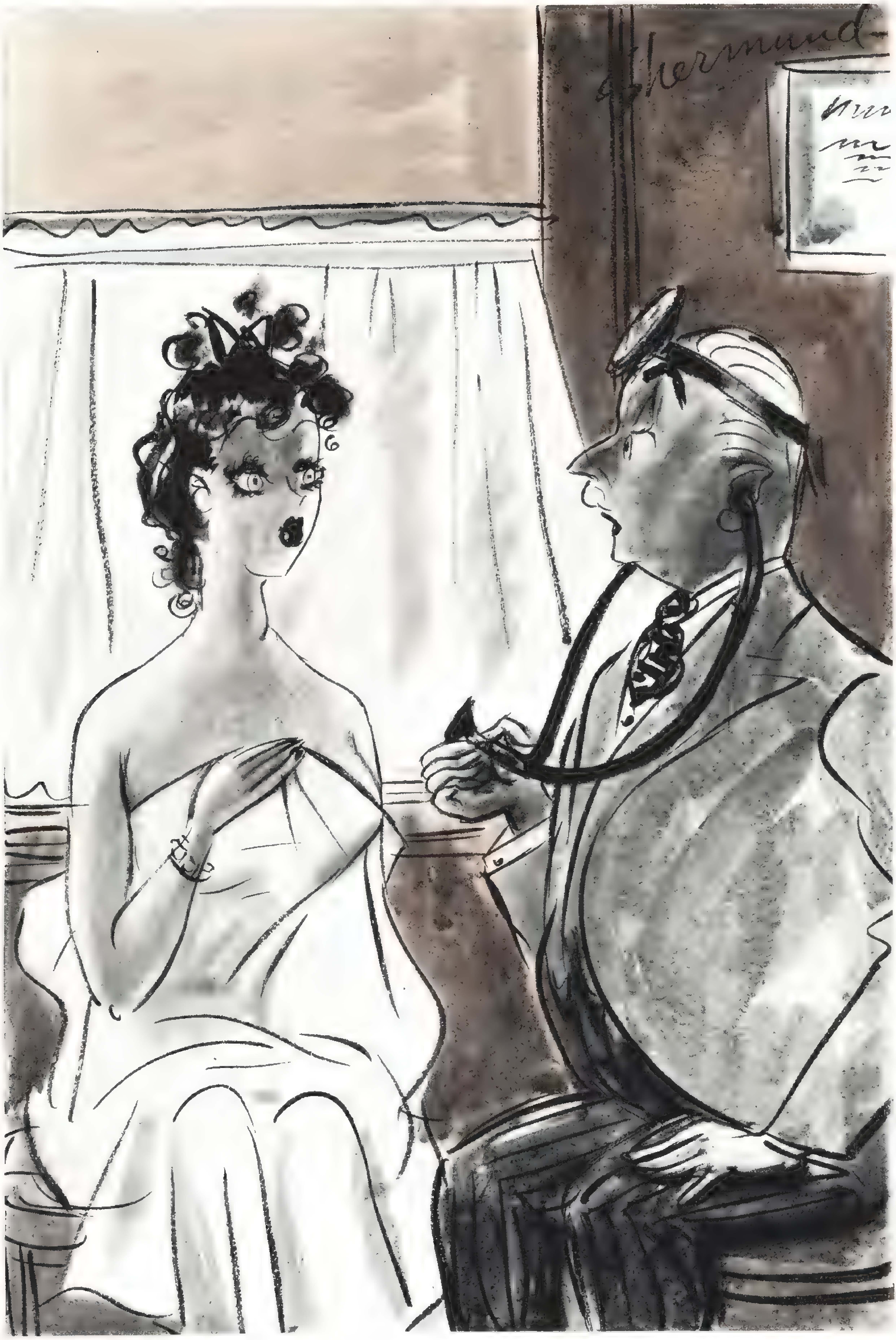
"I ain't never seen no dummies like I am got around me," Smoot sighed.

In the next few days Corporal Edwards was the subject of such a concerted campaign as would break down an iron man's resistance. "What is this?" he asked. "An insane asylum?"

"Don't go and be no killjoy, Corp," said Smoot. "All it takes is about ten bucks. We puts up the rest."

"I haven't got any ten dollars to go wastin' ridin' around the country to no Pioneers

Continued on page 141



"You see, the party was chaperoned on the honor system"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Since this is the season when it's better to read about music than to hear it, we recommend these books

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

The music season annually takes advantage of Christmas festivities to lapse into a coma and a regulation performance of *The Messiah* at popular prices. During the week you read this, music may be regarded as stone dead. To keep in training and to prevent your pockets from being rifled—as they will be if you venture out—better warm your heels by your own fireside, and relax with a book.

How to Sing for Money (George Palmer Putnam, $3.95) is warranted to stop yawns. In racy, readable style, it gives you the backstage approach to the show business. "Fifteen years ago," says Ghost Charles Palmer, "no respectable businessman would angel a show or lunch with an actress: not openly at any rate. Today he does these things in the line of duty, on the firm's money." About Author Charles Henderson, he confides: "Boston historians tell us only that he was something of an infant prodigy, giving Bach recitals at the age of seven, studying the theory of harmony at eight, and all like that . . . Through his radio work he has become obligated at one time or another, to buy Chesterfields, Camels, and White Owl cigars (he doesn't smoke); to breakfast on Grapenuts and lunch on Campbell's soup, following up both with Ipana tooth paste; to communicate via American Tel. & Tel., and to power his Oldsmobile, Hudson, or Buick with Texaco. The high points of his vocal-supervising in pictures have been: Deanna Durbin, Lily Pons, Joe Penner, Dick Powell, Virginia Bruce, Bert Lahr, Ella Logan, Gertrude Niesen, etc."

The book has a definite Hollywood flavor. Its point of view: "If the cash customers don't like a singer's stuff, it isn't good . . . Art with a big *A* is just something that does not ring when you bounce it on a counter; all too often it's simply a hand-fluttering alibi for plain lack of entertainment ability." There's sensible advice, and if overnight you don't become a Nelson Eddy, you will get a new slant on what you hear through your loudspeaker.

Howard Taubman's *Music As A Profession* (Scribner's, $2.50) tells facts newspaper men know but seldom print: the cost of giving a New York recital, admission to the Juilliard, Curtis and Eastman schools of music, the earnings and idiosyncrasies of top-flight artists, of accompanists, violinists, writers on music, prodigies, composers, managers, teachers—not only the big names, but lesser men who sacrifice "medical and dental care, vacations, new clothes and a healthy balanced diet" to practice their favorite art.

According to Mr. Taubman, younger critic on the *New York Times*, "Nelson Eddy is the biggest money-maker in recent years, earning annually six to eight times the salary of the President of the United States—around $600,000." Slipping up on Deanna Durbin and Lily Pons, he includes in the $100,000-200,000 brackets: Yehudi Menuhin, Fritz Kreisler, Jascha Heifetz, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Josef Hofmann, Marian Anderson, Grace Moore, Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crooks. Paderewski is tops in life-income, having collected in this country alone two million since the last War, two to three million before it, and five or six million elsewhere. Receipts from a single Paderewski recital in Madison Square Garden in 1932 were $43,000.

Mr. Taubman admits music is not yet in the blood-stream of the nation's daily life, that the larger public still wants to see a famous personality rather than hear him, that it is fickle and sensation-crazy. Only four artists have remained star attractions for half a century: Hofmann, Kreisler, Paderewski and Moriz Rosenthal. Five have retained public favor for twenty-five years: Elman, Zimbalist, Rachmaninoff, Casals, and Heifetz.

Singers don't last that long, as they start late and lose their voices early. Not one outstanding vocalist who was packing houses in 1915 draws today.

Music As A Profession contains advice on launching and building a career, program making, publicity, and comments on unionism and organizations, on the absorption and assimilation of immigrant musicians. Minor errors—as the statement that Tibbett leaped to fame at the Met in 1924 (it was 1925)—are few. The style is clear, simple, straightforward—and there are good stories: of the Lily Pons baby rumor; of the woman who went to watch Kreisler move his lapel and set his violin to his chin; of the press agent who distributed 5,000 free tickets for a Carnegie Hall recital and caused a stampede.

The antics of singers and music's lunatic fringe furnish the best tales: Kiepura—his name is withheld—ran up and down the Met stage at a rehearsal of *Carmen*, insisting that a certain cut, which he sang exquisitely, be restored.

It wasn't, and Kiepura, who takes liberties with every phrase he sings, kept muttering: "Poor Bizet! Poor Bizet!" Then there was the society woman who always notified the newspapers as soon as her concerts were over and reminded them that in previous years they printed a paragraph about her. Once she paused in the middle of a composition, stood up and told her audience: "You people have no idea how hard this is!"

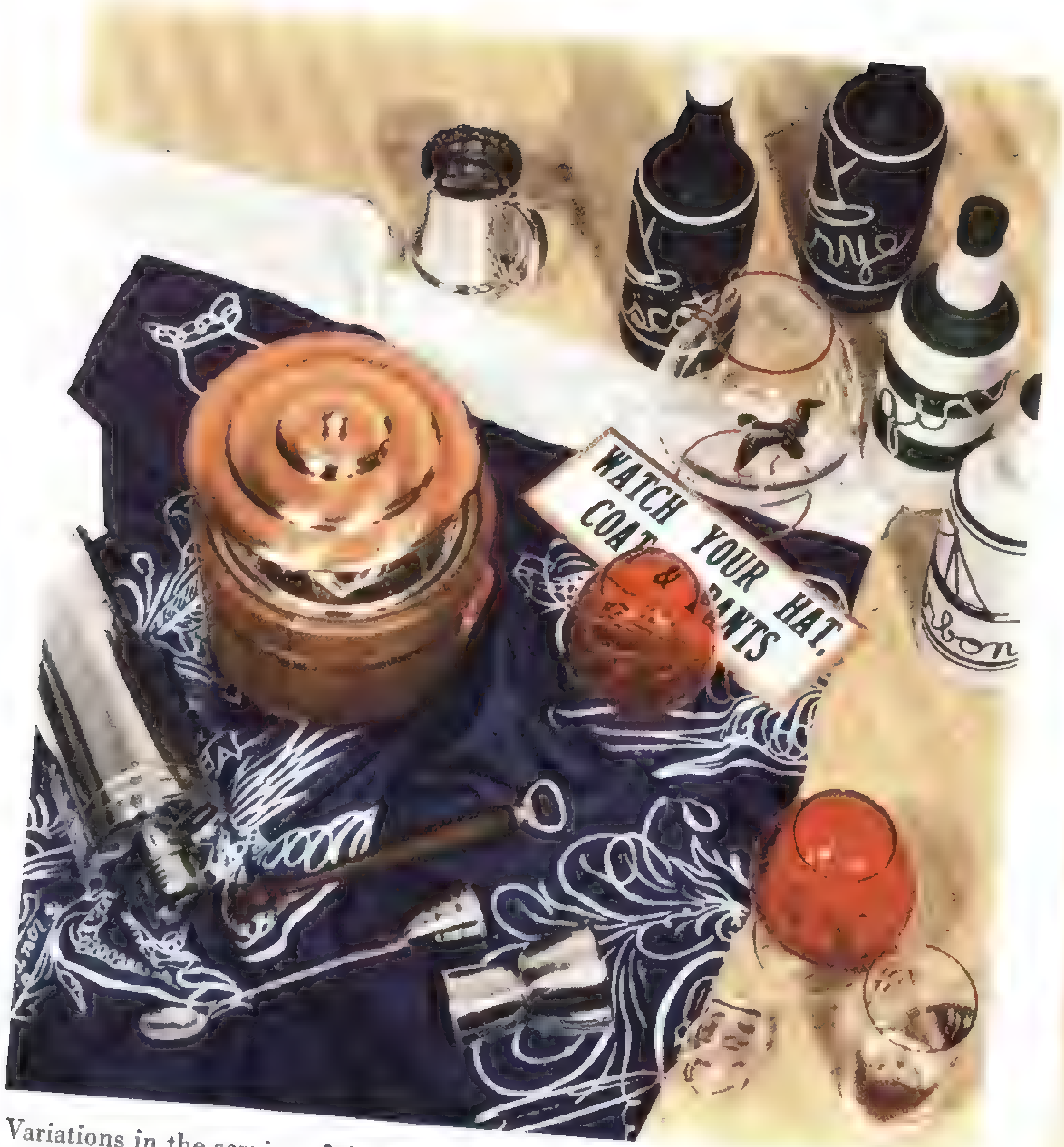
* * *

Every few months brings an addition to the bulging library of books on jazz. The latest are by Wilder Hobson, formerly of *Fortune*, and Winthrop Sargeant, music editor of *Time*. Mr. Hobson's slight, superficial treatise called *American Jazz Music* (W. W.

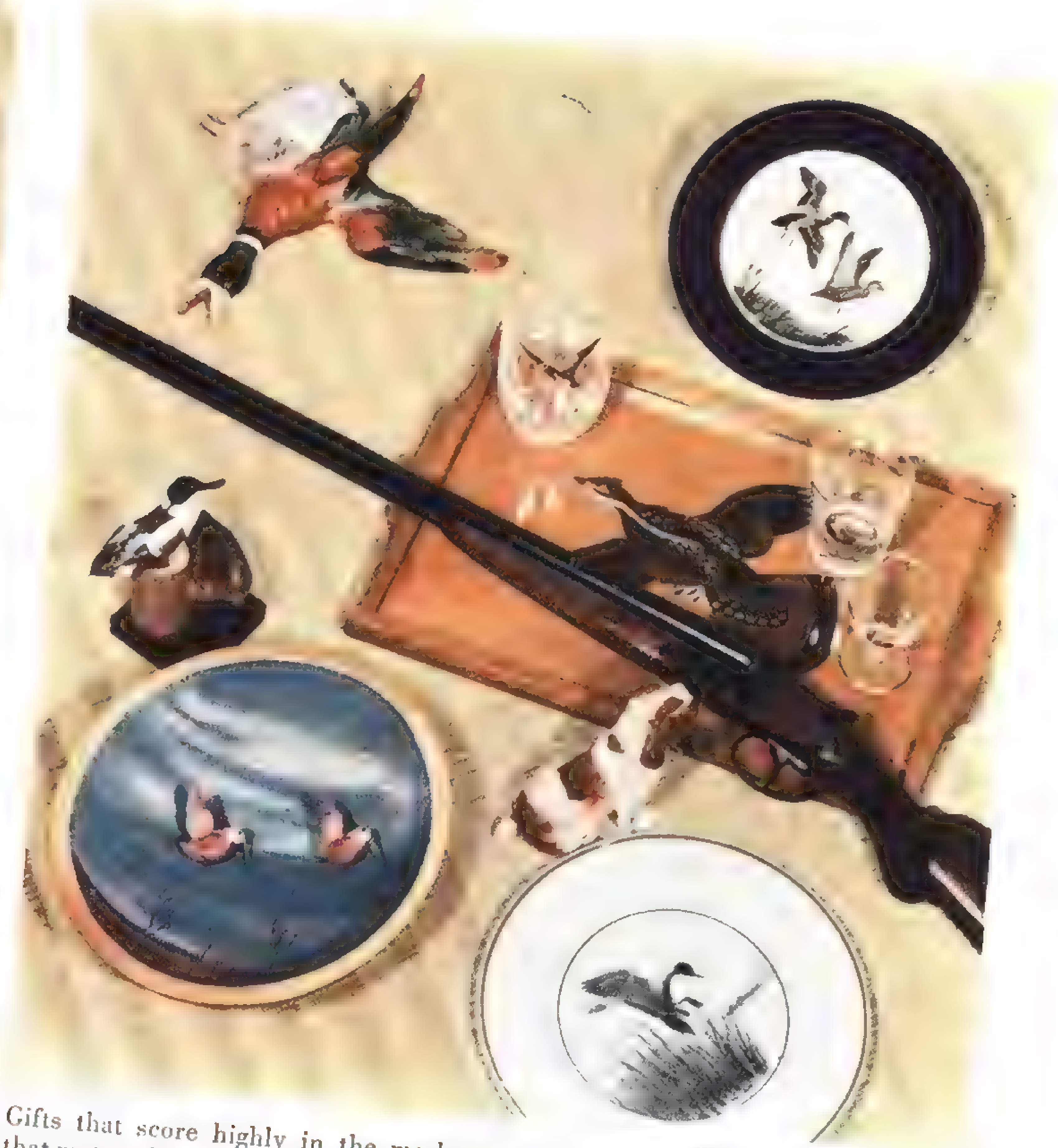
"Happy New Year, old man! At last I can get that divorce!"

Continued at top of page 112

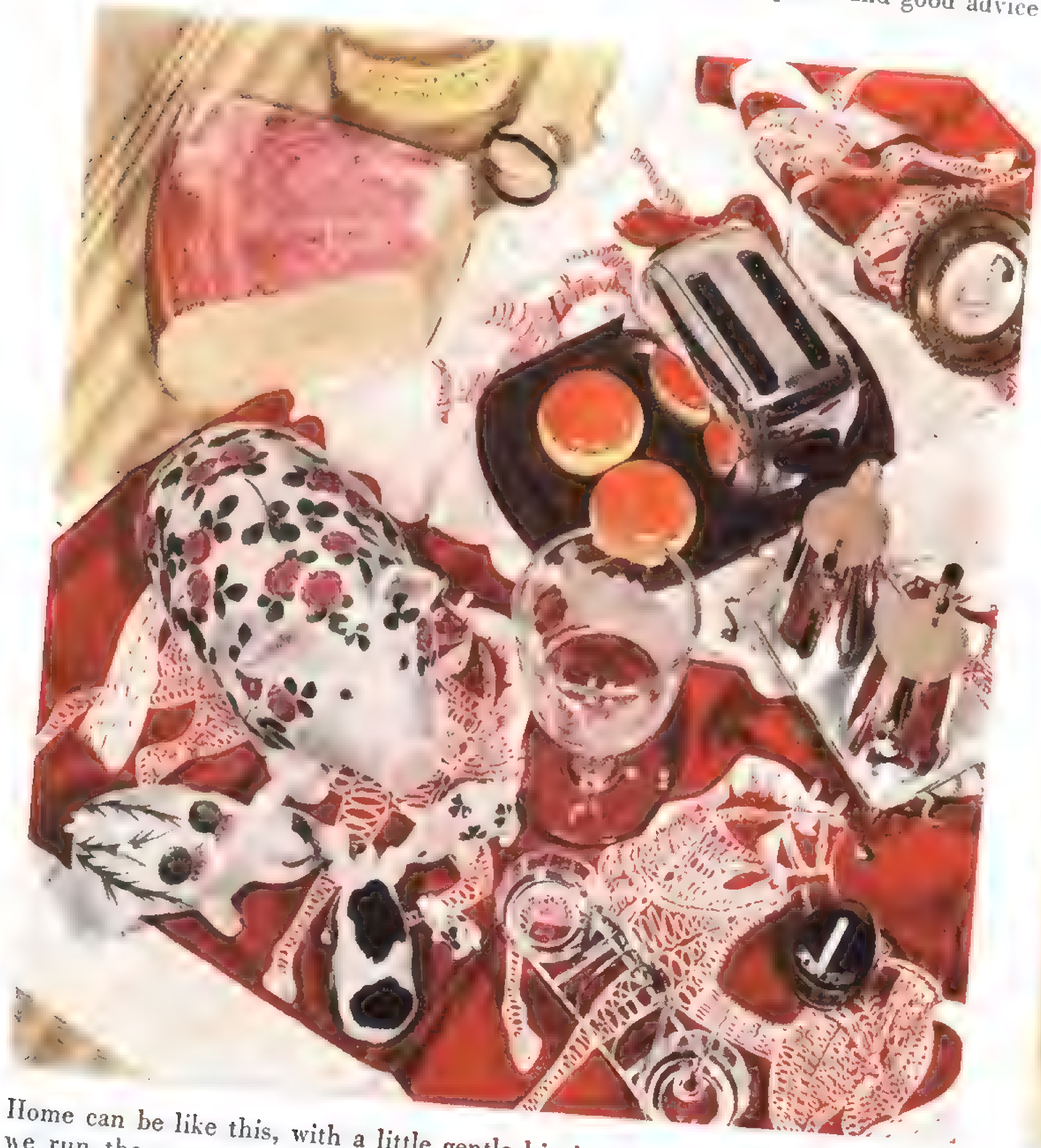
christmas curioso



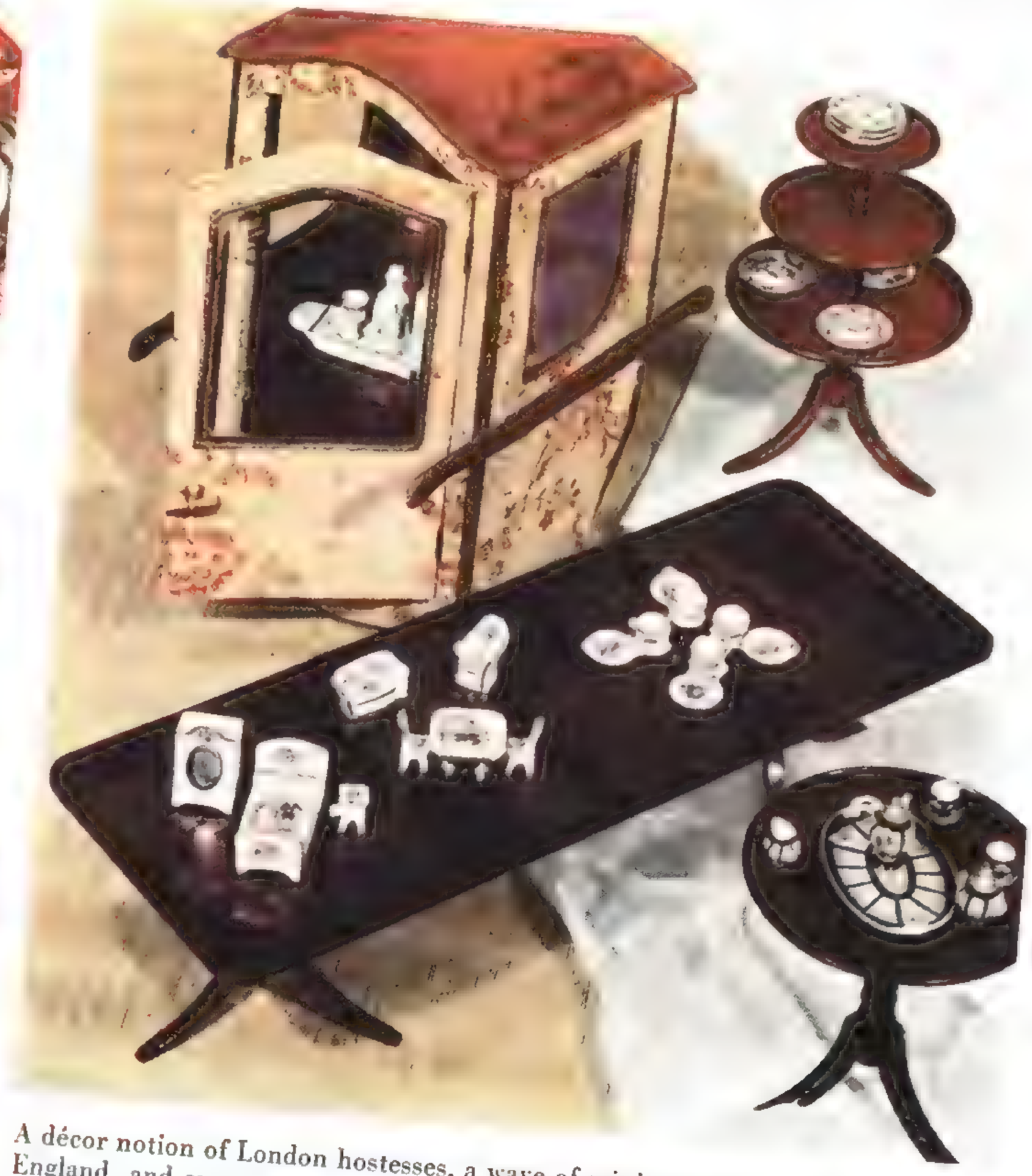
Variations in the service of the cup that cheers, with all the essentials for graceful drink dispensing. Those liquor bottles are covered in woven hemp mats with contents clearly indicated; and the thermos cocktail shaker keeps the contents at the right temperature. The old copper-banded oaken bucket guards ice-cubes. Glasses, jiggers, mixing spoon, tongs, bottle opener and good advice.



Gifts that score highly in the marksman's household, or any household, for that matter. The theme of this Christmas Day choice is on the sporting side: hand-painted china with birds in natural color; hand-carved and painted wall plaque; crystalware with bird motif; purely decorative birds and bird dog. The shotgun, too, hits a bull's-eye in this range of gifts for game-minded host and hostess.

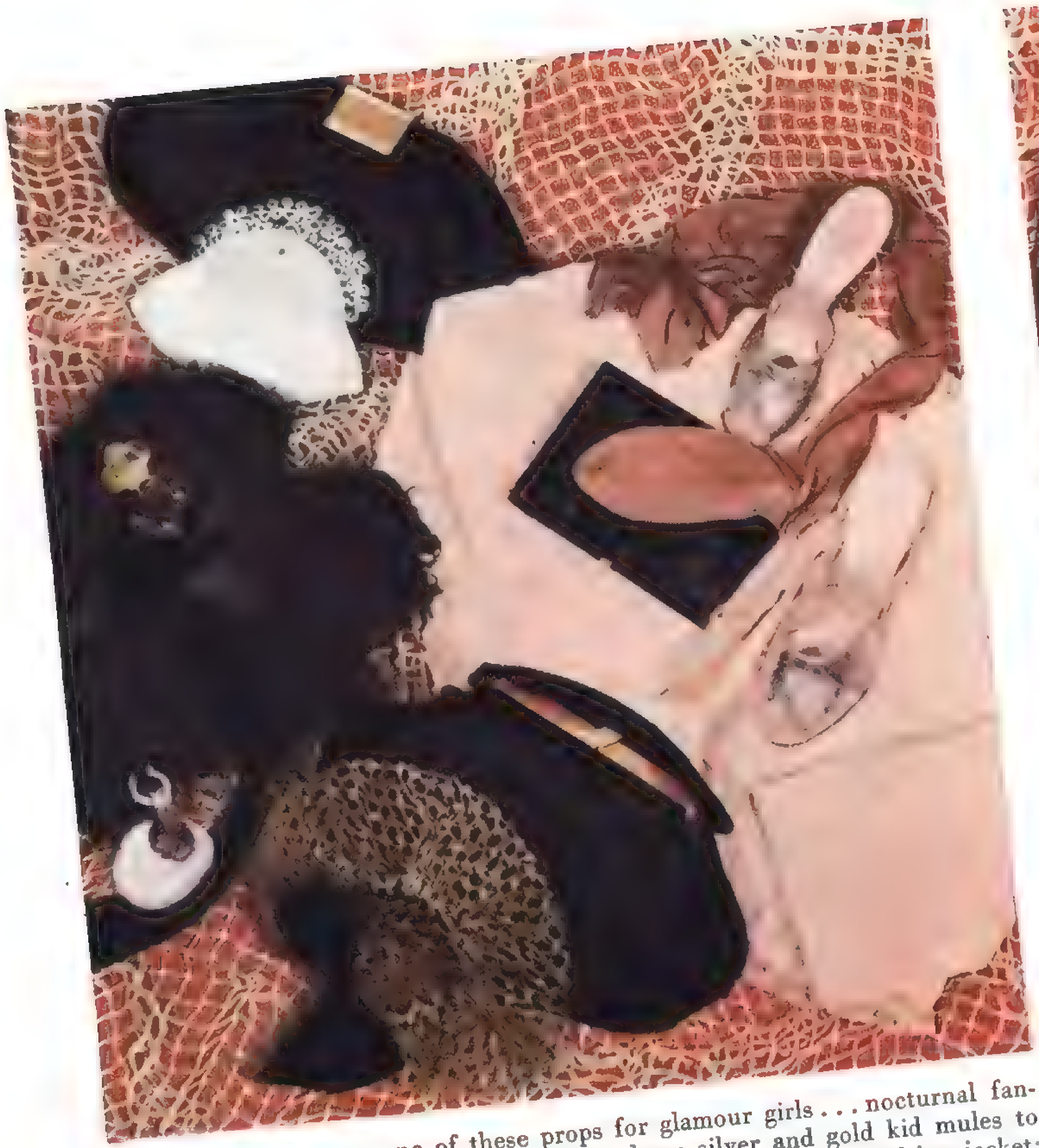


Home can be like this, with a little gentle hinting in the right direction. Here we run the gamut from cheese to a baroque frame surrounding what might easily be a miniature of yourself to hand down to posterity. The toaster, coffee service, china pigs, *et al.*, even to the unusual luncheon cloth, are perfect gifts for those thoroughly imbued with the notion that "there's no place like home."

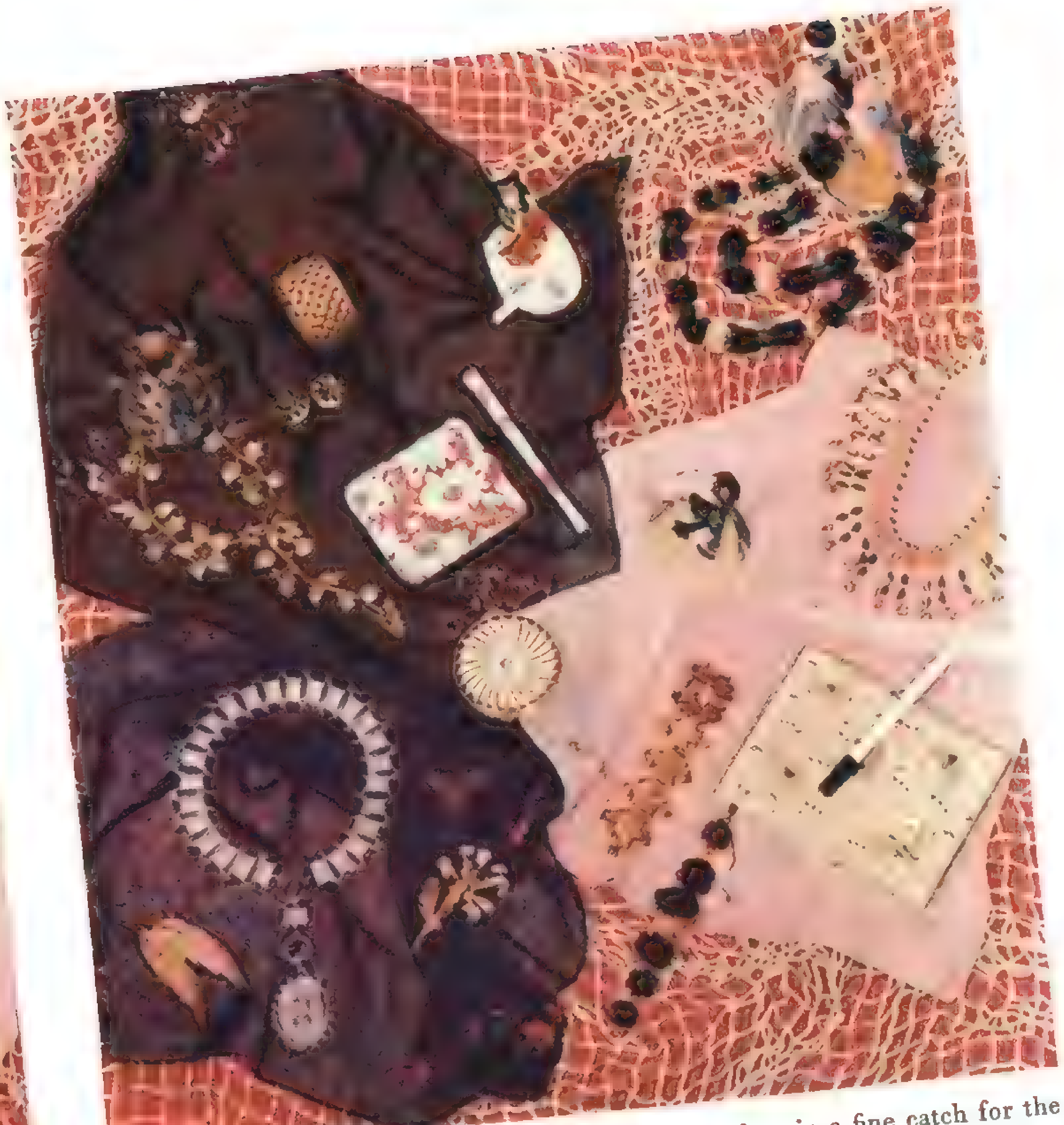


A décor notion of London hostesses, a wave of miniature madness has inundated England, and swept on to our shores. Here, Lilliputian counterparts of master designers for big girls to play with . . . authentic reproductions of exquisite furniture in real wood . . . hand-carved Jamaica mahogany tables, real porcelain and Crown Devon china. Used as ornaments for shelves, cabinets, and mantels.

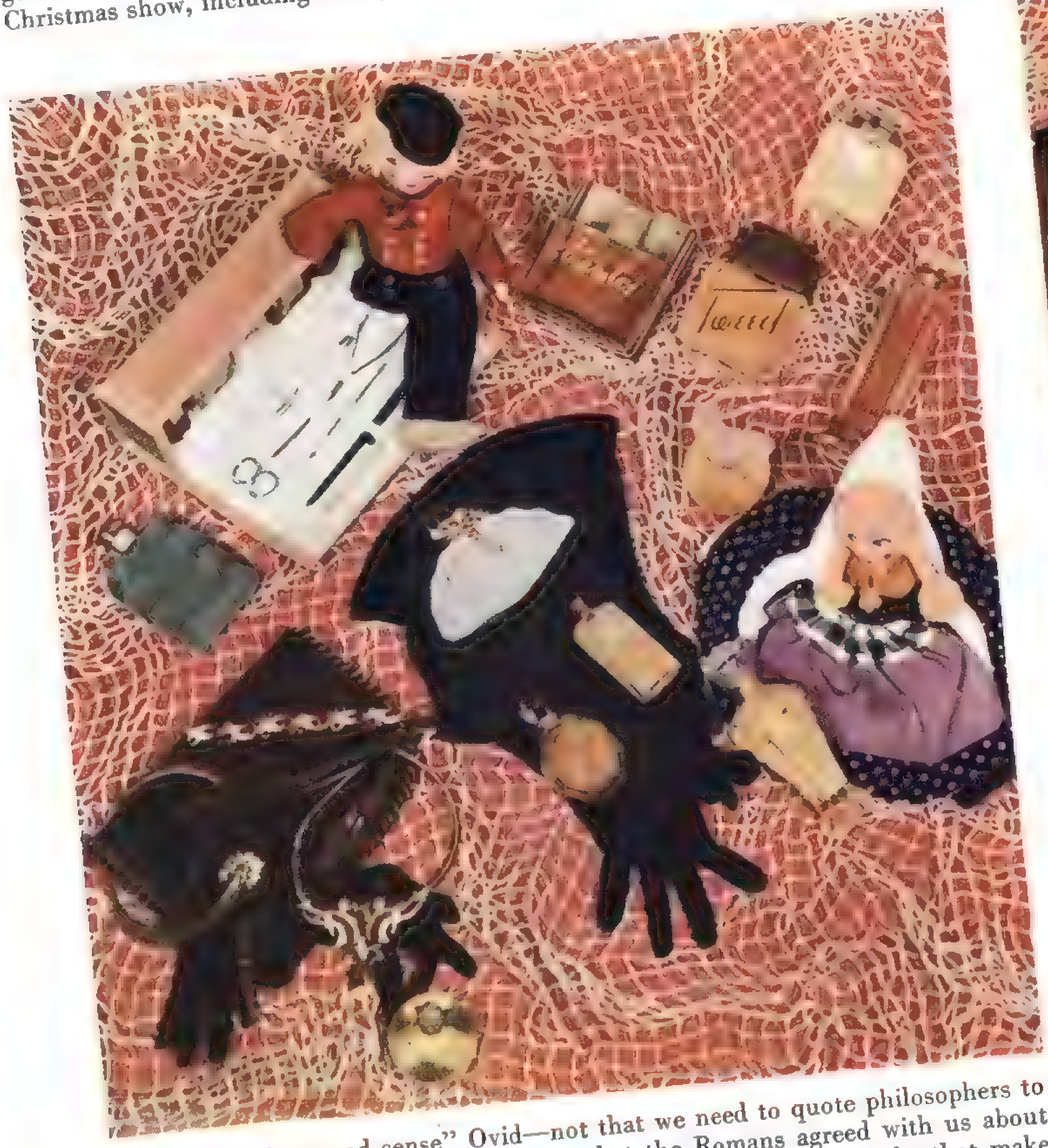
COLOR PHOTOS BY LEON DE VOS



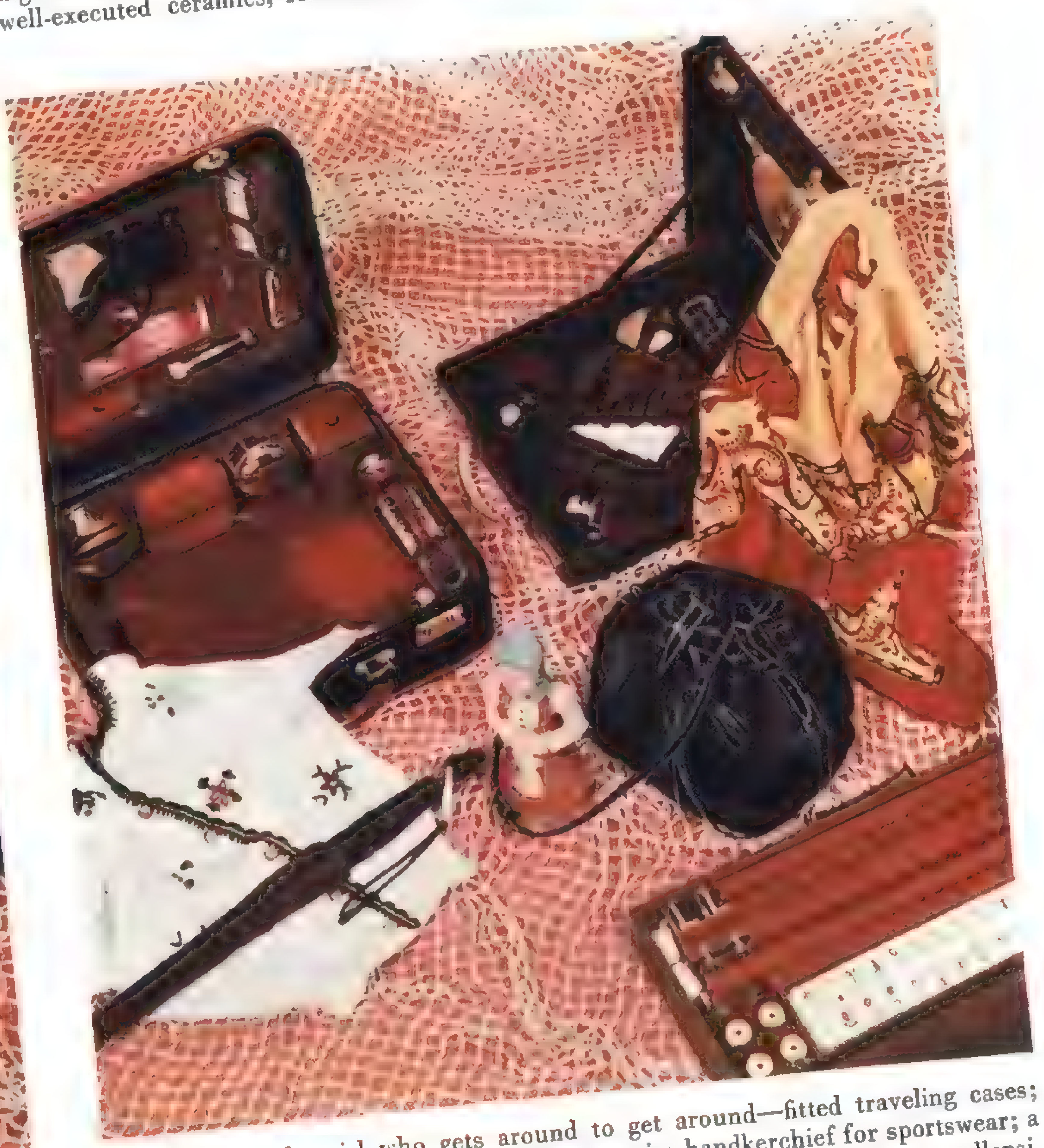
You can stage-manage one of these props for glamour girls . . . nocturnal fantasies in evening bags; handbags for date days; silver and gold kid mules to beat a soft staccato; sheer ecstasy in hose; barefaced flattery in a bedtime jacket; gold snood for a golden girl. They all present a splendid performance in the Christmas show, including the Spanish dancer clicking castanets on the ashtray.



Casting our net further upon Christmas waters, we drag in a fine catch for the present day: around her neck, a yellow-gold necklace in leafy design—or a shimmering gold and simulated emerald trifle—or a Victorian locket for a disarming maid. Shining bracelets, eye-catching earrings—chiffon handkerchiefs—well-executed ceramics, feminine smoking fripperies—all to delight a damsel.



"Giving requires good sense" Ovid—not that we need to quote philosophers to prove our point, but it's nice to know that the Romans agreed with us about the art of gift-giving. At any rate, in the Esquire dragnet are gifts that make sense. Sweet-scented perfumes, important costume jewelry, handbag and matching gloves, a pair of gauntlet gloves, a manicure kit, and ingenuous Dutch dolls.



Gifts to help the girl who gets around to get around—fitted traveling cases; the silk India Choppa which is really an oversize handkerchief for sportswear; a Tyrolean sweater proves a welcome addition to any female wardrobe; a collapsible umbrella; the shoulder-strapped carry-all for campus and country wear; a peasant girl ceramic for a sophisticate and a mahjong set in traveling case.

her holiday haul

hard to give to him?

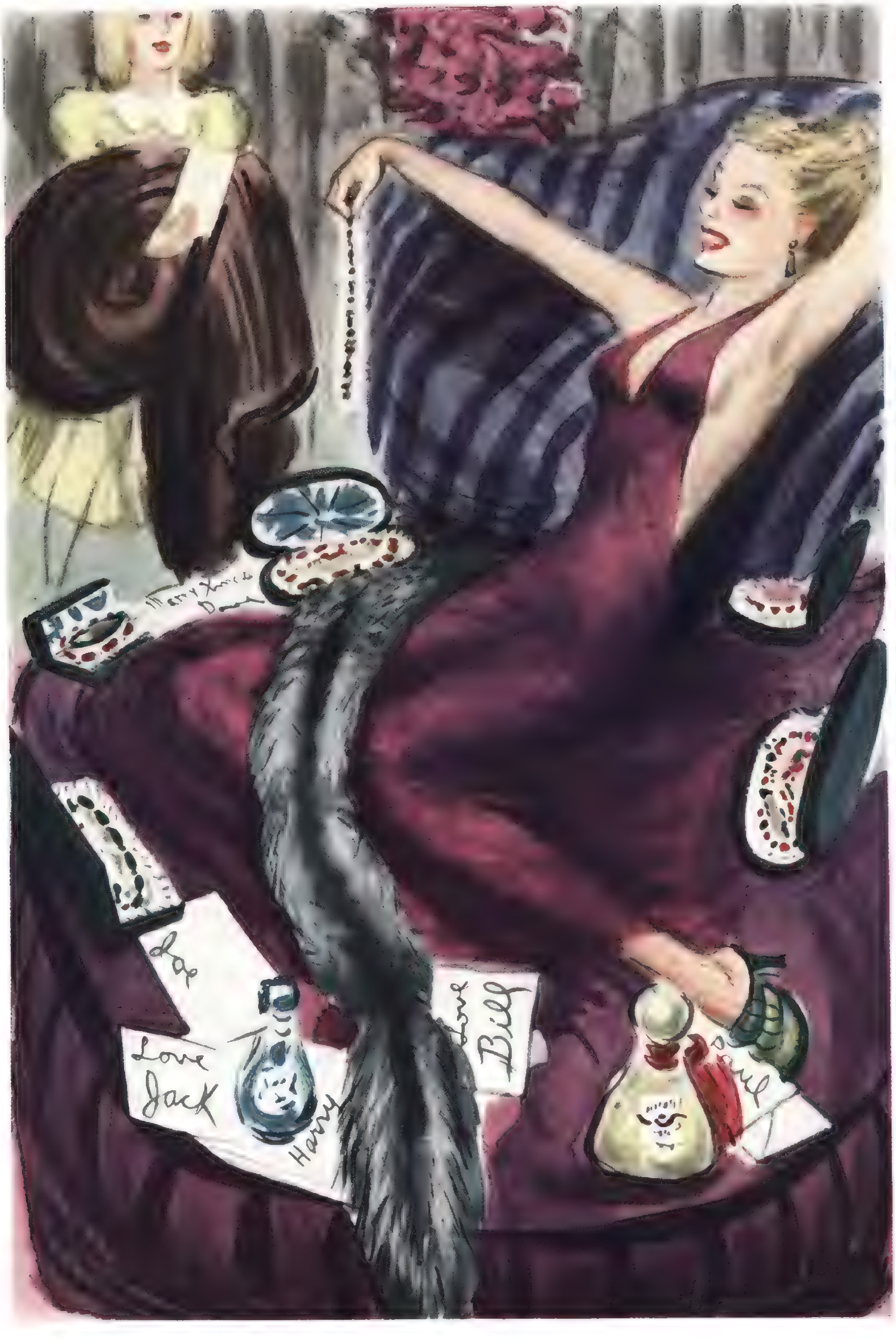
Gifts with a distinctly urban air—the kind that intimate you know he's a man of parts. Here are the things that a man needs and buys for himself, but in a version that lifts them out of the purely utilitarian and into the prized present class. Accessories for smoking, for lounging, important engagements in town, all chosen with an eye toward the man who exhibits a predilection for the best in life.

There's a piece of propaganda that's been disseminated for so long that it's accepted unthinkingly, and that is, "He's got everything. It's *so* hard to give to him." It's not true. He *hasn't* got everything. And even if he ever did have, it's worn out, gone out of style or been lost. Maybe it seems easy because there are so many things we'd like ourselves. For example, any one of the items below.

Getting on with the get out of town idea, which assumes greater proportions each year, here is a wide choice of gifts for the sportsman . . . golfers, skiers and the spectator sportsman who takes his exercise from the sidelines. Wool ties and hose, flannel shirts, peasant pattern sweater, and all the paraphernalia that enables him to ride his hobby in utmost comfort and smartness of appearance.

We've come a long way from the days when every man had his own shaving mug lined up on the barber's shelf. Now those mugs are collector's pieces, but shaving goes on forever. Here a collection of razors, electric and man-powered, fine brushes, after-shave lotions and powders, traveling equipment, and even a terry robe. These are the gifts that every man welcomes and puts to immediate good use.

COLOR PHOTOS BY LEON DE VOS


Merry Xmas
Joe
Love Jack
Harry
Love Bill
Paul

"Ah, Marie! it's good to be in love"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Bean-spiller Moley gives the guy on the street a belated peek at Washington in *After Seven Years*

by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

• BOOKS •

These books have given me the greatest pleasure over the last thirty days: *America's Old Masters*, by James Thomas Flexner; *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces*, edited by Thomas Craven; and Raymond Moley's *After Seven Years*.

Esquire readers will agree with me that pictures are interesting, and not only Petty but Bellows and Grant Wood. The great oversize *Treasury of Art Masterpieces* (Simon & Schuster, $10), containing one hundred forty-four famous paintings of the Western world since the Renaissance, reproduced in full color, with equally colorful comments by Thomas Craven, is an art gallery in itself. This eight-pound book of six hundred pages is a thing of beauty, an esthetic thrill, and an education in one volume. It not only deserves the place of honor in any living room, but deserves to have the living room built around it.

No such book, or anything remotely like it, existed in America just before the Revolution. If it had, America might have given more genius to the world of art. Four great painters did manage to spring from barren colonial soil at almost the same time, and a remarkable fact about these men and their remarkable lives is that they began to paint without having seen a good painting, and with the vaguest idea of what had been done in the world in the course of centuries.

It is a long time since I have seen as fine a job of biographical reconstruction as James Thomas Flexner has done in *America's Old Masters: First Artists of the New World* (Viking, $3.75), which recounts the lives of Benjamin West, John Singleton Copley, Charles Willson Peale, and Gilbert Stuart. Flexner writes in that simple and dramatic style which made his *Doctors on Horseback* an outstanding book. The result is a volume in which the men come alive as characters do in first-rate novels. It happens that the lives of these four artists are crammed with incident, excitement, and crisis, enough for several novels. Here is Copley, the worrier; West, whose life is the greatest success story America has produced; Gilbert Stuart whose supreme achievement was to give us Washington the Public Figure—so that "Should Washington return to earth today, if he did not look like Stuart's portraits many would regard him as an imposter"; and Peale, craftsman and all-round scientist as well as artist, and one of the finest men in our history. There are thirty-three reproductions.

The Moley Book, *After Seven Years* (Harper, $3), is not easy to review. It is the fascinating inside story by the professor who sat on the right hand of the New Deal in the early days of the millennium, who authored the phrases "New Deal" and "Forgotten Man," to whom was entrusted the job of shaping policy in America's most critical years and imparting "the old organ roll" to official utterances, and who, after brain-trust conferences, cabinet selections, bank crisis, securities act, NRA, foreign debt negotiations, and London Economic Conference, broke—genteelly—with the Boss, and now does the unpardonable by spilling the beans.

Political confidences are traditionally broken only when the chief actors in the play have passed off the stage. Publication right on the heels of the events recorded, while the chief characters are still functioning on their beats, is in the nature of a prime betrayal. Why did Raymond do it? Forewords usually tell. In this one the author says the book was written and publication decided upon after considerable thought; that it couldn't be published later because that "would lessen its modest value as a commentary upon contemporary problems and decisions."

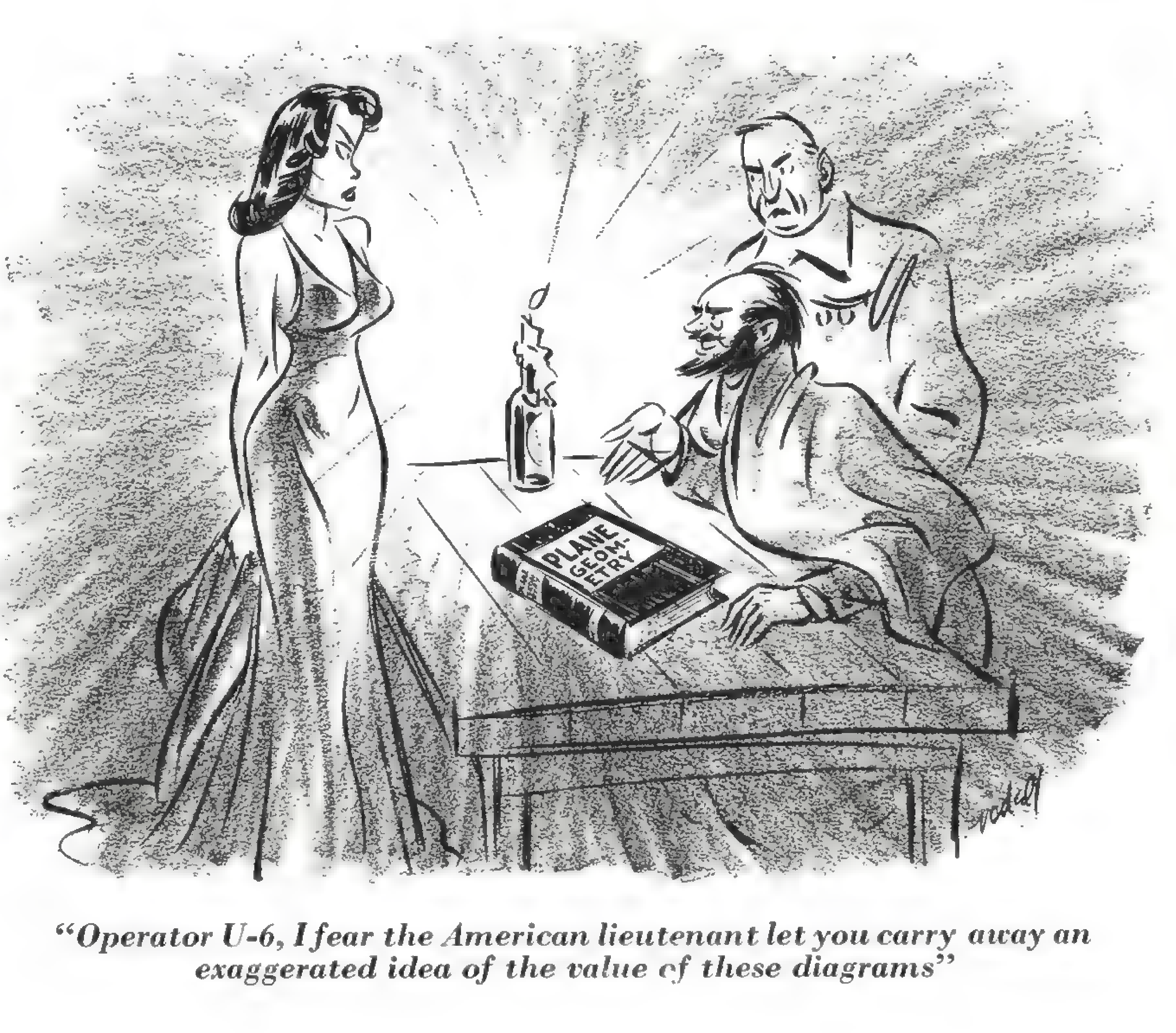
This is bunk, or, in the language of the book, the same old organ roll by the performer who was counted on to pull out all the stops. Common report has it that if Prof. Moley has shortcomings, excess of modesty is not one of them; he damn well knew his "footnote" to the "broad history of the times" might throw a monkey wrench into the machinery. Did he need the dough? Did vanity lend speed to his pen? Or did this disciple who was edging ever more to the right while his chief played ball with the left, decide the time was ripe for attacking the New Deal?

Anyway, there it is, in the pot, and the political maid-of-all-work who found the boss Machiavellian can hardly set up shop any longer as specialist in the scrupulous. The ordinary citizen, taxpayer, vote-penciler, is given a belated peephole on events, and what he sees is not only what Moley wants him to see. He sees that in the world of politics double-dealing is the essence of realism. He sees that the maid-of-all-work in the big house sometimes has to take the rap for the chief, like the spy in Cooper's tale. But it also turns out that while Brutus has his Caesar, the last stab goes to Brutus.

Moley has provided plenty of food for thought and a little side-seasoning of humor. It took Moley, Farley, and FDR to bring Phillips of the State Department around to giving Claude Bowers, the literary Democrat, "his heart's desire—a foreign post where there was quiet and leisure for writing." So they gave him Spain!

For two-thirds of its length *After Seven Years* is a gripping yarn of how the most dynamic of American administrations got under weigh. The last third slides away from narration into editorial harangue. It is painful reading, too, for underneath the attempt to be fastidiously fair one detects irritation and rancor. The more anti-FDR you are, the

Continued on page 150



"Operator U-6, I fear the American lieutenant let you carry away an exaggerated idea of the value of these diagrams"

The Candid Cameraman

Rejoicing that our democracy permits the sharp self-criticism conveyed by Capra's *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*

by PATTERSON MURPHY

▪ MOVIES ▪

For the first time, this critic applauded a picture at a preview. The picture was Mr. Capra's *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* and the applause was spontaneous.

It happened that as we were on the way to the show the visitor from Amarillo made the usual remark about didn't I get tired of going to pictures and I grunted the usual response. But as a matter of fact, critics enjoy pictures more than most folks because there are more points of interest for the critic. Even if a picture is entirely flat and boresome the critic can get some interest out of the evening by counting the ways and the whys of the failure, whereas the pure spectator can only sit there feeling bored.

But can a critic ever sit back and simply relax and enjoy a picture, without thinking about what he is going to say about it? A few times a year that happens, and that happened with Mr. Capra's *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. This critic has plenty to say about the film, on afterthought, and may even find shortcomings, but he wishes first of all to attest to the fact that as entertainment the picture was carried out with such sweeping confidence that it is irresistible. Not that anyone should want to resist.

A few more bows should be made before we start talking turkey. Bow, very deep: This is the best film I have ever seen about American democracy. Bow to the middle: This is Mr. Capra's best film to date, far excelling such pish as *Lost Horizon* and such tosh as *You Can't Take It With You.* A worthy forerunner was *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,* but the relation of Smith to Deeds is as the relationship of Washington to a county seat.

Mr. Capra never departs from the basic legends and parables in his choice of stories, he only freshens them in retelling, and this is as it should be, for it affirms the universalism of his art. Mr. Smith, therefore, is the story of Christ and the money-changers: he drives them out of the Temple. This story has been done in American political terms many times; the most notable theatrical treatment of recent times, and the one which is closest to Mr. Smith, is Maxwell Anderson's play called *Both Your Houses,* also about a young and naïve but Lincolnesque soul who comes to Congress and gradually becomes aware of the graft and corruption that really goes on in the national capitol, finally finds that even the men he admired know and share in this looting, but nevertheless retains enough faith and energy for a struggle against the windmills.

What makes Mr. Capra's treatment of this standard story valid and original is his use of the story to expose in detail the operations by which democracy is perverted, by which the freedom of the press is destroyed, by which the air is polluted with propaganda, by which votes are annulled. His sharp mounting of Sidney Buchman's outspoken script reveals not only this apparatus of corruption, but smashes home the meaning of corruption; Mr. Smith is not merely a story of how a few million dollars may be stolen through the construction of a needless dam; it is a revelation of the vulnerability of the democratic method.

"Are you sure this will get by the Hays office?"

It falls short because it fails to suggest and develop thoughts of safeguards and remedies.

The democratic system is a system of balance. Of all the political systems that have been invented by man it is the most difficult to follow because we have not yet found a way of providing liberty and justice for the vast majority, who are good, without permitting the same liberties to the rapacious and unscrupulous elements of the population who use their privileges to enslave others. This weakness can sometimes prove fatal, as it proved to the European democracies whose liberties coddled fascism. But the greatest problem of our time is the question of whether such defeat is inherent in the democratic system, or whether it is the fault of the way in which the system is used.

Obviously, in a perfect democracy, all citizens would be so conscious and so jealous of their equalitarian powers that they would never relax their vigilance to the point where political machines could be built within the voting system. We in the United States have as a mass been sloppy and careless and stupid and criminally negligent of our duties as voters; it is only occasionally that a scandal of fantastic proportions, or a protracted misrule of the Jersey City variety, awakens us to the factual loss of the power in our votes.

A picture like *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* may be listed in that category of awakener. But it does not tell us what to do when awake; much less does it tell us how to keep from falling asleep.

For what is the resolution of the problem, in *Mr. Smith?*

A situation of high individual drama is evolved, in which Mr. Smith, framed by the political machine controlled by his state's super-tycoon, finds himself on the point of being ousted from the senate. He determines to expose the machine before he is kicked out. He manages to get the floor, and announces that he will keep the floor, and keep on talking until the people of his state hear him and in some way make truth prevail.

There ensues a titantic struggle between young, slender Mr. Smith filibustering on the floor of the senate, and fat tycoon Taylor, boss of the state, owner of newspapers and radio stations, nested in his den of telephones and teletypes, hurling orders for the suppression of Mr. Smith's truth. The tycoon is able to control every newspaper in the state,

Continued in center of page 172

LUCILLE FAIRBANKS
(Warner Bros.)
Hurrell Photograph

ROSEMARY LANE
(Warner Bros.)
Hurrell Photograph

For Happy Endings

Cheese is recommended, not only as a topper-offer, but to coax subtle flavors from the accompanying wine

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

ONLY an exceptional appetite can go through dinner undented. (I'm not speaking of thirsts, which are in a different category—Hardy Perennials.) The average stomach, which an hour or two ago had all the room in the world and was talking about it, finds itself forced to recognize a shortage of cargo space: salad leaves can flutter aboard successfully, thanks to their flimsiness and collapsibility, but a chine of beef or anything of that tonnage would be up against restrictions. In short, there has been quite a change. Evening mood, which began as voracity, has progressed to urbanity, with benignity looming on the horizon.

The keys to this interesting state of affairs are the Seven C's—Cheese, Crackers, Coffee, Cigarettes, Cigars, Cognac, and Cordials. With their aid the situation is integrated, mellowed, harmonized, fulfilled, irradiated, and made cushy in every cockle. To put it bluntly, it's as though a Persian garden and a Neapolitan sunset were honeymooning in Havana.

That high C, Cheese, is not only gifted as a topper-offer and tumtum tranquilizer, but also as an amplifier of the flavor of what's in your glass from the previous course. Professional tasters in the cellars of the Champagne region use it to sharpen their keenness; it coaxes shy wine subtleties out into the open. Its way with a Burgundy or a Bordeaux chateau is nothing less than orgiastic. Even our unassuming friends Beer and Ale sprout surprise bouquets when Cheese gets hold of them.

As to which species of cheese is greatest, opinions are so personal, so controversial, the only way to avoid bad blood is the Assortment system—a platter, of cartwheel format, whereon rival beauties recline like odalisques, to be rotated to their choosers as this harem makes the circuit of the table. With men of devotion and decision, it operates like a charm. But when there's a person of split allegiance who finds himself torn between this tempter and that, progress gets stalled till some sympathetic friend helps the poor fellow to just any cheese, so that life may go on. I remember a sad case of a cheese fiend who brooded and brooded over his move on the cheese "board" so interminably that people thought he didn't want any, and he missed his chance.

Whichever be the cheese one has designs on as the display travels the gantlet, one's overt attitude toward it should be that of polite interest rather than impatience to pounce. If somebody dives into it, seemingly with the intention of leaving no vestige, don't gasp or grab to save it from premature destruction. Avert your eyes, clutch the table, and wait. Who knows but that by a miracle of mercy there may still be something of it left when the platter finally gets to you. I admit, though, as one who has been through it, that the suspense is soul-punishing. Many is the napkin I have stuffed into my mouth as I saw my Intended going, going, gone.

Not that I'm a one-cheese man, or ever hope to be. Thanks to stern self-denial, however, I am a one-at-a-timer, priggish as that may sound. But not even the most impetuously promiscuous cheese chaser would be so cynical, so silly, as to maintain that after all they're all alike. For what makes us slaves of cheeses is the fascination of their wily individualities that call us and cajole us.

Roquefort, for instance. This mold-mottled rascal gets its impetuousness from outwardly placid sheep's milk. But it doesn't come direct from ewe to you: there's an elaborate business of interpolating specially treated breadcrumbs, followed by protracted curing in the cold, naturally drafty caves and grottos with which the craggy nest of the village of Roquefort is honeycombed. Caesar and Charlemagne, confirmed Roquefort addicts, could have told you its whereabouts in Southern France, approximately one hundred miles E.N.E. of Toulouse—though atlas-makers, obtuse to gourmet importance, don't give it a dot. A somewhat disillusioning fact about this fearful and wonderful fromage is that it is really wholesome. The enthralled partaker who fancies he is having a glorious flirtation with Death and indigestion, is actually doing himself a favor to the tune of vitamins, mineral salts, and what not.

Italy's Gorgonzola, similarly mottled but made of cow's milk, is larger, crumblier, and even less timid. After a salad whose dresser didn't spare the garlic this cheese can be faced and exterminated with surprising facility. On the bland side there's creamy, discus-shaped Bel Paese—soft but so self-controlled.

Tricky to deal with are those sob-sisters-under-their-skins, Camembert, Brie (larger), and Pont l'Eveque (square), hailing from regions west and east of Paris. Yet it's a case of the weepier the better. You show your ecstasy over their luscious dishevelment by the expertness with which you peel, not squash. No fair—and no flavor—if operated on while still firm and unripened, the way they come from the store; the cheese code of honor stipulates that, before sacrifice, they be given their due chance to mellow on the pantry shelf (refrigerator is too cold) till ready to swoon at touch. In that delicate condition any of the trio is cracker fodder of the first order, no matter how untidy the wreckage.

Some people with a zeal for after-dinner dabbling jobs complicate the situation by mixing butter with the cry-baby and then adding Worcestershire Sauce (always a safe bet with cheese). I've had samples of this thrust upon me with concocter's pride. And I

Continued on page 102

Gregory d'Alessio

"The liquor has run out, sir!"

On the Record

Savage Oriental music hath charms to soothe the urbane breast, torn by subways, L trains and news of war

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ RECORDS ▪

FOR YOUR COLLECTION:

Bach: Brandenburg Concertos (complete). Adolf Busch and the Busch Chamber Players. Columbia Sets 249 and 250. The definitive waxing of Bach's gift to the Margraf of Brandenburg. Only other pressing is that made in France under the guidance of Alfred Cortot. Adolf Busch achieves *élan*, vigor, understanding and the proper approach to Bach's undying sound patterns. Dedicated modestly with the hope that a distinguished prince would not regard their imperfections too severely, but would find in them "by his very kind consideration the profound respect and humble allegiance which they seek to convey," they have since garnered praise from all who have heard and understood them. The Margraf himself did not perceive their worth and at his death they were sold from his library in a job-lot for ten cents a concerto. Abundant, fresh, hopeful, they are among the wonders of the world, a cornerstone of every record library.

Brahms: Cello Sonata in E minor, Opus 38. Gregor Piatigorsky and Artur Rubinstein. Victor M-564. Incorrigible romanticists at their best. Suave, suggestive beauty which makes the unreal, real. Will stick in your collection if you don't tire of ecstasy. Brahms was pounding out this Sonata with his friend, who finally complained he could not hear himself play. The gruff old Johannes replied, without changing expression, "Lucky man!"

Haydn: Symphony No. 13, in G major. Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony. Victor M-454. One of Toscanini's major services in music is his disclosures of Haydn's music. This symphony, No. 13 in the old numbering of Breitkopf and Hartel, No. 88 in the chronological list, is a case in point. The slow movement is filled with tenderness and wisdom, the *menuet* with joy, the *finale* with effervescent good spirits. Far from dated, this is the feeling of a man of our time—actual in his passion, his melancholy, his humor and his vitality. The recording, if not all it might be, is among the better albums to come out of NBC's unfortunate Studio 8-H.

The cuts occur in the least objectionable places, and the balance, the dynamics, the precision, if not the sonorities—are Mr. Toscanini's own.

Music of the Orient: Japan, China, Java, Bali, Siam, Lower India, Persia, Egypt, Tunis. Sung by native artists and recorded in the Orient. Decca Nos. 20120-31. A musical tour of the world from your armchair. Takes you away from L-trains, subways and cantilever bridges. Rests your nerves: removes all thoughts of Hitler and Stalin, and the decline of Western civilization. Decidedly not for those whose ancestral memory is unpleasant or who fail to penetrate and understand the civilizations of the past. Barbaric, savage, uncouth, with considerable variety, the excerpts are surprisingly well recorded for primitive music.

FOR THE SEASON:

Dvorak: Songs My Mother Taught Me and *Bridge: Love Went A-Riding.* Kirsten Flagstad with Edwin McArthur at the piano. Victor 2009. Recorded several years ago in Europe, the Dvorak drags—the Bridge song isn't sustained nor sung with sufficient abandon. Though the high tones are carefully covered, the beauty of Mme Flagstad's voice is unforgettable.

Frescobaldi: Gagliarda and *Bach: Fugue in C minor* (No. 2 from Book I, "Well Tempered Clavichord"). Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 1985. Another Stokowski colossal—one of his few ten-inch singles. The Frescobaldi is reposed, reflective, and merits inclusion in your library.

Reynaldo Hahn: Ten Songs, including, *L'Heure Exquise, Infidélité, Le Printemps L'Air*, and others. Sung by Ninon Vallin. Decca 20504-08. Not intellectual but pleasant singing. Musical, and Mlle Vallin is one of the few French singers who doesn't scream or pinch out her tones. There is no better account of these songs available today.

Handel: The Messiah. The BBC Choir with organ and orchestra under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham. Columbia Set 271 (2 vol.). The English have a flair for oratorios. They enjoy them, prepare them seriously. Here, Sir Thomas is at his restrained best, with acceptable and occasionally brilliant soloists. The result is far above the oratorio-singing you hear on our side of the Atlantic.

Ravel: Alborado Del Gracioso (Miroirs No. 4). Walter Gieseking, pianist. Columbia 117137-D. Recorded in England by Germany's greatest master of the keyboard, it runs the gamut of tonal color, including faint polyharmonic washes and vigorous splashes. It lives.

FOR THE WEEK END:

Arditi: Il Bacio and *Parla.* Miliza Korjus with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra. Victor 12588. Not the best of Mlle Korjus' earlier recordings, but better than anything she has yodelled since she hit Hollywood. For those who like tight-rope walking.

Irving Berlin Songs. Paul Whiteman's orchestra and soloists. Decca Albums 70 and 71. Volume I includes, on five 10-inch records: *Say It With Music, Lady of the Evening, All Alone, Remember, Easter Parade, Say It Isn't So, How Deep Is The Ocean?, Russian Lullaby, Crinoline Days* and *Tell Me Little Gypsy.* Volume II: *Alexander's Ragtime Band, Nobody Knows, Lazy, Mandy, Heat Wave, Home Again Blues, Blue Skies, What'll I Do?, A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody, Soft Lights and*

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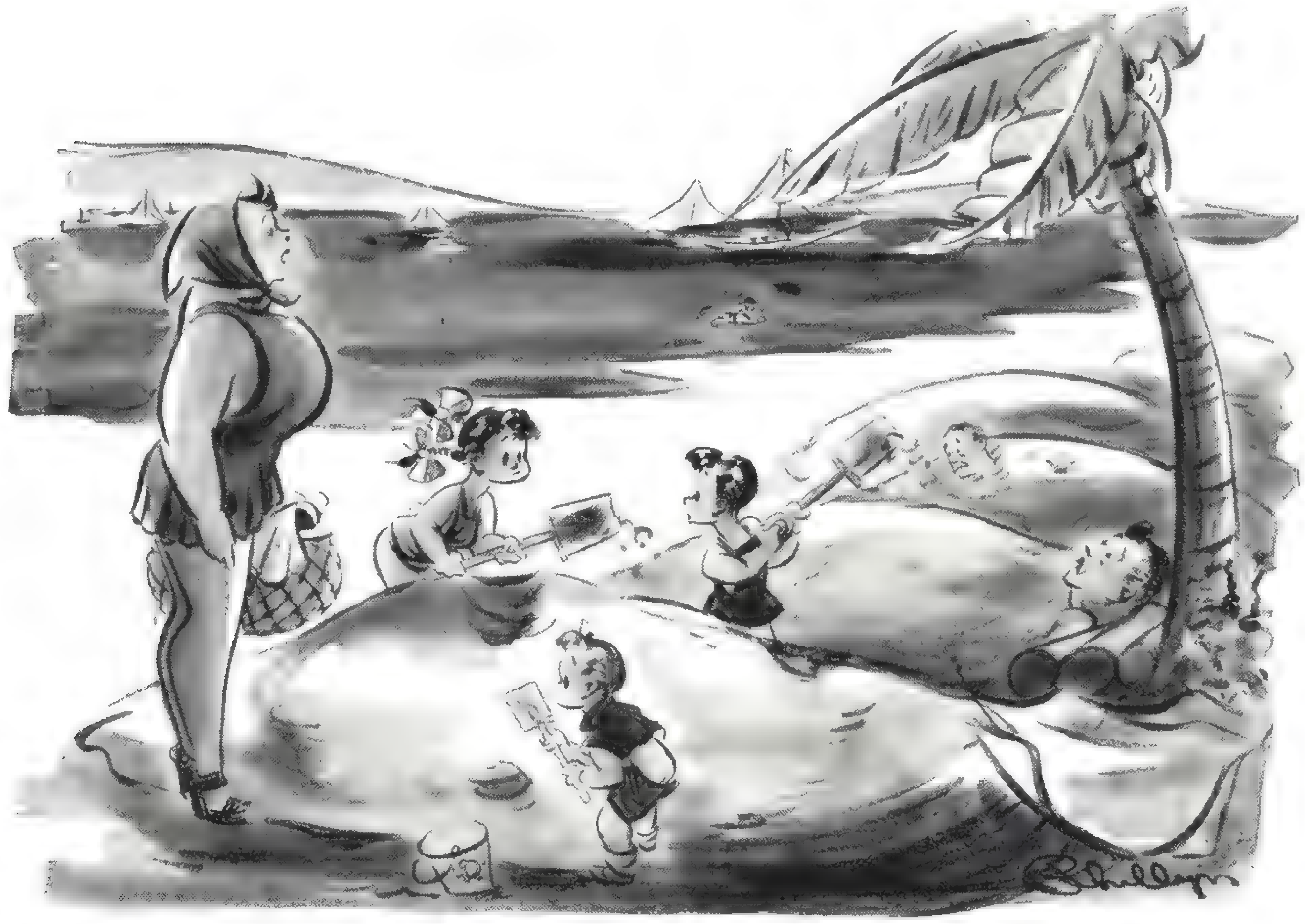
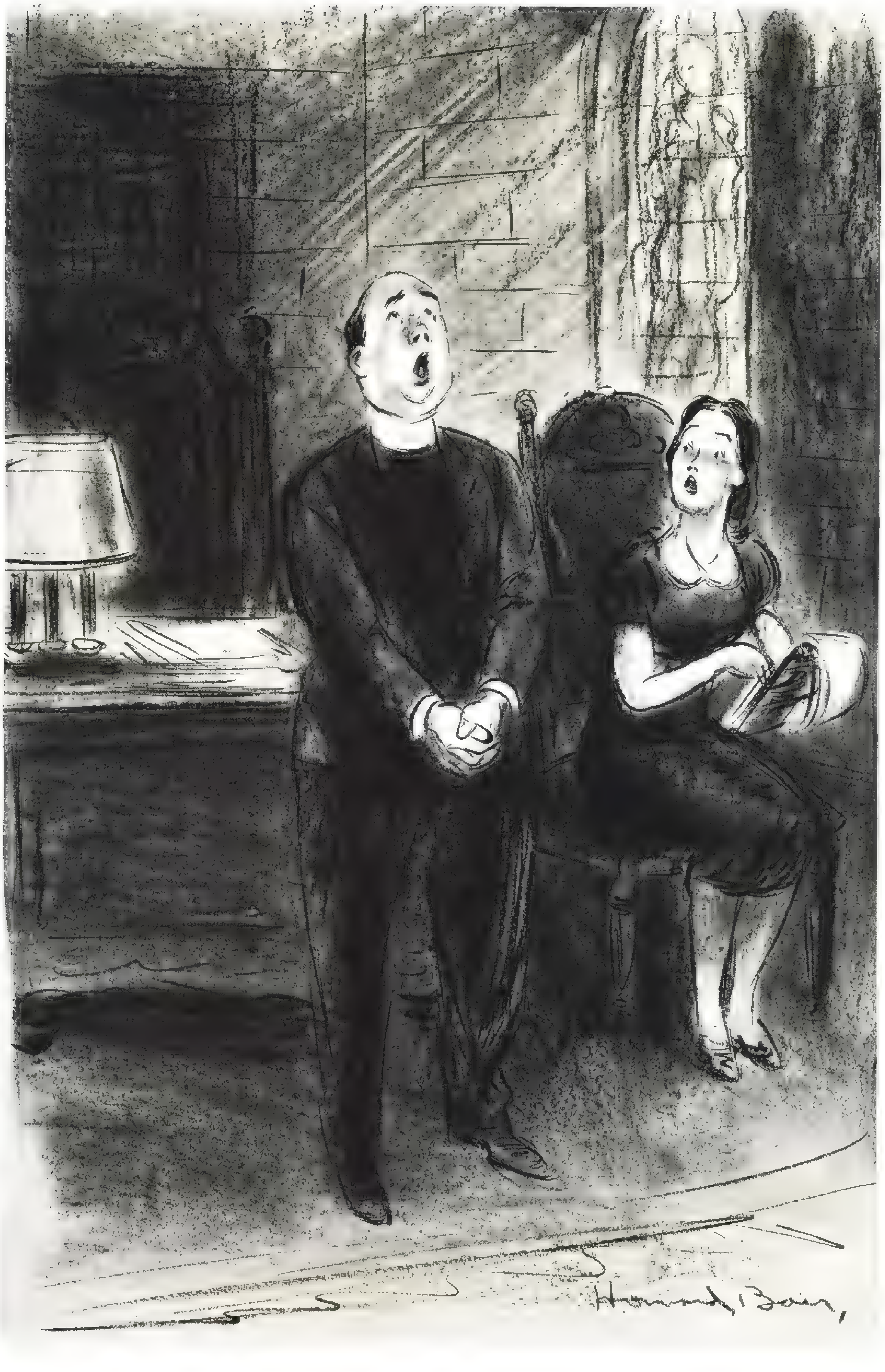


"All right, but if daddy isn't under this one we'll have to eat without him"



Howard Baer

"Now if I can only think up a sock line for the finish, I'll have a good sermon"

Man the Kitchenette

Speed is what counts in preparing an omelet, and it's well for your guests to wait instead of the eggs

by ILES BRODY

EDIBLES

In a Paris restaurant ask for water—and the garçon thinks you want to wash; plead for scrambled eggs—and you'll get an omelet! The former, because the water is bad and everyone drinks wine; the latter because most French chefs freely admit that they do not know how to prepare American scrambled eggs. But they do know their omelets. An omelet is served when one comes in hungry to an inn or home and cannot wait for the soup to heat; it is often proffered in lieu of hors d'oeuvres; and when the breakfast is not purely continental—*café au lait* and *croissants*—it, too, is accompanied by an omelet.

The omelet situation is really very pleasantly complicated due to the infinite varieties offered. *Omelette Provençale*, *fines herbes*, chicken liver, *Régence*, *Raspail*, tomato, kidney, *aux champignons*, *au joli coeur*, and so on endlessly. And there are also sweet omelets—*Célestine*, *soufflée*, and rum. I generally prefer a plain omelet, provided it is expertly made, but I really drool at the mouth when I'm offered *Omelette au Caviare!*

Because of such *Omelettes au Caviare* the Duke of Windsor, it is rumored, cultivated an earache—and his friends, the Rothschilds—in order that he might make frequent visits to pre-German Vienna. Professor Neumann, the famous ear specialist, was supposed to attend to Edward's ears, while the hearth-fire of friendship was supposed to be kindled by Frau Baronin and Herr Baron. But now, after three years, it is believed that the real reason for those repeated and prolonged visits was not the royal ear but the epicurean palate of His Highness. For a while he was addicted to caviar omelets and nowhere could finer ones be found than in Vienna, at a restaurant off the Käertner Strasse, called the *Drei Husaren*. Three gentlemen, former cavalry officers, as the name implies, ran this restaurant which had really superb food.

I knew one of the owners, Count Paul Pálffy, and one day got him to permit me to enter the kitchen and watch the chef make caviar omelets. A properly prepared caviar omelet can be a veritable love mixture for desirable but unromantic ladies, and one never can tell when such knowledge may come in handy.

The French cook of the Drei Husaren looked like a college professor and could teach better than any instructor I ever had. Clearly and concisely he gave explanation and demonstration of the best method for making both a plain omelet and an *omelette au caviare*. The explanation I pass on to you; the demonstration you can do for yourself as home work.

Omelets are easy to make and easy to spoil. It is really child's play to prepare an omelet—but one false move, and you may as well throw it away.

You've got to be on the job every moment it is in preparation; but then, slow and lazy men do not make good cooks anyhow.

Crack into a bowl two eggs (for each person) and season them with a pinch of salt and a half a pinch of pepper; omelet has the distinction of being the only egg dish which is seasoned by the cook—all others are left to be salted and peppered by the consumer. Beat it unmercifully for five minutes, until the whites and yolks are completely mixed; the more the eggs are beaten, the lighter the omelet will be; and beat it with a silver fork. Do not use fancy kitchen utensils like an egg beater unless you are callous to the contempt of professional chefs.

Take a frying pan and put into it a teaspoonful of best olive oil; do not use butter as it might burn. Heat the oil in the pan until it becomes terribly hot on the brisk flame. When the oil starts to smoke, fume and crackle, pour the eggs into the pan and agitate them gently for no longer than forty to fifty seconds; never dry them out by leaving them longer on the range, as a dried out or burned omelet is uneatable. Now remove the pan to a somewhat less hot spot on the range and fold the omelet with your fork—the side nearest the handle first—into a half-moon shape. Smear a bit of butter over it; take the handle of the pan in your right hand, a hot plate with a napkin underneath it in your left and with a rapid movement turn the pan right over the center of the plate. If you have done all this properly you may crow like a cock: "Ko-ko-ri-ko!" for that is how the French chefs greet a perfect omelet when it is ready. But do not forget that efficiency and quickness count above all, and that an omelet must always be made to order; it is better that the man wait rather than the eggs.

Caviar omelet is made exactly like a plain one, except that the caviar, which has been mixed with some sour cream, must be put onto the omelet before it is turned to the half-moon shape. And the caviar must not come from the ice directly, but should have regular room temperature. When it is made right, it is truly a dish to set before a king—or a duke.

A word about the oil for the omelet: olive oil, like butter, is one of the chief weapons of a chef, and it can be either good or bad. The best comes from Nice, Portugal, Italy, and most districts around the Mediterranean. *Huile Vierge* means that the oil was made from the first pressing of the oil berries. A good oil should consist of a cloudy stratum and a clear stratum and ought to be green in color. Do not use Arrachide, coconut or palm oils or cotton seed oil for cooking.

The last time I was in Paris I asked a friend of mine, Monsieur François Thévenin, a French chef who studied under the great Escoffier, to tell me what he considered the quickest, easiest, yet most palatable meat course which may be made by a man in a

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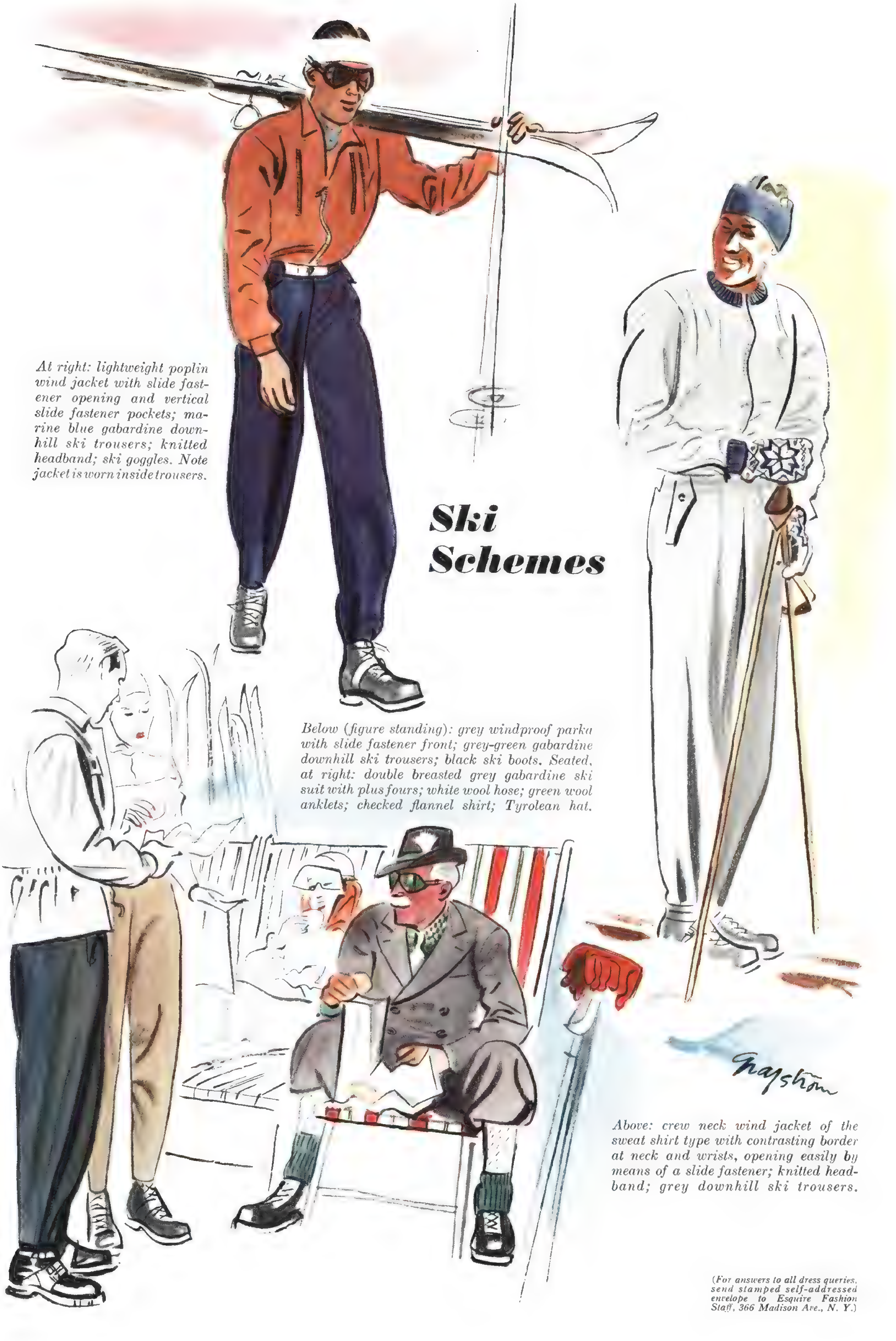
"Don't be silly! The recipe says twenty minutes and it still has five more to go"

Ski Schemes

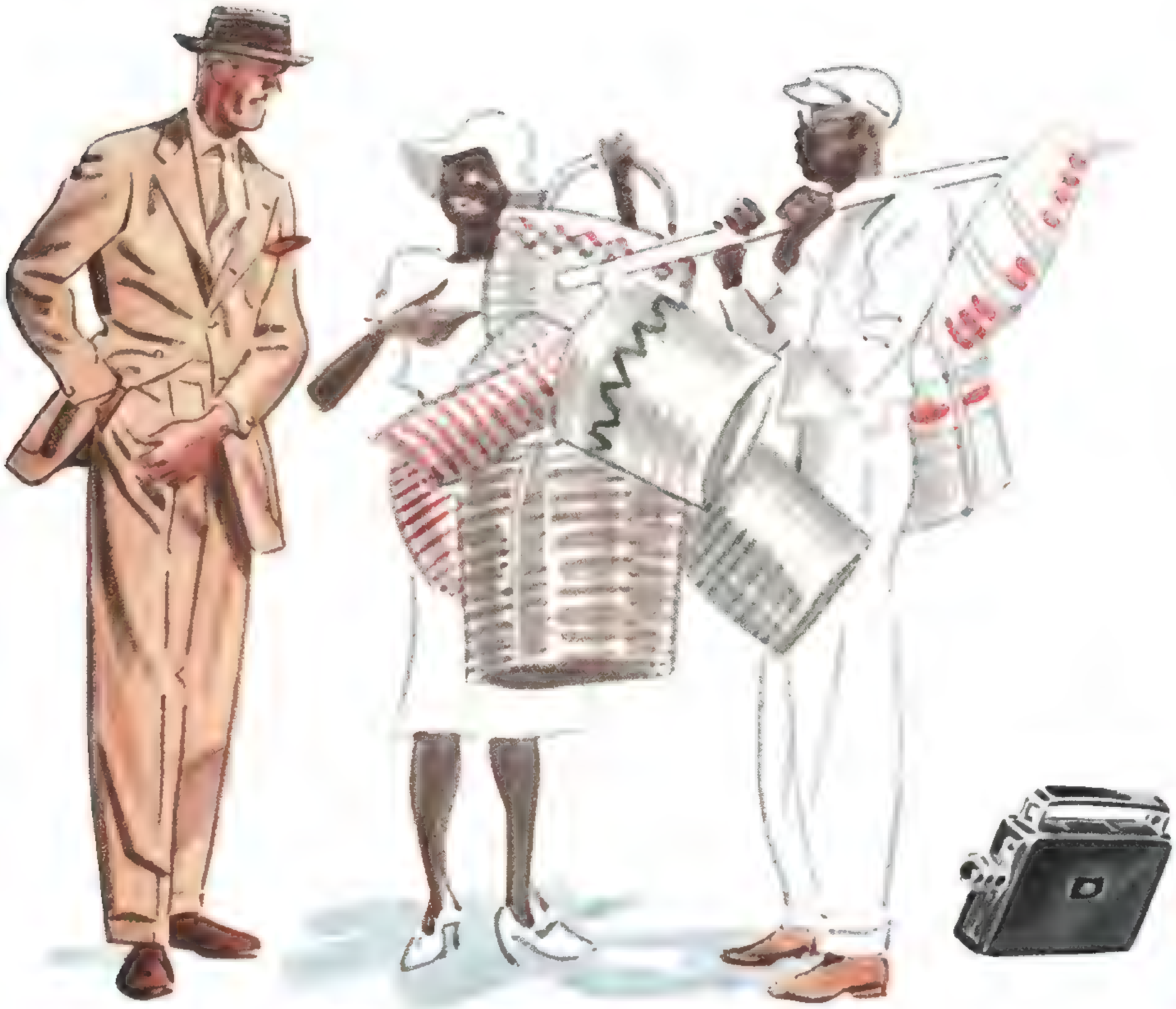


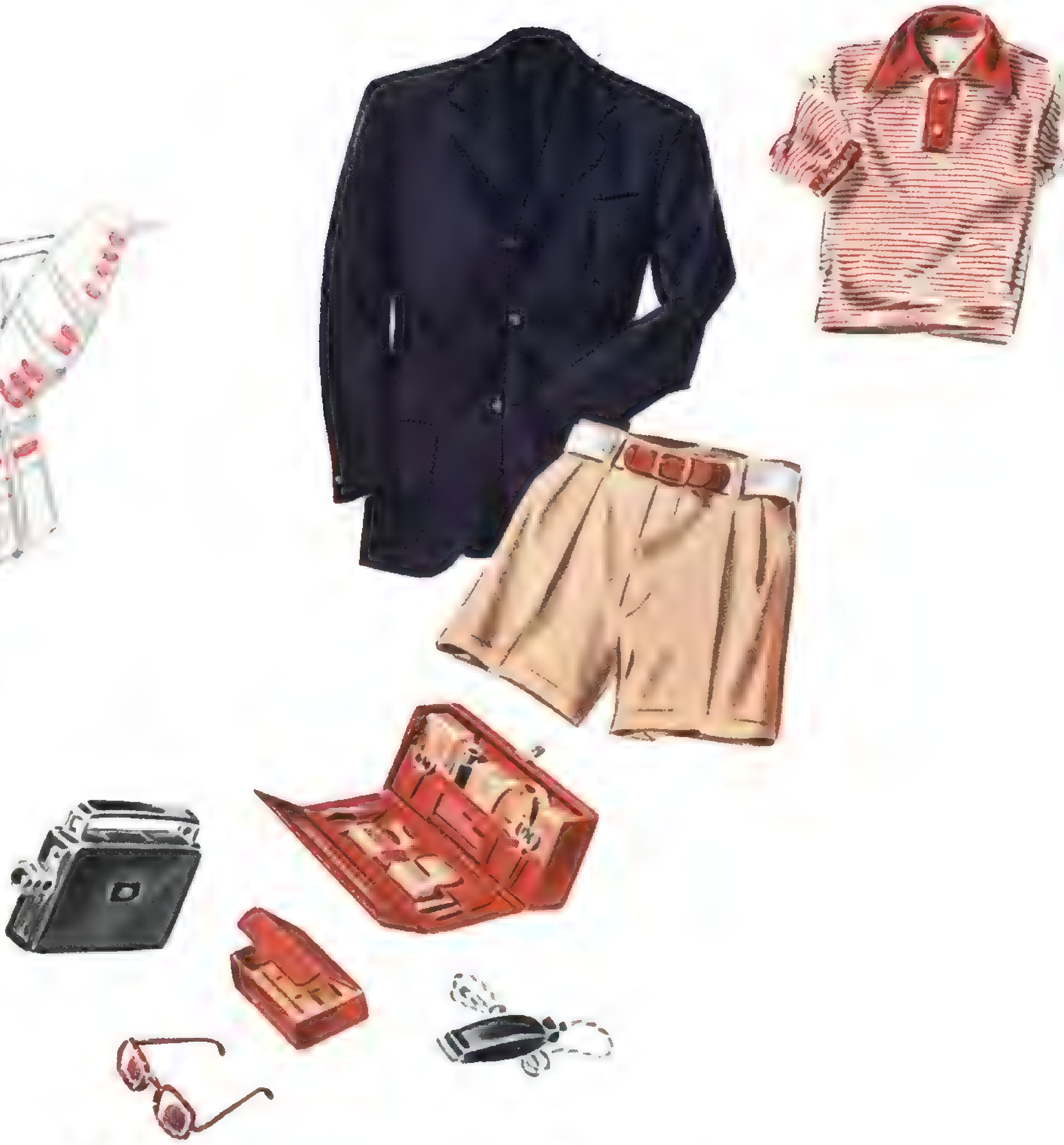
At right: lightweight poplin wind jacket with slide fastener opening and vertical slide fastener pockets; marine blue gabardine downhill ski trousers; knitted headband; ski goggles. Note jacket is worn inside trousers.

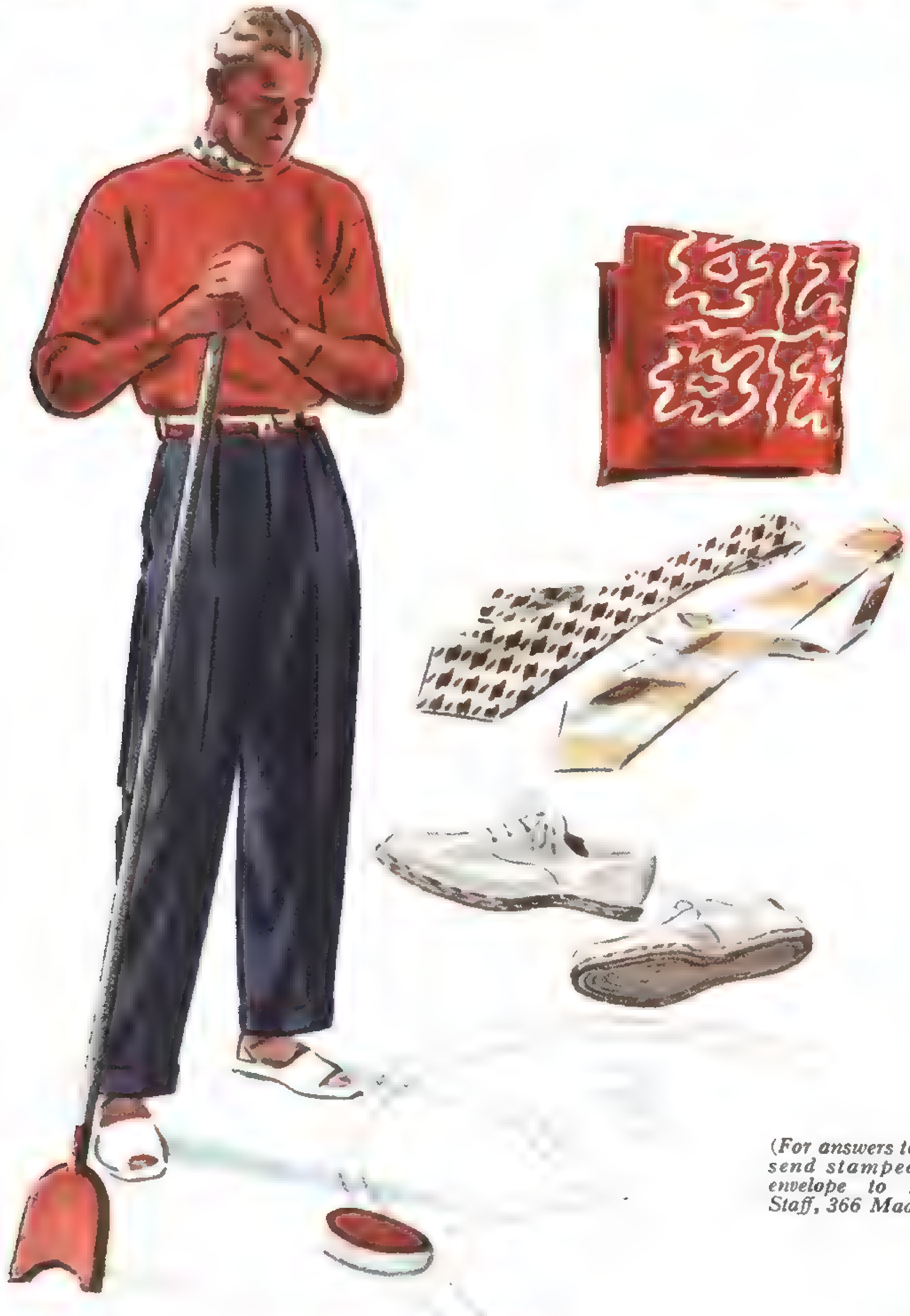
Below (figure standing): grey windproof parka with slide fastener front; grey-green gabardine downhill ski trousers; black ski boots. Seated, at right: double breasted grey gabardine ski suit with plus fours; white wool hose; green wool anklets; checked flannel shirt; Tyrolean hat.

Above: crew neck wind jacket of the sweat shirt type with contrasting border at neck and wrists, opening easily by means of a slide fastener; knitted headband; grey downhill ski trousers.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)





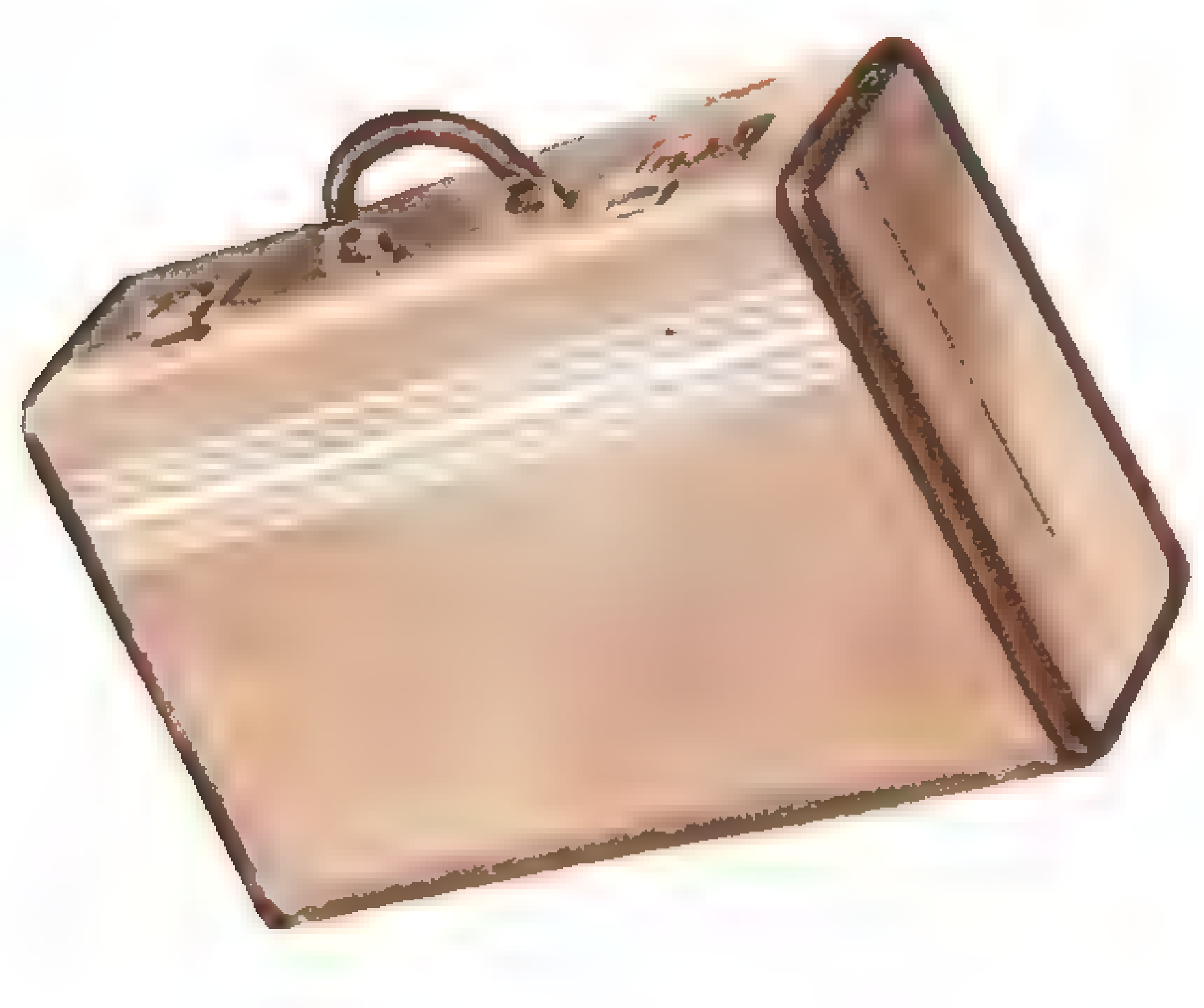


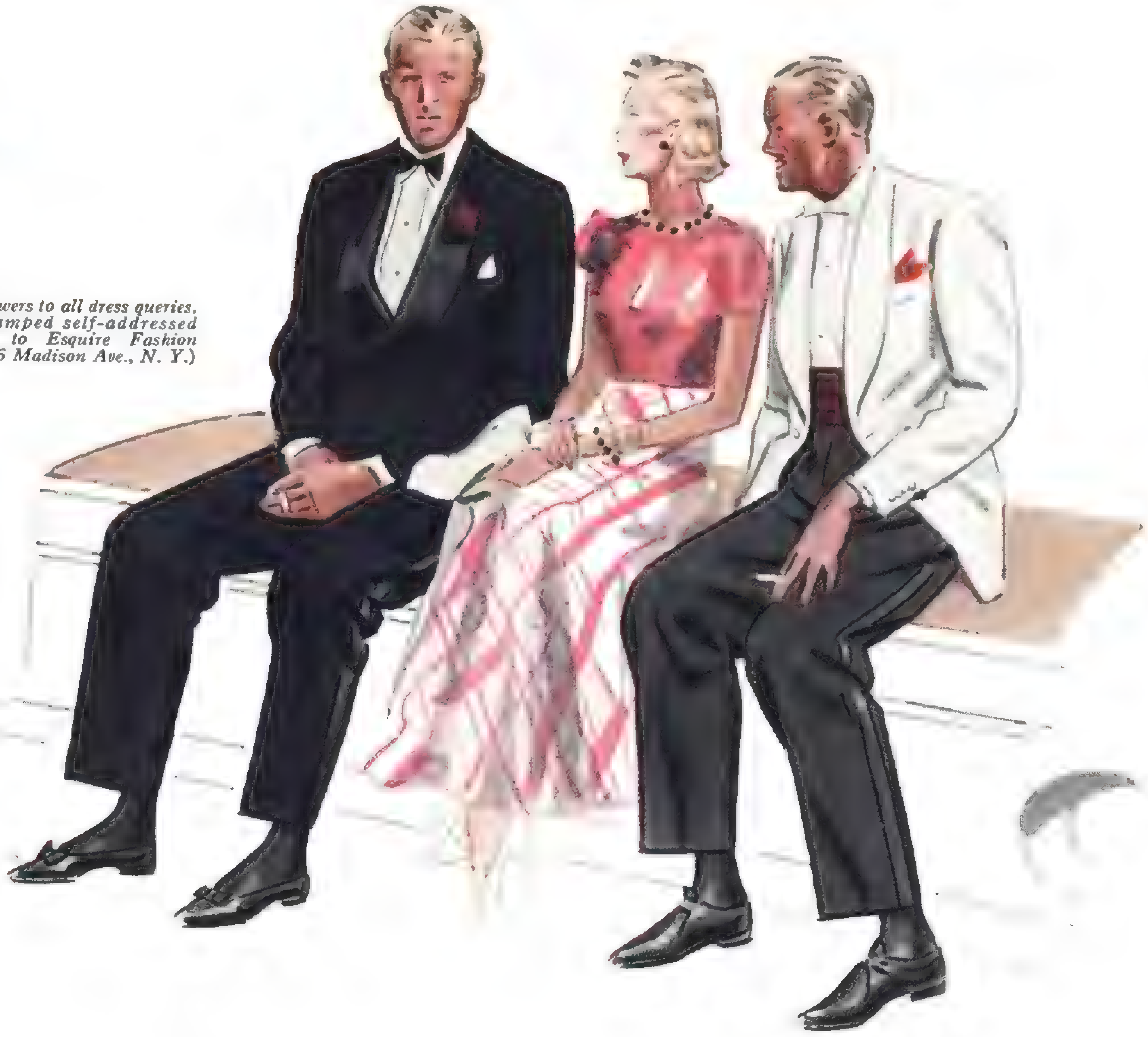
Cruising south...

If you're planning to invade the South this winter, via cruise boat or other vehicle, you're sure to pick up several smart ideas on this page. Correct for boarding ship and visiting ports is the outfit at upper left. It consists of a colonial tan Palm Beach suit, soft collared shirt, ivory color tie, reverse calf shoes and coconut straw hat. For deck games and general informal wear, the long sleeved red shirt and blue slacks are appropriate. Two choices below for evening wear are the double breasted midnight blue dinner jacket with satin shawl collar and white single breasted jacket with black trousers. Worn with the former are black patent leather pumps, soft dress shirt and black tie; with the latter, monk front shoes and white satin tie—a new note in summer evening wear. Additional items are the lightweight wool sport shirt, blue flannel blazer, tan shorts, Indian Corah silk handkerchief, summer ties, white canvas rope-sole shoes, lightweight suitcase, toilet case, stud box, camera, sun glasses and electric razor.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

L. FELLOWS





I Am a Head-Hunter

With practice you learn to size up the animal to tell if he's record-breaking or not worth shooting at

by JACK O'CONNOR

•SPORTS•

THE hunter has known for several hours that the big ram was somewhere on that peak. Now and then, on thin soil along some lofty bench or collected in a crevice between great boulders, he has found his big blunt tracks. He has seen droppings, glistening, soft to the touch. The hunter has been working carefully, using his glasses, making as little noise as possible, searching every place where a wise lone ram might bed down. He knows the animal he seeks is moving about restlessly, bedding down for a while here, taking a few mouthfuls of browse there.

At last he comes over a knife-sharp point and pauses for a look, his head screened by a little bush. Then his heart jumps as his practiced eye catches a movement across the head of the canyon—a tiny movement which no one but an expert would have detected, possibly a turn of the head, a twitch of an ear. Slowly he lifts the glasses that have been hanging from a lanyard around his neck and puts them on the spot. It is a sheep, probably the ram he is looking for, but the creature is screened to some extent by thin brush and he cannot get a good look at his head.

He does not rush things, this patient hunter. That ram hasn't seen him, he knows, and he'll keep. So he slips quietly down, makes a long circuit and comes up higher and behind the ram. There he is, still down, still unconscious of danger. But the important thing is that the hunter can get a good look at the head. His eight-power binoculars show him that the right horn makes a complete curl, but that the left is badly broomed. The bases might go seventeen inches, but maybe they wouldn't. A bit over sixteen, he estimates, would be more nearly right. The ram is an old one and his head is good, but he has killed bigger rams . . . So instead of shooting, he slips down off the comb of that peak, picks out an easy-looking canyon, and heads for camp. And the old ram, completely unaware that he has been weighed and found wanting, continues to inspect a few thousand square miles of empty, beautiful country, happy in the fancied security of his lofty perch.

Perhaps our sportsman finds the ram he wants the next day or the next week, takes him, and is happy. On the other hand, he may hunt for a month and spend a thousand dollars for guides, horses, cooks, and packers and not fire a shot. If he is the real McCoy, a dyed-in-the-wool, 20-karat head-hunter, he will not shoot unless he thinks the animal will carry an exceptional head.

Then sometimes he will be disappointed. The head that looked so good a couple of hundred yards away will prove only ordinary when he gets out the tape measure. When that happens, he sits down, curses his stupidity, and starts all over again. But for the most part, the experienced head-hunter is remarkably right in his estimates. "That big buck antelope on the right," he will say, "will go about seventeen inches." Usually he is right within an inch. But it is the inches that make the difference—in hunting record heads as in high-jumping, shot-putting, or in any of the other sports through which men strive to prove themselves smarter, craftier, more agile or more enduring than other men.

Most sporting records are broken before cheering throngs. Someone puts a shot farther than any man has ever put it before. Another clips a fraction of a second off the 220 dash or a whole second from the mile. A golfer hangs up a new course record. Nearly always these athletes get their names and their pictures in the papers. Sometimes they can reap good cash through the stage or Hollywood.

But the head-hunter works alone. His accomplishments are recognized only by a handful of other head-hunters, and he makes neither cash nor fame. Autograph seekers do not pester him, the beautiful ladies leave him alone. "Look," I said once to a beautiful young thing I wanted to impress, "there is one of the largest mule deer heads ever to come out of Mexico!" Naïvely I stood by, waiting to hear a gush of praise and admiration. But the pretty gal gave it a fishy eye. "Well," she said, "a big buck is easier to hit than a little one, isn't he?" I wilted under her logic. Since then I have boasted of my heads only to other head-hunters.

The head-hunter is a natural evolution of the common or garden variety of hunter. In his first years afield, the sportsman simply wants game. Anything will do. Then he comes to the conclusion that it is more creditable to his ego if the game carries big heads. The glances of envy which follow him as he drives down the main drag with a huge buck on his running board are as sweet to him as those which follow when he parades with the town belle on his arm. Then, when it dawns on him that heads of big game animals are as definitely measured and recorded as records of track and field, he goes into the third stage—that of the true head-hunter, the man who shoots only the big ones, who measures, preserves, and records his trophies.

Whenever he hunts he carries with him the steel tape which is the mark of his kind. Bucks, rams, and bulls that looked big to him a few years before he now passes up. Always, just around the corner, the big head awaits him. Not just a good head, but a record, as every head-hunter craves to have his name recorded in the record books as the killer of one of the heads in the first ten. He gets his big heads measured by an authorized museum, has them sworn to, and sends them in, along with a photograph, to the National Collection of Heads and Horns in New York.

By refusing to shoot at anything but

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"It's a guest room!"

Words and Music

Continued from page 36

early the next afternoon, he starts his incessant smoking and coffee drinking. (It's a poor day that doesn't see Oscar imbibe twenty to thirty cups.) This routine is a regular one, for Oscar likes to think he leads a regular life.

Levant is a composer, a conductor, and a wit. His popular songs have endeared him to a select circle which appreciates a tune with some music in it. His more serious music, written in an extremely complicated idiom, has gained him a past playing with a Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra and a future playing with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. His conducting is only a recent accomplishment. But his wit put him on a national hookup. Because he has the gift of gab he was hired to appear on the program *Information Please*. Because the radio fans liked his nagging tone of voice, his quick side remarks, and his amazing knowledge of music, he was installed as a regular on the program. These Tuesday nights he and John Kieran and Franklin P. Adams answer the questions put to them by Clifton Fadiman. Oscar appears every other week. And 5,000,000 steady listeners from coast to coast have a new household name to cope with. Oscar Levant is finally famous. He has talked his way to the verge of fame several times before; he always talked his way out of it.

Oscar owes it all to the nimble tongue. There are better composers than Oscar, several better pianists, and many more experienced conductors. If Oscar had nothing but musical talent he would have acquired the circumscribed kind of fame that comes to an accomplished musician, but he also has a staggering amount of impertinence attached to a tongue, and these will carry him farther than any man who can do nothing but compose a symphony. A friend of his was stimulated beyond words recently when she attended a performance of *The American Way*. Behind her sat two young ladies, both panting for the first appearance of Fredric March, the star of the show. Suddenly, one of the girls emitted a happy little yelp. "Oooooh," she said, after studying her program, "the conductor is Oscar Levant! You know, the crazy one on *Information Please!*" She forgot Mr. March. Oscar's star is definitely in the ascendant.

For years Oscar has been giving his epigrams away free. The boys who follow him around the night clubs get hysterical every time Oscar opens his mouth, but the only profit in this sort of thing is a frequent mention in the Broadway columns. Now, every other Tuesday night, Oscar gets paid for indulging in the only form of exercise he knows—talk. Oscar doesn't make puns like F. P. Adams and he doesn't know as much about herbivora and trivia as John Kieran, but his own contribution to the program is a highly individualistic one. His answers are always the most irreverent. There was the night Fadiman asked the four experts to name four common household expressions. Oscar's contribution was by far the most common—"Hey, are you going to stay in that bathroom all day?" Oscar is also a man of moods. There was the time when Fadiman asked him to play a certain musical excerpt on the piano. Oscar refused to leave his seat. "The piano knows where I am!" he said.

* * *

At the age of thirty-two Oscar is, unfortunately, a mythical character. This in the sense that myths pursue him. "Have you heard Oscar's latest?" is becoming quite as popular, and quite as indiscriminate, as "Have you heard Dorothy Parker's latest?" This is getting to the point where half the bright things said in this glorious country of ours are attributed to Oscar, half to Dorothy. Oscar has actually been responsible for so many quips that it is natural to credit him with a lot of *mots* he never muttered and let it go at that. Miss Parker is on the same spot.

Authentic chapters in the Levant legend are, consequently, not easily separated from the chaff. But if the word has a bark on it, it might be Oscar's. If it is the sort of story that depends on a breakdown after a strong buildup, it is certainly Oscar's. There is, for example, the story of the female Samaritan at the party. Oscar arrived at a tony affair attired in his usual blue serge and nondescript tie. A sweet old lady immediately sensed that the glassy-eyed young man was in dire need of attention. She asked about him. Who was he? "Oh, a composer," somebody said.

When she heard this, the lady knew that the young man lived in a garret and survived on cracker crumbs. She came up to Oscar and began to sympathize with him. Oscar played the starving artist to perfection. Finally the lady said, "What you need, young man, is three square meals a day!"

"Lady," growled Oscar, reaching for a triple-decker anchovy paté from the canapé tray, "I'd *starve* to death. I never eat less than six."

Once, in Hollywood, he was describing the sad state of his financial affairs to Ira Gershwin. The conversation, incidentally, took place in the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, where the coffee doesn't sell for a nickel a cup. Oscar painted a vivid picture of his penury. He was down and out, he was penniless, his big toes were coming through his shoes. Oscar can rend hearts when he wants to.

Gershwin was aghast at Oscar's story. "My God, Oscar," he said, and he reached for his wallet, "how long can you go on like this?"

"Oh," said Oscar, "another ten years."

If the story is a triumph of self-deflation, it might be Oscar's. He had been married only a short time when he met a friend of his on the street. Oscar announced that his marriage was over. "So soon?" asked the friend, "after only a few months of wedded life?" "Listen," said Oscar, "have you ever spent an hour with me?"

When somebody asked him why his marriage had gone on the rocks, Levant coined a classic answer. "Incompatibility," he said, "and besides, I had a feeling that she hated me."

Once when he attended a preview in Hollywood he stood around while the producer of the picture received the praise of his subordinates. The producer, popping with pride, turned to Oscar, who was also a subordinate. And what did Oscar think of the picture? "I was disappointed," said Oscar.

The producer flared. "And who the hell are *you* to be disappointed?" he roared.

"Just who the hell do you *have* to be to be disappointed?" asked Oscar.

It was Harpo Marx who remarked that Oscar Levant has the most expensive stooges in the world. Oscar does move in the best circles when he is not moving in the worst, and he usually stands in the very center of both. Irving Berlin, S. N. Behrman, Harpo Marx, George S. Kaufman, Moss Hart are among his closest friends, and they all let Oscar hold the floor whenever he happens to be around. In straight conversation, fancy or plain, Oscar is champ. Quickness is his forte. The closest friend he has is the playwright S. N. Behrman, who speaks like a character in a play by S. N. Behrman. This means his sentences are balanced and bland. Oscar, on the other hand, reacts like rifle fire. With him the *mot* is all-important. Levant and Behrman, at opposite ends of a coffee service or across a night club table, are something to hear and see because Behrman spends his time trying to mollify Levant. Oscar, who left high school when he was fifteen years old and whose background in everything from books to baseball is self-acquired, regards Behrman as his great white father.

Broadway, Hollywood, and the horsy Long Island set like to have Oscar around. He's so unpredictable at parties and his face is so picturesque. He is a favored guest at the Sands Point home of the Herbert Bayard Swopes. On other week ends he might be found in various parts of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, a guest of Kaufman or Hart. On Broadway he knows almost every celebrated mug in the business. The only overcoat he owns used to belong to Nick the Greek.

Oscar is not on the handsome side, but Oscar's physiognomy may explain the source of a great deal of his glibness. "When I first meet somebody," he says, "I have to talk fast. I have to destroy that first impression." Oscar is medium tall, husky, and dark. He has black hair, large eyes, and a large mouth. Lately he has been straightening his tie and he often combs his hair.

The fact that he must start talking fast when he first meets people, plus the fact that he has sharpened his wits by trading cracks with the best men in the trade, have molded Oscar's speech. But he also learned a lot at his mother's knee. Mrs. Levant is a placid lady who lives on Squirrel Hill in Pittsburgh. When Oscar called her several years ago to tell her he was married, his mother said, "That's nice. Did you practice the piano today?" At any rate, that's Oscar's story. The remark may have been edited a little by her proud boy, but the sentiment is definitely Mama Levant's. Oscar once refused to practice on the piano on the grounds that practice was superfluous to a Levant. "Music," he said, "runs in the family."

"If you don't practice," said Mrs. Levant, "it will run right out again." One of her other sons is a doctor who, even after he graduated from the University of Pittsburgh, continued to conduct the orchestra for the college musical shows. After a while, Mama called a halt to that. Music is all right for Oscar, but it is undignified for a doctor. Furthermore, Mrs. Levant cannot understand this fuss about Oscar's wit. Her favorite comedian is another son, Howard, a dentist.

Oscar left his mother and came to New York when he was fifteen. He had to leave his high school education floundering somewhere around its second year in order to do this. Oscar had to earn a living and New York seemed the likely mecca. Ths first thing he did when he arrived was to present himself at the studio of Sigismund Stojowski, to take piano lessons. Stojowski had been Paderewski's favorite pupil. Oscar, a strange young man, even at the age of fifteen, found himself in a class of strange children, all prodigies. One day Oscar and all the other Stojowski pupils played for a distinguished one-man audience—Paderewski himself. He remembers a little girl who also played on the program that day. She played nicely but she missed her aim on a little arpeggio at the end and the effect she produced was one that made the piano sound as though it had been wired with bedsprings. She began to cry. Paderewski came over and kissed her on the forehead. "Something she wouldn't have got if she'd played it right," says Oscar.

Young Oscar in New York had young ideals. One of the books he had read in Pittsburgh was *Jean Christophe*. He came to New York a little inebriated with the notion that he was Christophe coming to Paris. Since Christophe was a synthesis of the essences of Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner and Richard Strauss, Oscar began to identify

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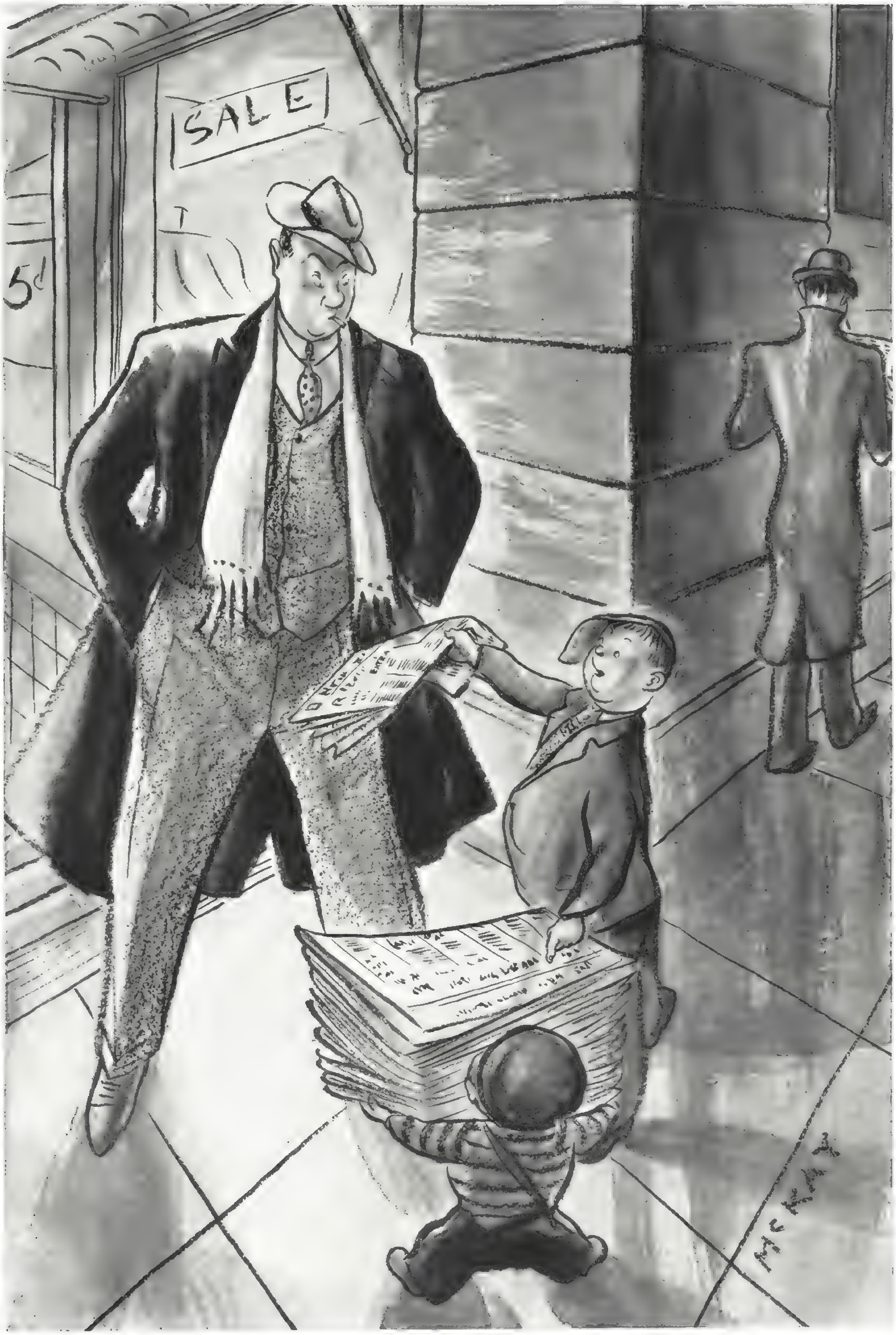
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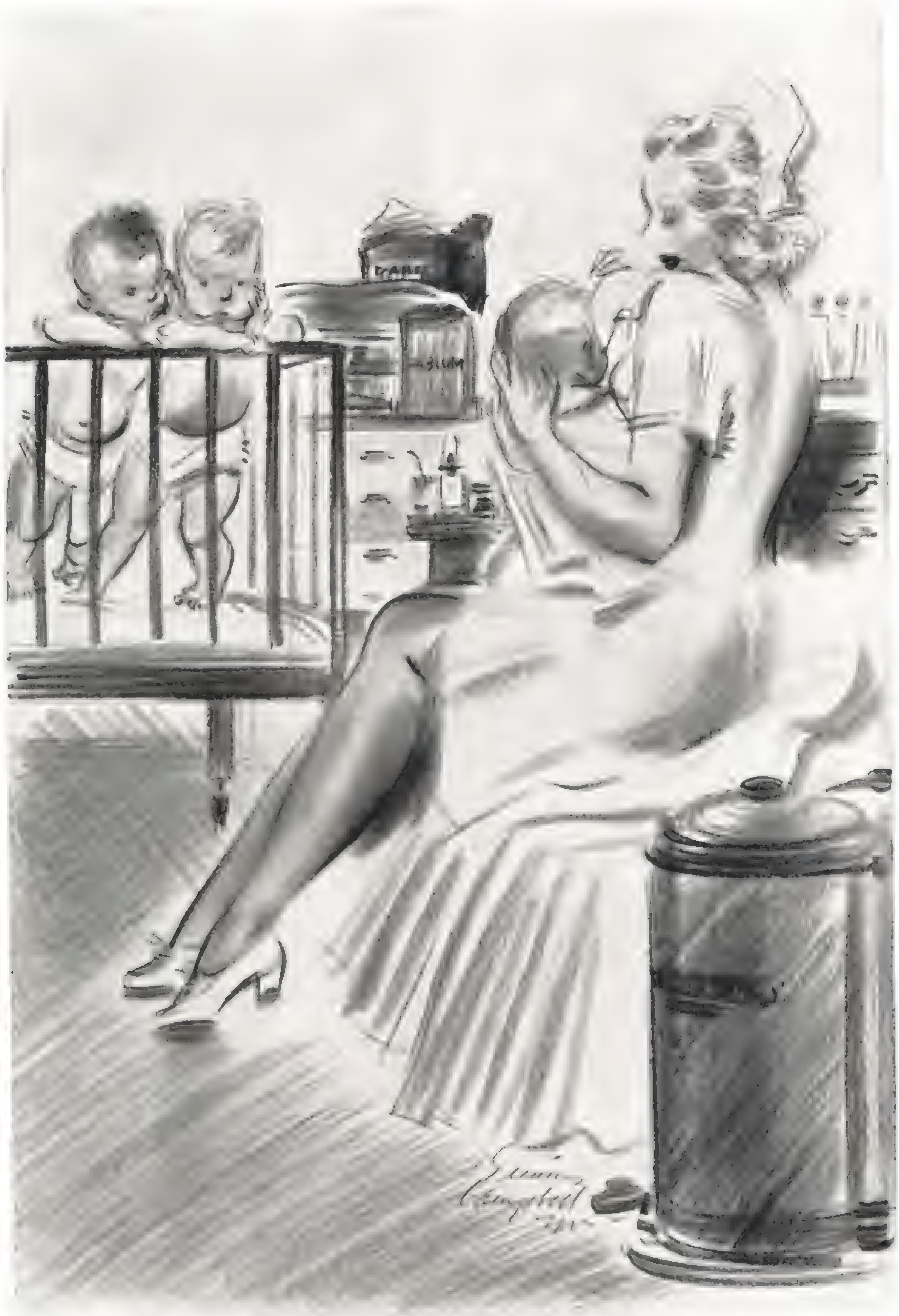
"He's my brother—I'm teachin' him the business!"



"Hm-mm—sort of gives a fellow an incentive to grow up, doesn't it?"

Words and Music

Continued from pages 36-96

himself with Christophe. He started to search his soul for the soaring instincts of any one of the four immortals. When his stomach began to talk back to him he gave up the search. He was, he decided, no new Christophe entering a new Parnassus. He was Oscar Levant, a fifteen-year-old piano player from Pittsburgh and he had to eat. When this fact became unbearably obvious, Oscar decided to devote the rest of his life to warning young men away from books like *Jean Christophe.*

So Oscar, in between lessons with Stojowski, went to work. Work meant playing the piano. Playing the piano meant playing any piano. For a while he played for young ladies' ballet classes. Then he began to learn the more popular techniques. In time, of course, he became what is known to the trade as "a helluva business pianist." In other words, by taking whatever came along, he learned to play anything from a violin cadenza accompaniment at a ladies' luncheon to boogie-woogie in a speakeasy. It was hard, at first. His knowledge of the classics did him no good on Broadway. There was the night he played for a stag banquet at the Hotel Astor. The gentlemen present shouted for *East Side, West Side.* Oscar had never heard of the song. He substituted a Mozart piece. Oscar was thrown out.

But he learned. Today he will play *East Side, West Side* at the point of a gun, and under the same provocation he can deliver many other barroom favorites. However, he still gets stuck on *No, No, a Thousand Times No!*

If the formative years were outlandish years, they don't seem that way to Oscar. With complete aplomb he remembers when he played in a Japanese restaurant on Long Island and slept in the cellar with forty Japs. The only thing about that job that puzzles Oscar is the fact that the chef, a wiz on suki-yaki, was an Italian. For a time Oscar wrote songs with Billy Rose. In those days Billy was courting Fanny Brice. He would borrow Fanny's Mercedes and drive Oscar down to an East Side emporium where they could dine on pastrami. Oscar also played concert sessions at the Hotel Ambassador. This, according to Oscar, was his "Hey, Waiter!" period. He learned the words and music to such popular items of the day as *Toot-Toot-Tootsie Goodbye* in a multitude of clubs and cafés. He played with Ben Bernie for two and a half years. (Eye-witnesses to that episode swear that Bernie fired Levant every two weeks.) Oscar also played accompaniment for the dance team of Clifton Webb and Mary Hay. He played in pit bands and stage bands in the cinema cathedrals of Balaban and Katz.

Levant was the nuisance who started the system of playing solo on the piano in between dances, wherein the lonesome pianist amuses the customers single-handed when the orchestra goes out for a smoke. In spite of his increasing virtuosity, Oscar never did acquire what is known as the Night Club Manner. If an affable customer with the best intentions in the world would invite the pianist down for a drink, Oscar could be depended upon to feint with his jaw and throw a few trial insults around. Besides, he didn't (and still doesn't) drink.

Oscar's brother Harry, a show conductor of importance, gave Oscar a job as pianist in the Pit Band for *The Passing Show of 1925.* By that time Oscar was eighteen years old and a well known figure in musical circles, but his job with Harry didn't last long because *The Passing Show of 1925* didn't last long. Besides, Oscar showed he was not cut out for the life of a pit player. When the adagio dancer in the show climbed to a lofty pinnacle on the stage and prepared to leap into her partner's arms far down below, the orchestra would cease its labors. Utter silence in the theatre had to be maintained in order to extract the full dramatic effect of the plunge. But Oscar cared nothing for such effects. During the death-defying leap, Oscar continued to play "oompah-oompah" on the piano.

All this time Oscar continued to study with Stojowski. But in 1928 Oscar became an actor. The show was *Burlesque,* a smash hit which had Hal Skelly and Barbara Stanwyck playing its two leads. Oscar played the piano in the speakeasy scene. He didn't have many lines but the whole mood of the act depended on Oscar's playing. He collected the third highest salary in the cast and he played in *Burlesque* for a year and a half. The producer of the show, Arthur Hopkins, had a strange superstition about Oscar.

He would not let him stand up on the stage. Oscar has no satisfactory explanation for this quirk of Hopkins but there are those who, knowing what centrifugal force Oscar is capable of once he starts throwing his weight around, find no mystery in the situation. Once on his feet, Oscar might have tip-toed through the footlights.

Oscar got a Hollywood contract—as an actor. He was hired to play his original role in the screen version of *Burlesque.* When the lords of RKO started to look for a more classy title for the picture they came across a book called *The Dance of Life,* by Havelock Ellis. The book was, of course, something psychological about sex, but the movie men weren't interested in the plot. They paid Ellis $10,000 and all they took was his title. Under such scrambled stars the Hollywood career of Oscar Levant was born.

Hollywood welcomes court jesters and pays them handsomely even if they do nothing but sit around and jest. More than one producer has a clown in his caravan, somebody to make the great man laugh when things are not so colossal. It would have been a convivial atmosphere for Oscar Levant had he chosen to be convivial himself. But Oscar couldn't change his spots. Oscar is no respecter of persons, or personages. Oscar didn't give a damn.

For a time he was a producer of western epics. "To give them the urbane touch," he explains. He had a job at Twentieth Century-Fox which consisted of doing nothing but collecting his pay check every week. This could have gone on indefinitely but the situation called for a *mot* and Oscar had one ready. He started to call himself "Twentieth Century-Fox's private WPA." Notable among the other achievements in the cinema capital was the chunk of an opera he wrote for *Charlie Chan at the Opera.* In one aria he wrote he fulfilled an ambition which many a musician shares with him. As the orchestra struck up a tremendous chord, a baritone came stomping out on the stage, struck a pose, and bellowed: "Silencio!" Nobody noticed it.

Oscar wasn't given much of a chance to do film music in Hollywood. He did acquire certain assistant producerships and he was known in various quarters as an idea man. The little music he did compose was undeniably brilliant, but it got him nowhere. Oscar spent most of his time cementing his friendships. He moved mainly in the exclusive Harpo Marx circle, but when he wasn't guesting at Marx's or Berlin's he led his own entourage through the night spots.

Oscar was not lonely in Hollywood, but the death of George Gershwin was a blow that hurt. His affection for Gershwin becomes articulate only when he plays Gershwin music on the piano. He was one of the featured soloists at the first Gershwin memorial concert in Hollywood. As a party pianist Oscar is unbeatable, but in those infrequent intervals when he follows his mother's advice and practices for an event, the best of them sit back and listen. Oscar practiced for the Gershwin memorial harder than he had ever practiced before. The critics were ecstatic, but one member of the audience coined a finer tribute than anything the newspapers had to say. "Everybody else was playing for the audience," said this admirer, "but Levant was playing for Gershwin." This year Oscar scored an enormous success when he played at the Gershwin memorial concert in New York. The reviewers noted his extraordinary poise. They didn't know that for hours before the concert Oscar was on the verge of breaking down. His brother Ben and a re-

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"Oh—er—just an old school chum Mister Murphy"

Words and Music

Continued from pages 36-96-99

porter friend, Curly Harris, had to hold him up until he went on.

After the Gershwin concert in Hollywood there was a Levant boom in the movie industry. Selznick outbid all the others for his services and Oscar composed an unforgettable score for the picture *Nothing Sacred.* For the song *Until Today* he won an Ascap Award.

All the time he had been in New York, Oscar studied with Stojowski. All the time he was in Hollywood he studied with Arnold Schoenberg. Levant came to Schoenberg when the master had very few private pupils. Levant, who is a grade-A hero worshiper, simply ran around town and got all his friends, Gershwin included, to study with Schoenberg. Schoenberg's affection for Oscar is, consequently, something more than that of master for pupil. As for Oscar, he will deny any but the most mercenary motives in drumming up trade for the great Schoenberg. "I hustled for new pupils because that way I got my own lessons half-price," is his explanation. Oscar has a hard time keeping the mask fixed and rigid. He has the habit of catching himself when he feels he is baring his soul. If he gives way, for example, to a genuine emotional appraisal of a composer, he will check his reins just in time. "Debussy is a unique genius," he will say in all sincerity. Then frightened by the cliché, he will add ". . . and all that bull." This same reluctance to be considered soft was betrayed in an incident in a Hollywood restaurant. Oscar was dining with a friend, a noted composer of popular tunes. Oscar was in his vituperative mood and the friend was the innocent victim. For want of any other target, Oscar started to malign the friend's music. In a few minutes the friend was feeling ashamed of himself for ever having sat down to a piano. Then Oscar, quite suddenly, realized what he was doing. "I'm sorry," he said. "You know I don't mean what I said. You know how much I really like your music. Why, at your best . . ."

And here, just as suddenly, the louse in Levant reared its ugly head. "At your best," he said, "Cole Porter is better."

The Schoenberg episode is one of the gaudiest in the Levant legend because the old man is that rare phenomenon, a match for Oscar. The best story about them is a *touché* for Schoenberg. Oscar had written a string quartet à la Schoenberg. The master looked at it and then turned grimly to Oscar. "At the first playing," he told him, "you will feel desperate."

Since Oscar's apprenticeship at the Schoenberg atelier the best musicians on the coast have beaten a path to the Schoenberg door, yet Schoenberg is delightfully unaware of music as it is written for popular consumption. When he was introduced to Irving Berlin, Berlin showed no signs of recognition. Then his eyes lit up. "Ah, Mr. Schoenberg," he said. "I have heard Oscar mention your name."

"I hope," said Schoenberg, "that isn't your only source." With some delight, Oscar tells that Schoenberg then turned to a companion and said, sadly, "Sixty opuses I have written and I'm known because Oscar mentions my name."

When Levant came back to New York and started to reach the heights by virtue of his appearances on *Information Please* he received from Schoenberg a letter which was designed to keep his head down to hat size. "I hear you are a big shot in New York," wrote the master. "I have listened to your program but I cannot recognize your voice."

Oscar consoles himself with a strange thought. "At least," he says, "I'm the only radio comic Schoenberg ever taught the twelve-tone scale to!"

Oscar inaugurated two new careers when he came back to New York. The first was that of orchestra conductor, the second that of radio comic. In the past two seasons he has conducted the orchestras, and arranged the music, for two Kaufman-Hart shows, *The Fabulous Invalid* and *The American Way.* The radio career has put him on the road to the really big things in life. You can find his picture on the advertisements for Canada Dry and his signature on testimonials to magazines. He is in constant demand as an honored guest at all sorts of celebrations. (He has conducted the Hans Eisser score for the Petroleum exhibit at the World's Fair.) The world, for Oscar, is now on the half-shell. But his usual haunts still attract his presence free of charge. His usual friends still follow him around, and he keeps rigidly to the usual routine. But one thing Oscar cannot understand is the fact that fame has brought him nothing that could be called a fortune. Everything he touches, he says, turns to pennies.

One of the bigger rewards of fame arrived the day Oscar was asked by a prominent publisher to write a book. In between his conducting, his composing, his radio appearances, and his rounds, he is writing this book. It will be something in the line of personal reminiscences and at the last sitting he was going to call it, *A Smattering of Ignorance.* It will be a cheerful book, filled with stories Oscar remembers about himself. It will pay off some old grievances here, pay some respects there (his chapter on Aaron Copland is as warm an appreciation as any musician ever penned about another). But make no mistake. It could be a weighty tome if Oscar wanted it that way. "Of course I'm educated," he says. "I've read every book jacket in the modern library." ⧺

The Racquet Busters

Continued from page 63

relatively few players, because the competition isn't as tough? Do they do it to be "exclusive"? It is easy to make such a snap judgment—I have heard it made—but the facts hardly bear it out. The simplest explanation happens to be the truest one. Many players graduate from the squash games into racquets—if they can afford to do so—because they like the latter, because of the zest of playing with a faster ball, covering a court which is nearly four times larger in floor area. This is another way of saying that if the cost could be brought down to squash costs, you'd find a great many thousands of he-men playing racquets.

The present national amateur *and* open racquets champion, Robert Grant III, is a perfect refutation of the notion that racquets is for those who can't play anything else. National amateur champion for the third consecutive year in 1939, he is now the holder of every important racquets title on the continent, the American doubles title, the Canadian singles and doubles, and the Tuxedo Gold Racquet.

Conceded to be the greatest amateur racquets player yet developed in this country, Grant will journey to England some time in April, 1940 in an effort to win the world's open championship which also happens to be held by an amateur, a Britisher named David Milford. Milford is the second amateur to win the world's open title, a title which dates back to 1820, but you can find plenty of racquets enthusiasts who will bet that Grant is about to become the third; they say he can't lose.

In the finals of the open championship last year, Grant won a four-out-of-seven match from Setzler by the following scores: 11-15, 15-12, 15-7, 15-5, 15-3. Notice those scores, because in them is a clue to Grant's success at the game—his power and endurance. The opening game, which Setzler took, was, incidentally, the only one that Grant lost in competition during the season. But after that Grant, an athlete in prime physical condition, simply wore his opponent down to a frazzle. Grant not only hits with terrific speed, but his powerful legs are tremendous assets to him in a game where you must run, run, and run.

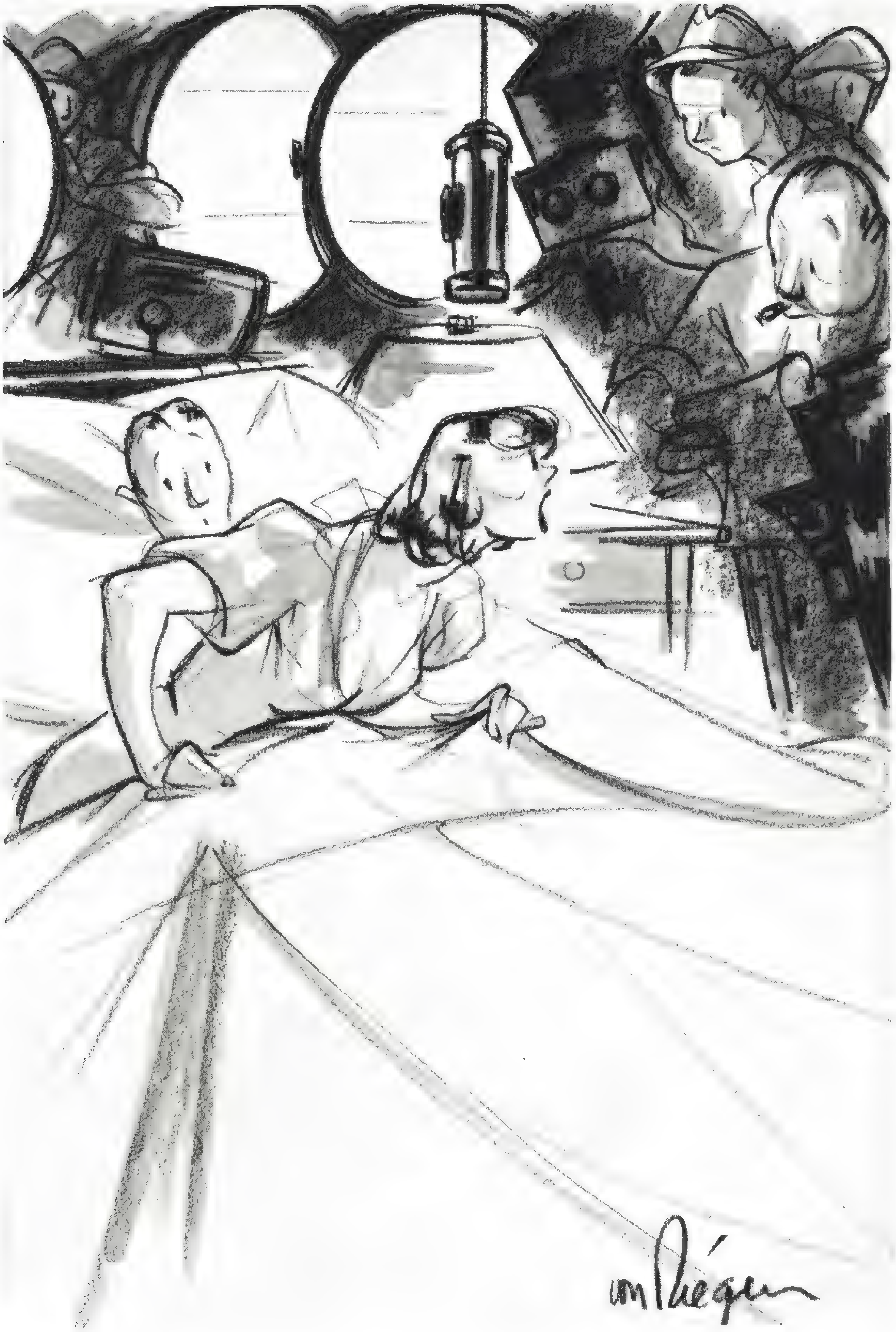
But it is not so much his dominance of one sport as his versatility in many that stamps Grant as a really splendid all-around athlete, one of the most adept racquet-wielders who has stepped on any kind of a court. He was graduated from Harvard in 1934, and captained the squash racquets team. While he was in college he captured the Massachusetts state title. Moving to New York after his graduation, he won the Metropolitan championship from a strong field, and got to the semi-finals in the nationals. When Grant forsook competitive squash racquets, he was among the best half-dozen in the country, and still improving. And a great many people play squash racquets, all over the land.

After joining the New York Harvard Club, Grant also took up squash tennis, a game he had never played before. In his first season at it he played high up on the A team, and acquitted himself well in inter-league competition. Remember that New York is the world center of squash tennis. At the Harvard Club he won the club novice, Class C, Class B, and Class A titles in his first year at the game, a highly-geared game which leaves many less-gifted players baffled after years of futile endeavor. The average beginner, far from expecting to win titles, feels satisfied if a season of play advances him to the point where he can go into a squash court without getting his head knocked off.

Grant can acquit himself creditably at other racquet games too. In his own words he plays court tennis "indifferently" and has no ambitions to win national prominence, but he is a capable player. The same can be said of lawn tennis which—if we haven't got you hopelessly confused by now—is ordinary tennis, the kind played by Budge, Vines, *et al.* Grant played in his younger days, made his freshman team, but does not play a great deal at present.

Only good with a racquet of some sort in his hand? No, to complete the picture it should be stated that at golf Grant sports a six handicap in the New York Metropolitan district. This may not make him a Byron Nelson, but it seems safe to assume that he keeps out of the rough with reasonable consistency. Racquets, squash racquets, squash tennis, court tennis, lawn tennis and golf. Six games. It's a safe bet that in an all-around contest embracing the six, he would more than hold his own with any man in the world.

Yes, if you want to argue that it is not as great an athletic honor to be national racquets champion as it is to be national lawn tennis champion, national golf champion or the leading batter of the American League, I will agree with you. I too feel that it is harder to become the greatest of many than to become the greatest of a relatively few. That is only common sense. But if you want to maintain that a game that is expensive to play must necessarily exclude every capable all-around athlete, here is a tip for you: Keep the name Robert Grant III discreetly out of the conversation. ⧺



"What do you mean look scared—I am scared!"

For Happy Endings

Continued from page 89

found them to be very interesting.

The idea that holes spell Alpine origin is so widespread, I hate to have to report that they don't mean a thing except style. Authentic Switzerland Cheese, tattooed with the name, gets its delectable ping from the milk of moo-ladies of special breed that in summer pasture high up near the edelweiss. The holes are mementos of natural carbon dioxide gas, spontaneously generated as in Champagne. That is to say, burping is done before eating, by the cheese itself—not afterwards, by the eater. The Chinese would no doubt consider this a deprivation.

Low pastures have their good points too, the Dutch insist—backing the claim with cannonball Edams and fishcake-shaped Goudas, and now also long delicatessen store loaves, coated with the same protective wax.

England's flaky, golden Cheshire and purple-veined Stilton are nice work if you can get them. Cheddar is what our "store cheese" tries to be, more and more successfully. Indeed, America has made trouser-stretching strides in casein classicism of all sorts. We have devised new, spready textures and evolved new bouquets. For example, that buddy of Beer, Liederkranz, is a patented American creation.

For crunching and conveying, split and toasted Bent's, swaddled in a napkin, are the traditional. These hardies, baked in old-fashioned ovens, have the knack of underlining what the cheese has to say. The lazier field is blizzarded with crisplets bearing their own butter and a touch of salt. Inscriptions on the boxes warn that leftovers will need unlimping before serving, which is all very well, but how to solve the more common problem of *no* leftovers, isn't vouchsafed. Nor how to protect your hoard of cheese and crackers from the lady next to you who said she didn't want any.

Coffee splices all loose ends, greets the cheese gladly, and spreads a mantle of aromatic warmth. Itself a blend of mutually abetting bean essences, it teams up with any good flavor you have on hand or on file. That is, provided it's a "dependable" and not a question mark, and either fresh bagged or vacuum safeguarded. The neck of the bottle in the world's coffee supply is the comparatively limited output of the top plantations in Colombia and other exceptional spots which give the good blends their finesse of fragrance. Bottom grade coffee can be had dirt cheap and is all right if you are using it for bird gravel. But for beverage purposes, you'll want the epicurean brands.

Since a meeting with Brandy is on the cards, some demi-tassers feel that it might as well take place right away, in cup instead of human interior. The resultant Café Cognac (a pour-on proposition) obviates the wear and tear of shuttling back and forth and hoisting alternately in the walking-beam manner. It's so simple, it's the favorite French breakfast food. Sustenance and central heating in every swig!

But aren't we getting our schedule askew in staging a matutinal reassembler as an after-dinner expansifier? And are we playing fair with good Cognac when we make it the bedfellow of little beans—even the *best* of beans—without so much as introducing it first?

These questions trouble me, filling me with suspicion that crime is being committed under the guise of convenience. As to myself, I sin no more and report regularly to my probation officer and clasp Cognac with a clutch of reverence and greed. Fondly I watch it chase its tail as I swish the snifter. Such glints and nose-messages!

Not that I insist on a globe glass of muskalonge proportions. A glass just portly enough to cup in one's palms, warming the liquor the way it's going to warm you, is ample for the best. So toss in your oldie or your Fine Champagne and let's circulate.

This is grape music, orchestrated with the aid of a pot-still. It hails from vineyards along the dawdly little river Charente in an officially delimited district which, located a bit to the north of Bordeaux, produces wines which are southern cousins of those of the Champagne district (east of Paris)—soil composition being chemically akin yet different enough, together with climate, to produce spontaneous bubbles in one instance and an ideal basis for Brandy in the other.

Cognac's Champagne (meaning "Plain," just as the Italian *Campania* does) is the bull's-eye of the district and consists, if you must know, of Grande Champagne and Petite Champagne. Irregularly lobed about it are the less sublimes, the pretty fairs, and so on; none of them to be sneezed at and some of them with special interests for the blend-schemer. The label term "Fine Champagne" (pronounced "Feen") signifies that contents were distilled from wines pressed from grapes grown right in the bull's-eye. Unfortunately it is a term which has been considerably stretched by small innkeepers on the Continent, each of whom extols his Fine Maison ("*Fine* of the House"), which he bottles himself, as being super-genuine—when one taste will tell you that 'tain't so.

Such misrepresentation cannot, however, be made on labels for export. Governmental checking sees to that, both there and here. But the specific source of confidence as to what's in the bottle is the name of the Maison that vouches for it—not a struggling innkeeper but an eminent company hundreds of years old, with a vast collection of ever-aging treasures which it wants to be believed on in the future.

Virtually all Cognacs are blends, their quality depending on the ages and characters of the distilled wines that go into them. Distillation methods are curiously old-fashioned. Maturing is done in casks made of oak from the neighborhood of Limoges, and spiders are privileged, as they protect against insects which would harm the wood. Stocks keep indefinitely. The blender's job is to keep duplicating what the customers keep wanting. The older and lordlier his firm, the greater the liquid wealth he has to play with. Where accumulations are tremendous a Three-Star favorite may be already halfway to voting-age. Special antiques necessarily command stiffish prices. The fact is, these grand old firms know mighty well what they've got and are not chucking any Cognac out of the back door, much as I wish they would. Consequently, instead of my being there with a basket, I've had to fall back on the labels of the Elect. Mere names, you might say. But not fictitious.

Incidentally, one notices that the cigars which brand-wise brandiers give dunkage to aren't anonymous, either. Nor of the I'll Bite breed—reward for slumming at the Cut Quality Shoppe. Indeed, it's as though the privilege of finding oneself on the receiving end of a misalliance weren't being sought this season by the cognoscenti of the crumbed table.

Offering ducks' backs to such junk, these expert enjoyers puff and sip beatifically. If after-dinner oratory occurs, they can take it or just let it roll off their contentment.

Really it is odd that a lummoxy-leaved plant which doesn't look quite bright should come through with such sophisticated schnozzle-enthrallment. But that's Cuba all over—or, rather, those sections of the island where soil and climate deliver, and practice makes perfect. Carefully controlled fermentation transforms mere sap into something else again, thereby preparing for harmony with beverages of a fermented sort: wines, spirits, liqueurs, beers, and ales.

Thanks to this predestined congeniality, lips that touch liquor fasten onto Havana-made and Havana-filled cigars with a gusto which smacks of instinct. You'd have a hard time selling 'em the hubble-bubble idea as found in dry points East, where smokers tug distantly, diffident of meeting their delight. Indeed, the problem in America is one of restraint: to beg fanged enthusiasts not to bite the weed that's gratifying them.

Cigarette smokers are no lesser-lighter-uppers after dinner, either. It is the experience of all smokers, whether of cigarettes or cigars or both, that the lovely weed reaches the epitome of tastefulness after a hearty repast enjoyed with its full complement of liquors.

But no reproach of aloofness can be laid at their door when Cordial possibilities are brought up. For Cordials—the seventh C—are the crowning color and flavor extravaganza of the feast. Luscious even to look at. *E.g.:*

Monkish Secrets

Bénédictine—The taste is Flamboyant Gothic, dating from 1510 and still defying flaw-pickers.

B and B—Bénédictine turns Benedict, acquiring Cognac.

Chartreuse—The other historic elixir. Named for the Grande Chartreuse where it was made till the present century, it is now the work of Carthusians in Spain. Two varieties: *Yellow Chartreuse* and the somewhat more aromatic, rather richer, and more potent *Green Chartreuse* whose color the decorators have copped onto.

Stony and Seedy

Anisette—Clear pungency from little orphant Anise.

Kümmel—Spot news from Caraway.

Prunelle—What the wild plums are saying, or rather their stones; put up in tidy jugsies.

Fruit Solos

Apricot—One of the most popular. Certain versions which brandhandle the name Apricot are of special excellence.

Blackberry—Much liked, too.

Cherry—Or this one.

Cointreau—The ranking Triple Sec: i.e., a colorless liqueur agog with orange.

Curaçao—Yellow, rich liqueur of orange flavor; quite sweet as compared with Cointreau, but with an afterthought of bitter. Tall, slim stone jug, sashweight style.

Kirsch—Switzerland's crystal-clear brandy of cherries. Crisply dry. A man's drink.

Mandarine—From mandarin oranges. Sweet.

Maraschino—Brandy of the small, black cherries peculiar to the Dalmatian coast. Tall, straight bottle in a straw corset.

Peach—Steady favorite. Sweet.

Starboard Light

Crème de Menthe—Our minty friend. Generally *green*, thanks to harmless vegetable coloring matter, but *white* if you prefer, with no difference in flavor. Holland even makes a *Ruby*. The familiar Green Menthe is effective material for a frappé.

Friends of Venus

Crème de Cacao—Rich, toothsome cocoa and vanilla combination.

Crème de Rose—Girly-girly.

Crème de Violettes—Tck, tck!

Liqueur d'Or—Golden garland of 22 different flowers, herbs, and seeds.

Parfait Amour—Mauve delicacy, combining various cordials in the interests of harmony.

Singletons

Cordial Médoc—Good Claret, elaborated into the after-dinner class.

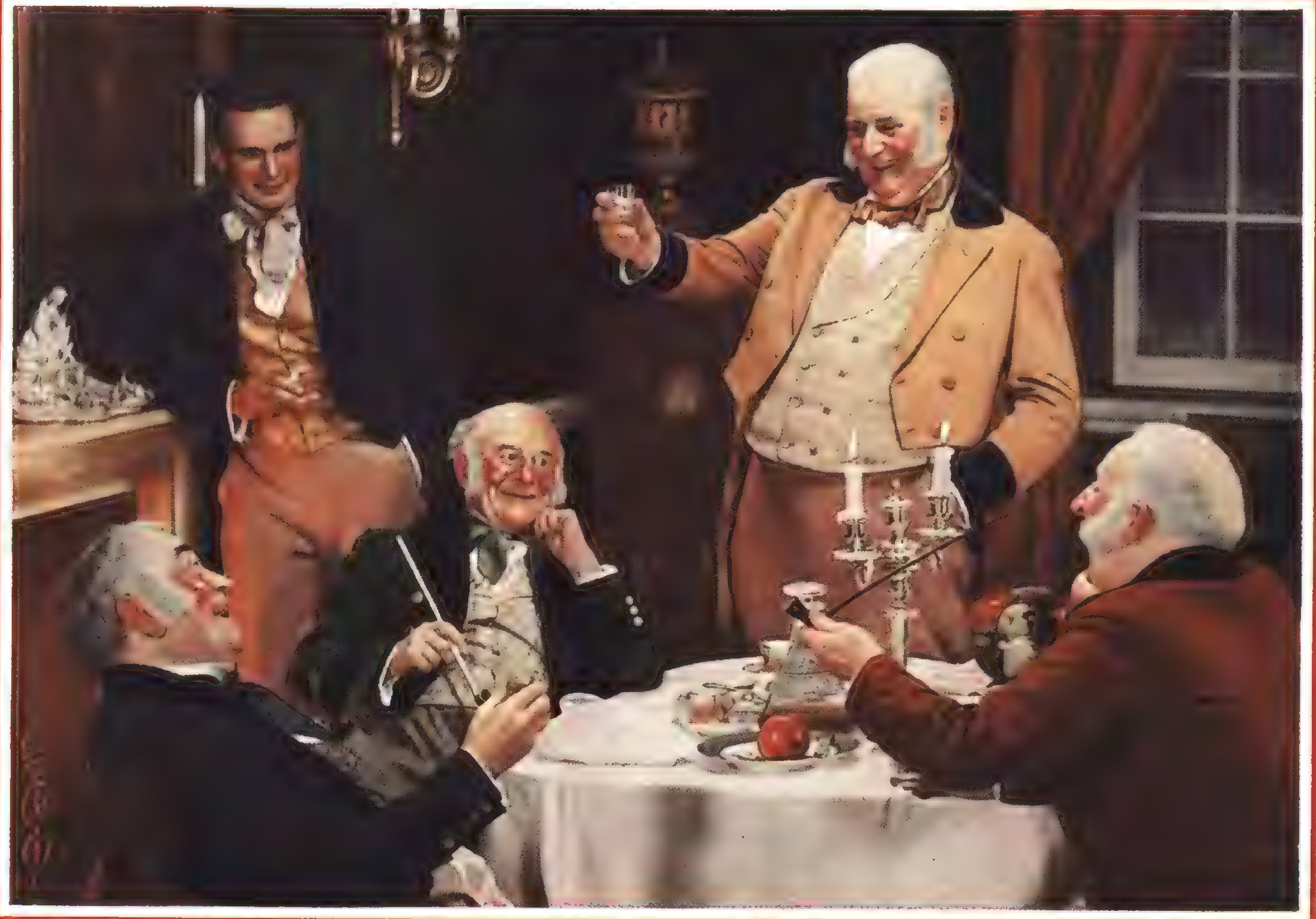
Drambuie—Bonnie Prince Charlie never got his throne but he had this to console him, thanks to a follower who invented it. The current version boasts 20-year-old Scotch Whisky, honeyed and attended by a retinue of Scottish herbs.

Eau de Vie de Danzig—Now made in Holland and France, this colorless "gold-water," blended of divers liqueurs, has actual bits of gold flake in it which can be flurried for show purposes.

Forbidden Fruit—Not a bomb, just a gilt-harnessed orb. Contents: an American invention involving Cognac, citrus elements, etc., with grapefruit uppermost.

Grand Marnier—Exclusive combine of Curaçao and choice Cognac.

By the time the aforesaid Supreme Court of Gastronomy has passed upon the merits of these cases, it will presumably be midnight supper hour. Which means that the Seven C's are now in order again. For, as I may have neglected to mention, the entire set of seven is detachable, and if there isn't the aft end of a dinner at hand to hook them onto, the spur of a moment will do. #



A HINT FROM THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PAST ..ABOUT A CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

TAKE a tip from tradition: and give the Christmas gift you'd like to get—Canadian Club!

With every mellow sip, this world-famous whisky says, "I wanted you to have the best." And—exclusive advantage!—whether the recipient prefers rye, Scotch, or bourbon, he is sure to like Canadian Club.

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"Canadian Club"
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Canadian Club
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Distilled and Blended by
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THIS WHISKEY IS 6 YEARS OLD

This whisky is 6 years old. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

Again, Canadian Club comes in this traditional gift carton!

By popular demand, Canadian Club this year will again come cased in the special carton which bears a reproduction in full color of the famous Canadian Club Christmas scene above. It is yours at no extra cost, in all states where cartons are permitted, to lend added glamour to your gift.

IN 87 LANDS IT'S A CUSTOM TO GIVE "Canadian Club"

THIS CHRISTMAS—GIVE CANADIAN CLUB—THE GIFT YOU'D LIKE TO GET

Saving the Bees

Continued from page 77

here. He ain' missed it yet."

Big Aaron has come already and put rocks down for us to put the bee gums on. He has made foundations for many stands of bees. We place the bee gums solidly on the rocks. "When you get 'em fixed on the rocks," says Big Aaron, "jerk the sticks out and come away and leave them. They'll think they are at home in the morning. They'll work just the same as they've always worked. They are at home out here. They are away from everybody. They have come home to the hills where they used to be."

We place the bee gums on the rocks. We slip the sticks out of the holes. We slip back down the path—over the hill to the hollow. We cross the creek, climb the bluff to the rock cliff. "We are back home," says Big Aaron as he goes under the curtains of ferns to the good leaf bed. Big Aaron sprawls out on the leaves. Little Edd puts the .32 on a shelf of rock. Dave unstraps his rifle. He lays it on the shelf of rocks. We sprawl out for the night. "Our work is done for tonight," says Ennis. "I'm glad it's done too. I looked every minute to see fire flash from a gun when we's getting them bees. It ain't safe where there's a lot of house dogs around."

"Don' talk about it now," says Big Aaron. "You'll get me skeared after it's all over. Forget about it now. Our night's work is done. Go to sleep and dream."

I dreamed that Willis Dials saw me steal his bees. I thought he run me with a corn-cuttin' knife. I was just keeping out of his way. He was just barely touching me with the knife but I would jump out of his reach. His little black eyes looked like balls of fire. He had a pipe in his mouth and his lips were snarled. When he struck—I jumped and the knife just touched me. I could feel blood running from my face and neck.

"Get up all of you," says Dave. "It's Sunday morning—hear the Plum Grove church bells ringing. Get out'n that drip of water Shan. You've rolled over under the drip. Your shirt is wet." Dave laughs and laughs.

"That made me have bad dreams," I says. "I thought Willis Dials was after me all night. He was cutting at me with a corn knife. I could feel the blood running down my neck and face."

"Well boys," says Little Edd, "we had a good fox chase last night. Let's all go home to breakfast."

We crawl out of the cliff—walk to the forks of the road. We part at the forks. I walk up by the sweet-tater bottoms to the house.

"Your Ma left breakfast on the table for you," says Pa. "She's gone to Sunday School. Hurry up and eat breakfast and help me do up this work. You can tell me about your fox chase then."

"All right, Pa," I says.

I eat my breakfast. I walk out where Pa is. I help him milk the cows and slop the hogs. I tell Pa about the big fox chase we had. Pa says he must have slept like a log for he didn't hear the hounds and that he always listens for them. I tell him if he didn't hear them it was his own fault for our hounds really put the fox over the hills.

When Mom comes from Sunday School she says: "Mick, did you know somebody took all of Willis Dials' bees last night? Took five stands from him. Said he saw them leaving with them. Said he shot five times. Said they had a wagon over on the road and loaded the bees on the wagon and run two big black horses hard as they could tear up the road with all his bees in the back end of the wagon. Preacher preached this morning about it. People are coming in here and stealing honeybees! Did you ever hear of sicha thing?"

"Must a-been hard up for honey," says Pa. "I'm forty-five years old and I never heard of people stealin' honeybees out'n a yard. I've heard o' men findin' bee trees on another farm and slippin' in and cuttin' 'em without permission—but I never heard of thieves brazen enough to walk in a man's yard and carry his bees to a wagon! I don't know what this world's a-comin' to—"

"It ain't comin'," says Mom—"it's goin'—and to the Devil it's goin' fast. We ain't had sicha thing to happen at Plum Grove for years. Betsy Roundtree was talkin' about it as we come back across the hill. She says she puts the fear of God into Big Aaron. I tell her I know that my boy will never steal—never—whatever he does that's onery—stealin' won't be a part of it."

Everybody talks in the community about Willis Dials losing his bees. We hear about how Willis shot at them—how they took to the wagon and drove the big black horses up the road—their feet striking fire from the rocks. We hear all sorts of tales. We do not talk about it. We listen to the others talk. I go to Prayer Meeting on Wednesday night at Plum Grove with Mom. Big Aaron is at Prayer Meeting. He comes to me and says: "We fox-hunt tomorrow night. Be at the cliff by moonrise. We go to Flaughtery's tomorrow night. We got to get his bees. He ain't got but four bee gums. Ain't much but enough to pay us for our trouble."

Thursday night we call our dogs—meet at the crossroads. The dogs take to the hills to start the fox. We go to the cliff. When the hounds are bringing the fox across the hollow by Warfield Flaughtery's house and his dog runs out and barks at the fox hounds, we slip upon the bank back of Warfield's house—we plug the bee gums with sticks. We load them on our backs. We walk away. Little Edd carries the pistol and the rifle. We walk down the creek to the big sycamore, then we turn to our right. We walk up under the pines where the moonlight falls almost as bright as daylight. We put the bee gums down to rest, wipe sweat and smoke. We roll our cigarettes in the brown sugar-poke paper. We smoke and sit silently under the pines in the moonlight. We get up, twist the fire out of our cigarette stubs with our shoes. We move across the hill to the place under the locust thicket where we keep our bees. We place them securely on the foundation rocks—pull the plugs out of the holes. Warfield Flaughtery's bees now have their freedom. We go back to our cliff for rest. Big Aaron gravels some of Warfield's sweet taters from the ridges in the bottom by the sycamore tree. We stick the taters in the ashes under the cliff. We build a fire over them. We lie down on the leaves on the far side of the cliff for a little rest. The fire will burn down—the embers will roast our taters. When we awake, our breakfast will be ready. We'll eat a bite of breakfast and go home. We know our Paps are listening to our hounds bring home the fox.

"Breakfast, boys," says Big Aaron—"wake up to a good sweet-tater breakfast."

I watch Big Aaron rake the roasted sweet taters from the ashes. He peels the bark from one. He eats the golden-colored roasted sweet tater. "Better than honey," he says—"you fellars get up and taste o' one."

I get up from my bed of leaves. Little Edd, Dave and Ennis get up. We get roasted taters from the ashes—peel the bark from them. They are warm and sweet. "I read," says Big Aaron, "where George Washington's soldiers et roasted sweet taters and went barefooted at Valley Forge in the winter time. I'd hate to think I couldn't stand as much as they could stand. People just don't know what good grub George Washington's soldiers had to eat. I ain't gone barefooted in the winter time but I've gone in swimming when I had to cut the ice and that didn't bother me a bit."

"That ain't nothing, Big Aaron," says Ennis—"we've all done that. Talk about something we ain't done while we're here at the breakfast table."

"We ain't got my Pap's bees and Shan's Pap's bees," says Big Aaron—"but we will get them if we keep our health. Boys we'll hear a lot about somebody's getting Warfield's bees. Just say we saw that team of black horses goin' out'n the hollow about twelve o'clock—Say we saw the driver slapping the horses with the lines."

"That's it," says Ennis. "He's the man Willis Dials saw gettin' his bees."

"It'll be a joke about how many liars we have at Plum Grove," says Little Edd, "if they ever find our bees. They'll know then about the black horses." Little Edd talks with his mouth filled with sweet tater.

"It's time boys we's getting home," says Dave. "I've got to work in the terbacker field today."

Big Aaron picks up the sweet-tater bark. He puts it in a little pile and covers it over with leaves. "Remember," says Big Aaron, "we meet here Saturday night at seven o'clock—rain or shine or no moon. Now we must all get home and help our Ma's and Pap's." Big Aaron sticks his head out from under the ferns. He crawls out. We follow him down the bluff—across the creek and up the road. At the forks of the road I leave them. They go up the creek and I go up the Right Fork home.

"Now, Mick," I hear Warfield say, "my bees are all gone. All four stands are gone I tell you. I've found tracks down to the road—a lot of big tracks and little tracks. I can't track 'em no further. I heard dogs barking last night. The fox hounds run the fox right across by my barn. My dog barked and barked. I never thought anything. Now my bees are gone."

"Shan, Warfield lost all his bees last night," says Pa.

"Yes," says Warfield, "I lost my bees. Just keep bees to get honey for Ma and me. We live alone around there and ain't never had anything bothered in the last sixty years. I'll tell you the world is going to hell. I never heard of thieves taking bees before."

"W'y Mr. Flaughtery," I says, "we were back on the ridge last night and we heard a man driving in the hollow. When we walked down to the beech-tree footlog we saw a pair of black horses hitched to a wagon—the driver stood up like a ghost and whipped his horses with the check lines. We saw the fire fly from their hoofs as they left the hollow."

"The same damned thief," says Warfield, "that got poor old Willis Dials' bees. Old Willis wasn't seeing things. He actually saw the thief. I heard that Willis stung him with a few shot. I heard Sol Perkins found blotches of blood on the turnpike. Looks like if that thief got hot lead once he'd be afraid he's going to get it again."

"You can't lock from a thief," says Pa, "and you can't bluff one with bullets. You just haf to get 'im. Put him under the sod is the only cure."

Warfield goes home. I go to the cornfield with Pa. I think about when Saturday night comes. "What if someone shoots me? What if someone shoots Big Aaron? I don't want to sleep under no ground. I want to live. Maybe, we'll make it somehow without getting shot."

It is Saturday night. I call Pa's hound dog and my hound pup. I walk down the Right Fork to the hollow. I turn left, walk down the road to the sycamore tree. The dogs leave me and take to the hills. I walk across the creek, climb the bluff up to the cliff. I hear voices. The boys are waiting on me. I crawl under the ferns to the big room under the cliff. The lantern is dimly burning.

"We have a hard piece of work before us tonight, Shan," says Big Aaron. "Uncle Fonse Tillman has one bee gum. He has it around from the house, chained around a big beech tree and the log chain is padlocked. We haf to have that stand of bees. I've brought a crosscut saw and a meat rind. We'll grease the saw until you can't hear it run—saw the tree off above the bee gum and slip the chain over the stump. We'll fool the old boy. It's a prize bee gum. He ain't robbed it for four years. He's afraid of his bees."

"We ain't afraid," says Little Edd. "I'm beginning to feel like I'm a man if I am shot tonight."

"Let's go," says Big Aaron. "Don't anybody talk. Shan you help me saw the tree down. You are tall and you can reach above the bee stand and saw and it won't tire you."

We follow Big Aaron out of the cliff. We follow him up across the hill back of the cliff. Big Aaron follows a cow path to the top of the hill. We see the fox hunters' fire on the ridge. Big Aaron cuts down under the hill through the briars and brush—we follow him—we cut back up to the ridge road on beyond the fox hunters' fire. We walk down the point to Uncle Fonse Tillman's little log house. Big Aaron leads us to the beech tree. He runs the meat rind over the saw. We start sawing. The saw slips through the wood like a mouse slips away from a cat. There isn't a sound you can hear ten steps away. "The chain takes up a lot of the sound," says Big Aaron. Our saw eats through the green beech tree. It falls through the night air with a slash—not a dog barks at Uncle Fonse's house. We lift the padded log chain up over the clean smooth-topped stump. Little Edd plugs the bee gum. Big Aaron puts it on his back. We walk back over the hill to Big Aaron's Pap's house. I carry the log chain and the padlock.

"I know Pap's bees," says Big Aaron. "I know where he keeps every stand. We haf to work all night boys. I'm going to carry two light bee gums at one load. You boys can take one apiece. We can carry all of our bees at five loads."

"You can't carry two stands at one load," says Ennis.

"The hell I can't," says Big Aaron. "You ain't never seed me really put my strength out. I can just about carry three to the top of that hill over yander."

We chain two stands together for Big Aaron. He picks them up with ease. He walks away. We plug our stands of bees. We walk down the hill to the road. We climb the hill under the pines. We rest on the ridge and smoke. We pick up our loads and carry them down under the hill to the locust thicket. We place them securely on the foundation rocks. We take out the plugs. We walk back the little path that leads us to our city of bee gums.

"Now boys," says Big Aaron, "we got four loads to carry from home and a load of bees over at Shan's Pap's place. It will take us all night to do this. We'll haf to work fast. We can't walk across Warfield's tater ridges at the bottom by the sycamore tree. We'll make a path and they'll track us. We'll come up the hill at a different place every time. Let Pap track us down to the road. There's a lot of wagon tracks. He can't go no further."

We follow Big Aaron. We carry the second load. We carry the third load. We carry the last load. We carry away all the bees that Alec Roundtree has. "This will hurt Pap an awful lot," says Big Aaron, "but he has hurt the bees an awful lot. He went into the wild woods and took them from their homes in the trees. Now we take them back and leave them in the wild woods—a place so wild the hoot owls holler in the daytime."

"It's two o'clock in the morning," says Ennis, "and daylight comes soon. Do you suppose we'll have time to carry Powderjay's bees away before daylight?"

"We got two hours," says Big Aaron—"I can carry them away by myself in that time. Come on you fellars. You ain't no tireder than I am. I'm goin' to bring two stands over this time. I'm taking the log chain to wrap around them. Shan you lead us the best way to your bees."

We walk up the hollow with our plugs to stop the holes. Our bees are beside the road. We just walk along—our dogs are running the fox. There is not a dog at the house to bark at us. We plug the bee stands. Big Aaron chains two together—loads them on his back. We get a bee gum apiece and we follow Big Aaron. Little Edd carries the pistol in his hand to shoot if we see somebody coming up the road. "Little Edd, just shoot to skear 'em a little," says Big Aaron. "Put the bullet fairly close and they'll tear out."

We hurry down the road. We cut across the meadow beyond the big sycamore tree. We take to the pine woods on the hill. The moon is down, down. The way is dark. We follow Big Aaron up the hill. He sweats and groans beneath his load. We reach the top of the hill. We are wet with sweat. We are tired out. "Last time tonight," says Big Aaron, "Let us have a good smoke."

"Who—who who are you?" says a voice near by. We never move. We do not speak.

"Who—who who are you?" says the same voice.

The wings of a big owl swoop over us. We can feel the cool air from its wings.

"Did you ever hear a hoot owl speak that plain," says Big Aaron. "My heart was in my mouth. I thought it was Pap. I thought we's goners. Lord but how thankful I am. Let's get the bees over and put them with the rest of the bees. This will make us forty-two stands of bees." We pick up our loads again. We walk over the hill to the locust thicket. We place them securely on the foundation rocks. We unplug the stands and walk down the little path we have worn under locust trees.

"Let's all go home and go to bed," says Big Aaron. "Remember we saw that team of horses about twelve o'clock again last night when we followed the fox hounds from the Flaughtery Ridge to the Powderjay Ridge. All tell the same tale. We're going to hear about this and not from Sunday School. Pap will be one mad man in the morning."

I leave the boys at the forks of the road. I am so tired I can hardly get home. I worked all day in the terbacker field—I carried bees all night. I am tired. I can sleep all day if there's not too much war going on in the hollow. I walk home—barely crawl to my bed upstairs. I just get my shoes off and fall across the bed. I'm all pooped out. "Lord," I think, "I'm glad I didn't get shot. I'm thankful to the Lord and I would pray to Him but I've been out taking bees and the Lord wouldn't listen to my prayers." I fall asleep.

"I'm robbed, Mick Powderjay," I hear Mr. Roundtree say. "They got my bees last night. Seventy-five gallons of honey stole from me last night. Lord how I'll miss that seventy-five dollars! Took every beegum I had—stripped me clean."

"Well I'll be damned," says Pa—"I never noticed that. All my bees are gone too. Look up there won't you! I'm robbed too! My God—look won't you! Thieves have come right inside my yard and took my bees!"

I get up—put on my clothes and go down. I walk out where Pa and Mr. Roundtree are standing. "Pa, did you say somebody got our bees last night?" I says.

"Look for yourself," says Pa. "I couldn't believe my eyes when I first saw it. Got all of Alec's bees last night."

"What?" I says.

"Yes," says Alec, "I've got Big Aaron out tracking this morning. Said he saw a span of black horses leave the hollow last night about twelve o'clock. Said the driver was layin' the buckskin to 'em and the fire was flyin' from their hoofs! Said the driver was leaning back and holding the check lines like a tall ghost."

"I saw it with my own eyes too," I says.

Uncle Fonse Tillman comes down the hill. He walks with a cane. He comes down to our yard—just ripping out oaths and cavorting. He waves his cane into the air. "Some thief got my only stand of bees last night," he says. "I had them chained to a beech tree. They cut the tree and slipped the chain over the stump—took chain, padlock and bee gum. I'll kill him if I ever find him. I'll kill all the thieves connected with

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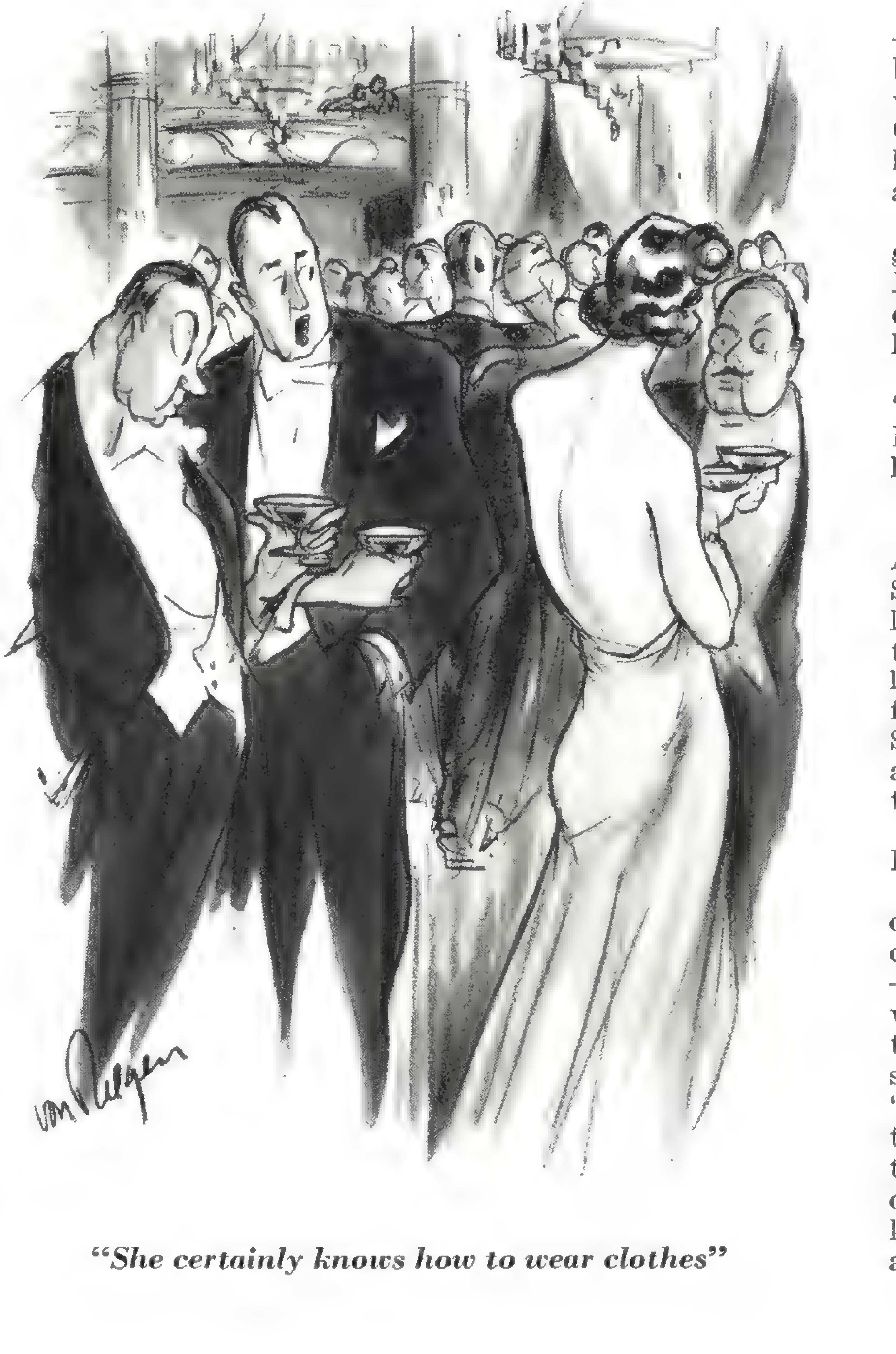

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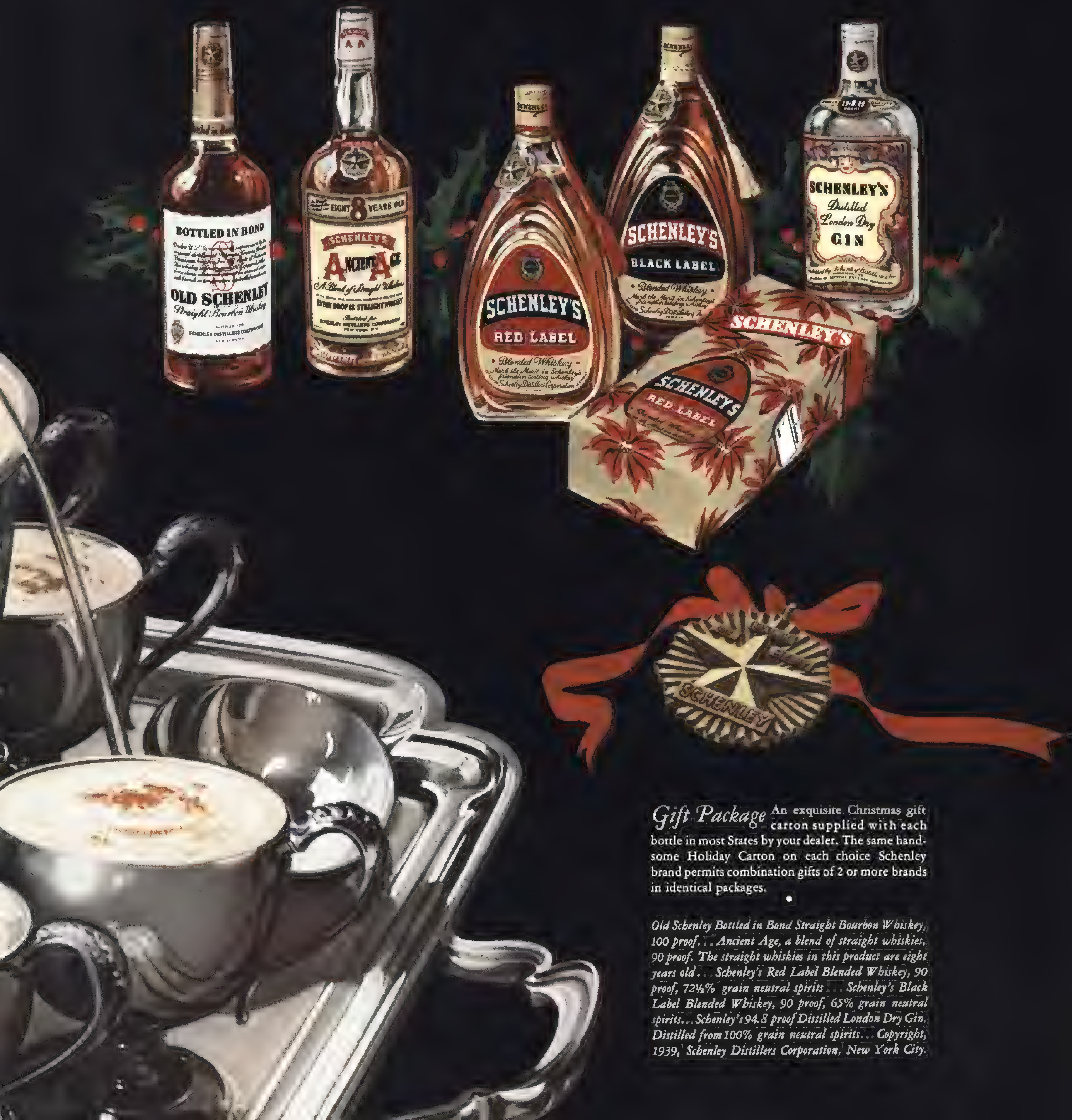

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EVERY DROP IS STRAIGHT WHISKEY
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Saving the Bees

Continued from pages 77-105

it. He pulls a long blue forty-four from the holster and twirls it.

"We ought to swing 'em to a limb," says Pa, "if we can get 'em. We'll take the span of horses to pay for the bees."

Pa, Uncle Fonse and Alec Roundtree swear and stomp the ground. Pa puffs a cigar faster than I ever saw him puff one before. "A damn dirty shame," he says. "I've lived here all my life and this has never happened before. Somebody from a-fur has to come in to steal our bees."

Big Aaron comes up the road. "Pa," he says, "I've tracked them to the road. I see fresh wagon tracks. I can't track them no further."

"They're gone," says Alec Roundtree. "All my bees are gone."

"Mine too," says Pa.

"And my bee gum, log chain and padlock's all gone," says Uncle Fonse Tillman.

"I've said," says Pa, "you can't lock against a thief. The best way is to fill his hide so full of lead it won't hold shucks."

I walk out across the yard with Big Aaron. "We meet at the cliff next Tuesday night," says Big Aaron, "to set the last of the bee gums free. We're going up the Old Line Special to Kenyon's place. I've looked the place over. I've got the plans. We'll set them free."

"I'm getting afraid," I says. "Look at these men. Listen to them cuss and watch them stomp their feet!"

"Yes, Pa smiled when he cut down the wild bee trees," says Big Aaron. "He can't remember how the bees stung him trying to keep him from robbing them and taking them out'n the woods. Now Pa cusses around because they have gone back where they belong. Shan, you be ready Tuesday night. All this will blow over—besides, we're goin' beyond the Plum Grove hills to get these bees. We're going up the Old Line Special!"

Tuesday night I walk down to cliff. Everywhere we go we hear wild tales about people's seeing the bee thieves—dressed in white—driving big black horses. People shooting at them and they were hit by bullets and there was blood along the road. We laugh about it. We know what big lies can get started while we work to save the bees.

"Now boys," says Big Aaron, "we go to Jake Reek's place. He has a handcar beside the Old Line Special. See he is a track man and uses the handcar. He has it padlocked but there's a crowbar there. We can pry the chain off. We can put it on the track and ride up the rails to Kenyon's. They live beside the railroad track. We can put the bees on the handcar—come down to Plum Grove in no time and carry the bees back on the hill."

"That is great," says Ennis. "We'll get to ride the handcar. Won't that be fun!"

"It won't be fun goin' up the Old Line Special," says Dave. "We haf to pull uphill. But comin' back we can coast all the way to Greenupsburg. Just turn the levers loose and let 'em work up and down—just watch that one don't crown you on the head."

Big Aaron leads the way. We follow him to Jake Reek's house. We walk down the path to the railroad. The handcar is settin' beside the railroad track. Big Aaron goes over in the weeds. He comes back with a crowbar. He puts it behind the chain and yanks against it with all of his strength. The lock flies open.

"Let's set 'er on the tracks, boys" he says. "Let's go to Kenyon's place and get the bees. The bees are in the orchard way out in front of the house."

We lift the handcar on the track. Little Edd hunkers down. He takes care of the .22 rifle and the .32 pistol. Big Aaron and I pull on one side—Ennis and Dave pulls on the other. The wheels grind against the rails. The cool wind hits our faces. We are off up the two streaks of rust—around the curves hard as we can go—into the Minton Tunnel—through it like a flash—out into the moonlight on the other side.

"Boy I'd like to own a handcar," says Dave, "and just go places on it. I like a handcar. It's a lot better than walking over these old hills. I don't mind to free the bees when we can go like this. Come on and let's use more elbow grease."

"Just as you say," says Big Aaron. "Everybody pull and let's travel."

"Ah, where you goin' on the Blue Goose?" a man hollers to us.

"Don't answer him," says Big Aaron. "People over here go on this handcar after the Doctor. He thinks somebody is sick. Just keep pulling."

We don't answer.

"Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow." His gun barks at us. "Pow. Pow. Pow." The bullets wheeze all around us.

"Cut down on 'im Little Edd," says Big Aaron. "He's started this with us."

Little Edd empties the .32 pistol at him. We hear him run to the bushes screaming.

"You's nipping fer 'im Little Edd," says Dave. "Good work, Boy. When they start this shooting with us we're ready."

Little Edd holds the rifle ready if he shoots again. I stop pulling the handcar to reload the pistol.

"I'll get 'im with this rifle if he tries that again," says Little Edd. "I'm a dead-eye Dick with a rifle."

Now we pull up to a switch and a big white house on our left.

"Right here," says Big Aaron. "Take it easy now, boys. Get the plugs, Dave, and let's go over and get the bees."

We walk over under the apple trees. We plug the stands. There is not a whisper. Every man knows his duty. He picks up a stand of bees. He carries them to the car.

"Three stands left," says Big Aaron. "Shan, you and Dave come with me to get them."

We walk back under the apple trees. We start to pick up the bees. The house dogs let out a yell. We grab the bees and run to the handcar. We put them on. Kenyon's door flies open. A man stands in the door—dressed in white. He turns an automatic shot gun loose at us. The bullets fall like rain. We crowd on the handcar. We start moving and little Edd brings down a dog with the first crack of the rifle. He shoots at the other dog—he whines, yells and runs to the house. "Just skint him," says Little Edd. "I'll plug that door the fellar's just closed."

"Don't do it," says Big Aaron. "This is a gun country—more than the hollow we're from. Let's go down the track—pump the handcar even if it is down hill. Go faster than the Old Line Special's No. 8 ever pulled her passengers."

We turn the handcar loose. You can hear it a mile riding the two streaks of rust. "Pow. Pow. Pow." Somebody shoots from the bushes. Little Edd empties our .32 at the sound of the pistol. We keep moving. A bee stings me on the leg. One stings Big Aaron. They are stinging all of us. A plug is out of a hole or a bullet plugged a hole in one of the bee stands.

"We'll be there in a few minutes," says Big Aaron. "Just keep going until we get in front of Jackson's." Before we get to Jackson's I get nine bee stings under my pants leg. Big Aaron gets six, Dave five, Little Edd thirteen and Ennis don't get a sting. We pull down to Jackson's—put the brakes on—slide the car forty feet on the rusted rails.

"Off everybody," says big Aaron. "See the bees coming out at the side of the bee gum. That fellar back yander put a hole through the bee gum with a .44. Glad it was the bee gum and not one of us. We are safe. We'll leave that stand here and take to the hills with the other seven."

"Dave you can carry two, can't you?"

"Yes," says Dave. "I'm scared to leave that'n. Rope two together for me."

Dave takes two stands. Big Aaron takes two. The rest of us take one each. We go up the Jackson hill. We walk fast in the moonlight. We walk up the hollow, twist to our right until we come to the locust thicket. We put the bee stands solidly on the rocks—pull out the plugs and leave the bee city.

"Forty-nine stands now," says Big Aaron. "Just lost one stand. We'll never do nothing with them now. Let's run back to the handcar. We may be able to get the car back to Jake Reek's place. If it wasn't for all the bees on it we'd take a ride tonight on that car. I do love to ride it."

We run through the brush like a pack of fox hounds. We follow Big Aaron. He leaps the briars and brush and we leap them and go under the fences. We go back to the handcar. Big Aaron kicks the stand of bees off. There's not many bees in the stand. They are all over the handcar. We get on the handcar and start back up the track. We pull hard and fast through the tunnel—over to Jake Reek's place. The bees sting us. We do not care. We have the handcar back. We pull it from the railroad track—put it where it was—fix the chain and padlock back just like they were. We walk over the hills home and rub the places where the bees have stung us.

"It's all over now, boys," says Big Aaron, "for we have saved the bees. Any man that tells gets his tongue cut out by the roots. Now go to your homes. We won't meet at the cliff until all this trouble blows over. Now let's all play mouse and go to his own house."

"Shan," says Mom, "did you hear about somebody gettin' the handcar over at Jake Reek's place? Said there was a swarm of bees on it the next morning down around the cogs. Said when the men started to pull it, the bees nearly stung them to death. Said a lot of wild men had the car out riding it and shooting at men along the road. Shot Mel Spriggs in the leg. Said he hid in the brush and plugged one or two men as they come back. Went up the road and got all of Kenyon's bees. Said Mr. Kenyon pumped lead at 'em until he's black in the face. Said he really filled 'em with shot but they just kept going."

"Lord," I says, "what else is going to happen around here?"

"I'll tell you what's a going to happen," says Pa. "We've got the thief. Enic Spradling was squirrel hunting around on the Jackson place the other day. He found forty-nine stands of bees. It tallies all but one stand. We've lost fifty stands. You wouldn't believe old Jackson would take all them bees, would you? Well, he has."

"Why he's a sick man," says Mom. "I heard he had the consumption."

"If he's got any consumption," says Pa, "it's the corn-bread consumption. We can't get him on a bee thieving charge. The Government's got him. Got him for selling moonshine whiskey too. W'y he's a bad man. Old Judge April-May-June (A.M.J.) Canter is going to put the cat on him. He'll be on the next soldier train that goes to Atlanter, Georgia. You're going to have to go over there and get our six stands of bees someway. Alec Roundtree is going to send Big Aaron after his. This has been a hard thing to believe. Old Lonesome just sit over there on the hill and acted like he didn't have a bit of life in him. Look what all he's done. Just turned out bad in the deestrict. Let this be a lesson."

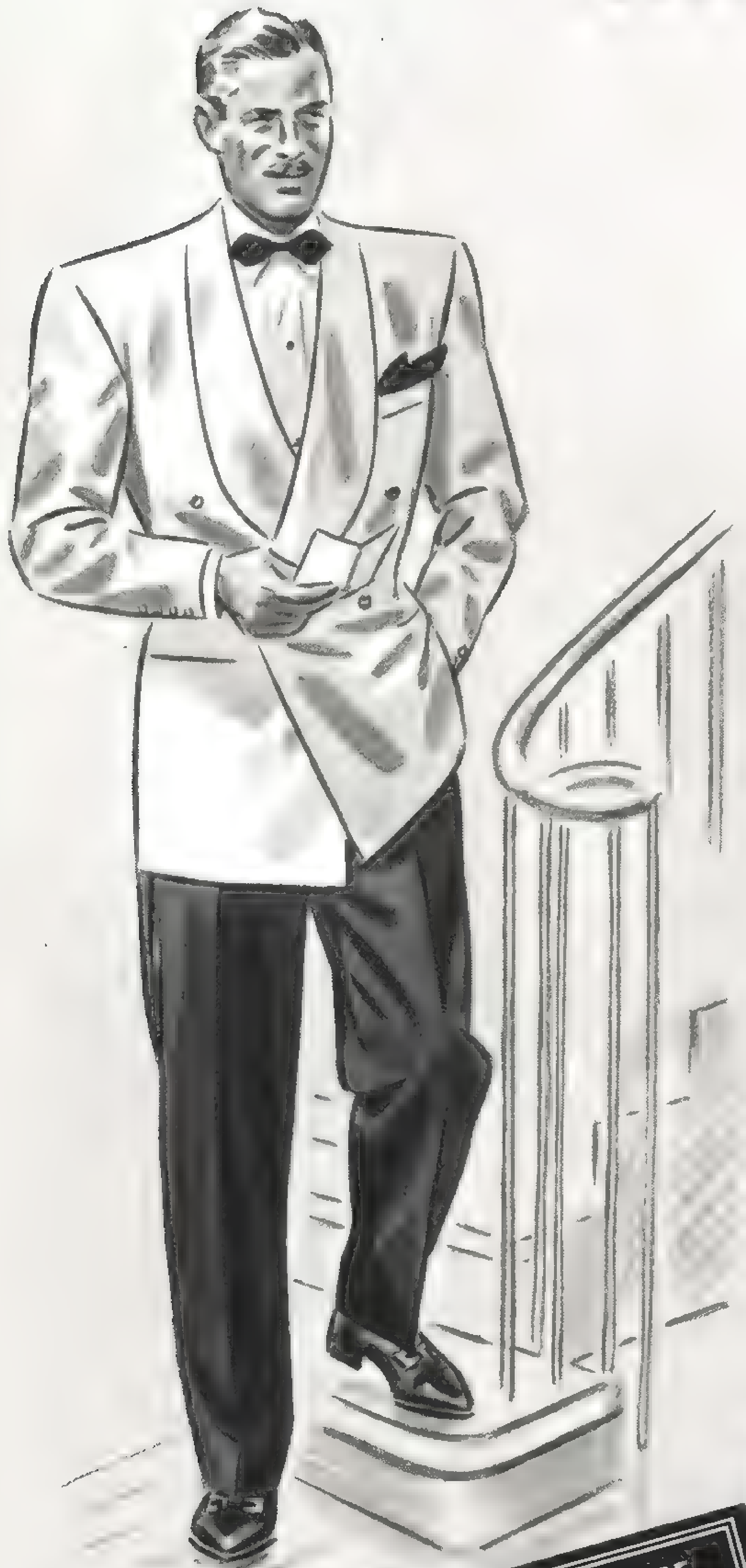
"All right, Pa," I says. "I'll get Big Aaron. We'll go for the bees."

"Don't forget to look for Uncle Fonse Tillman's log chain and padlock either," says Pa.

"I won't," I says. "I think we'll be able to find it."

Southern Fashions

REQUIRE LIGHT WEIGHT WORSTEDS



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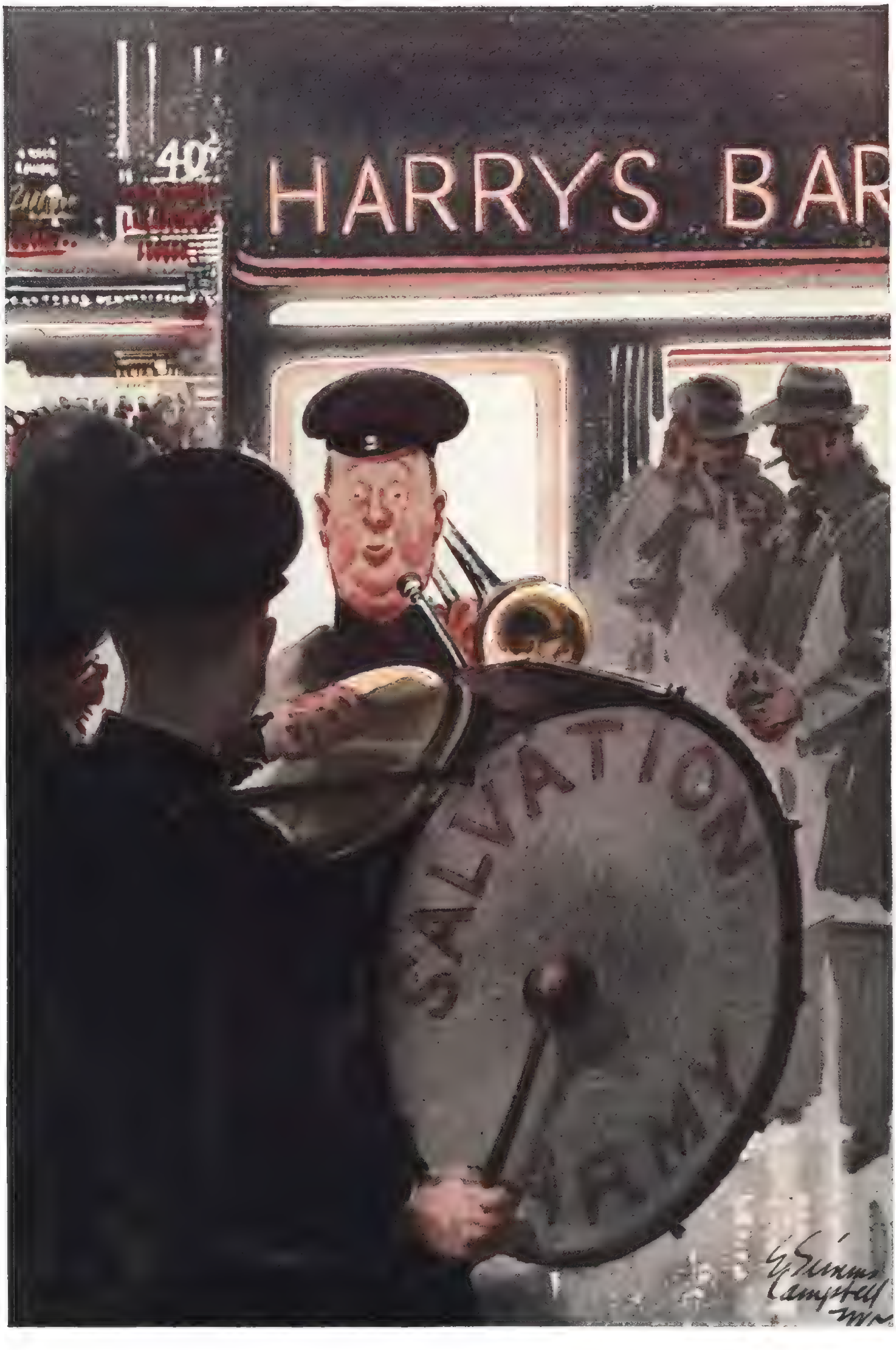
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"Frankly, I'm worried—taking up a collection shouldn't take Captain Finnegan three hours!"

The Second *Hampshire* Tragedy

Continued from page 47

anchors were weighed and we steamed from the danger spot. At some distance we hove to, keeping steerage way against the sea current.

And then, at the precise time we had calculated, we saw vaguely in the darkness, a column of water spouting up toward the sky. The captain threw the beams of the searchlight on it.

As it fell I thought we were in luck. But the worst was not over. Through the water in the path of light, headed directly for us, was speeding a torpedo! From my spot at the forward rail I saw its track of bubbles and shouted, "Rudder hard aport!" The captain recognized our peril at the same time and hollered, "Both engines full speed ahead!"

Slowly our good ship forged to port.

I'll swear it was by less than thirty feet that the torpedo shot past our quarter!

It was curious to see the driftwood and debris floating on the surface over the wreck. Bits of wood, a half-destroyed boat already settling toward the bottom, parts of furniture and rafts, chased each other in the swirl of turbulent waters; a sign that the charge had been well placed.

With greatest anticipation Costello and I dropped into our heavy outfits and were lowered away. There appeared, down below, an immense hole in the side of the ship. But in front of the opening, outlined in our floodlights, swayed the blocks of ponderous boat davits, threatening to entangle our lines and hoses. Yet we faced this new danger without much fear, dropped into the hull and looked about with fascinated eyes. We were inside at last!

We were on the gun deck. To my left a large cannon reared its mute muzzle vertically and threateningly over my head. The barrel shook silently to and fro. The gun mount to which it was fastened was badly damaged— I could picture what it would be like if this thing should crash down on me and crush my suit like a peanut shell.

In the bowels of the ship far off there was the devil to pay. Somewhere, from time to time, an armor plate, loosened by the terrific explosion, plunged banging and clattering down. A lot of junk swirled by us in the currents. Costello and I stood close together, trying to locate ourselves from the plans we had memorized. We stood there in dangerous, dark green shadows, listening.

After perhaps five minutes we felt the ship heave slightly. Somewhere, something had exploded.

Leaning against the various currents, Costello worked himself forward. I followed. Our objective was the captain's cabin in which the gold was stored in safes built into the bulkhead. After a long search among the swaying gear and broken passages, menaced by loose objects everywhere, we found a door through which we had to pass.

Imprisoned air gurgled out with a great rush as we pried the door open, almost toppling us over. Water swirled into the compartment. I shall never forget the sight which met our eyes in the beams of our floods. I don't know what kind of a room that was. I never stopped to think about it. Through the doorway beside which we stood there floated a dead soldier without any face, drifting on his last mission.

We had had enough for one day. We went up.

Twenty-six times during the following seventeen days we worked below. Eventually we came to the captain's cabin, stretching tape to insure our way again.

Then came the day when we all went down. When diving in the depths, a man never goes alone if he can avoid it. His mate watches his line while he works. However, so familiar were we with the *Hampshire's* construction that we all crowded in for a try at the gold. One side of the captain's cabin was lined with the great strong boxes.

We started in on the smallest one first, for there we expected to find the ship's papers.

I saw right away that Courtney was really the big shot that his mates claim. He held the chest tightly with his left arm, feeling around it and then raised his right arm to indicate "O.K." Then he threw his weight against the lock and stood with his helmet tightly pressed against it while we waited. A half-hour passed.

Courtney stepped back slowly. With his steel hooks he pulled the door of the safe open.

Courtney stepped up to it again and fumbled with the compartments and partitions. Then I threw the beams of the light directly into the chest and we saw for the first time a small part of the contents that the *Hampshire* held, within reach at last.

Bars of gold lay there—dull, heavy-looking gold! We reached in and took them out, loading them into metal containers taken below for the purpose. Costello pulled the papers out from the smaller compartments. We cleaned the safe out, leaving nothing behind.

Our entire crew was on deck as we climbed out of our suits, for all hands knew that if our luck held we would that day raise the first part of the treasure.

All stared, fascinated, at the containers from which, as I threw open the covers, the gold shone dully forth. A shout went up. We had recovered about 10,000 pounds in gold bullion! Only later, after resting, did we look at the *Hampshire's* papers.

First, the signal books. The strongbox had not been watertight, but the sea, pressing title pages close together, had protected the center pages. Aside from the code books a lot of other documents had been in that safe. The upper layers of these were illegible, but the centers were easily readable after drying. Most of them referred to Kitchener's historic mission to Russia.

Well, we had fought the tremendous pressures, the cross-water currents, the storms and fate—and won!

All three of us went over the side again; this time the treasure would be hoisted aboard. It was a beautiful morning with the sun shining on the suits of Costello and Courtney, the last day we descended on the *Hampshire*. We went down, straight down.

The captain had cautioned us to report by phone as often as possible, and I called up to him that the conditions seemed to be extremely favorable.

We got to the wreck, going in together. I reported again that all was O.K. We reached the strong boxes. They stood almost clear of seaweed. Then I set up the floodlights so that Courtney could go to work. The water in the great ship was quiet for once.

Courtney wasted no time. He showed us the spot on the boxes where we were to drill around the locks.

He would then begin his work with his special tools and eventually break open the doors. We made good headway.

After we had been drilling for perhaps half an hour, I suddenly became uneasy because the sea seemed to wash around me. I didn't know what could have happened, and looked at my two companions who had not seemed to notice anything alarming. I immediately called topside by phone and asked anxiously, "What's the matter?"

No answer.

I became very uneasy. I cried out again, "What's wrong? Can you hear me?"

Already I sensed in the way my voice rang over the phone that something must have happened to our connections with the ship. Suddenly it seemed to me as though the watch in my helmet ticked much louder than before. That instant I experienced the most horrible feeling that a diver can know—it seemed that my air supply had been cut off! I looked again at my pals and saw how they had suddenly withdrawn their hands from the strong boxes and stood there stiff and stark in the greenish beams of the searchlight.

From up above came a dark and opaque mass towards us in a frightful rush. It flashed through my mind that another storm must have broken topside and weeds and slime had been swept in by those cross-water currents. They would destroy us!

And with one crack the lights went out!

At the last second I saw how Courtney instinctively raised his arms with their grotesque tools, to ward off the descending mass which now overwhelmed us in a black suffocating cloud. I was encircled and pressed down by the wall of weeds.

I could actually feel how this mass twisted around me and hemmed me in tighter and tighter. I saw nothing more. It was pitch black in front of the windows of my helmet. I felt myself picked up by those irresistible currents and slung around, head down. Then I banged up against the ship's plating with a crash that made me see stars. My armored suit seemed to crack and burst in all its seams.

I suffered severe pains in my stomach and I could raise neither of my arms. Then I was pinned down flat on deck.

The air supply in my hose tapered off and the watch in my ears clanged like a giant bell. I never knew how long I lay there. It may have been forty minutes. Then it grew imperceptibly brighter around me. Near at hand I thought I could see Courtney and Costello struggling to their feet.

With all my strength I could just manage to get to my knees. One of the others reached out to aid me, but I could not stand. I fell forward, gropingly. I came to the conclusion that I must be badly hurt. An arm appeared before me and I reached out to grab it, when I saw suddenly some heavy object approaching me from the upper part of the ship. I was powerless to get out of the way. And then I lost consciousness.

Later they told me that I had been crushed by this object, and that Costello and Courtney had dragged me free, and pulled me with them out of the tangled inside of that death trap, and that all of us had been hoisted up by the crew who thought us drowned below.

They also told me that both Courtney and Costello had been seriously injured; when Courtney came to see me in the hospital his hair had turned white. The two of them had reached deck covered with blood when their suits were opened, and me, who was out like a light, they put in a plaster cast immediately. I had a broken leg and arm, and suffered a severe injury to my spine.

For the present, the game is up, and the *Hampshire's* gold still remains down below where it has been for more than twenty years.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

This is the tragic story of the *Hampshire* treasure so far. The diving ship returned to Koenigsberg after this catastrophe. Here Costello and Courtney were given medical care and sent home. The other diver, who related this account, lay for months in a Berlin hospital. He has since died from his spine injury. His last wish was that his ashes be scattered over the wreck of the *Hampshire*, and the following summer this service was performed.

Expeditions are still determined to recover the fated gold, and the British Admiralty still disclaims all knowledge that the wreck has ever been discovered below, or any salvage attempted.

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 80

Norton $2.50) begins with a quotation from Walt Whitman:

> *"I hear the key'd cornet, it glides*
> *Quickly in through my ears;*
> *It shakes mad sweet pangs through*
> *My belly and breast."*

and sketches the development of the native idiom from ragtime and the Original Dixieland Jazz Band in New Orleans through the Chicago period to swing.

Of passing interest are the discussions on men who have made jazz and the chapter on the jazz language. Mr. Hobson scarcely knows himself what it is. He defines jazz finally as: "Ah plays the way Ah feels."

Of more substance is Mr. Sargeant's *Jazz: Hot and Hybrid* (Arrow Editions, $5.00). In fact, prepared with musical citations, bibliography, having perspective and objectivity, it is the only creditable analysis of popular music. A scholar's, not a fan's book, it does not look upon jazz as the Devil in disguise. Admitting that jazz is not an art which seeks to perpetuate the message of a creative mind through generations, that being without positive moral values it does not offer ideals, instill a sense of human dignity or encourage man to strive after anything, Mr. Sargeant points out that it does, however, possess that "indefinable quality which is the hallmark of genuine musical expression, a quality common alike to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and the most trivial Neapolitan ballad, and one that is easily recognized by the sensitive music-lover . . . call it vitality." And while its ancestry may be African and European, it is indisputably American. "Like the typical American, the jazz musician goes his own syncopated way, making instantaneous and novel adjustments to problems as they present themselves. He is little concerned about precedent and is inclined to respect that which 'works' rather than that which is laid down in theory books. The discipline of tradition 'cramps his style.'

"Jazz," Mr. Sargeant concludes, "does not attempt to sound the profounder depths of human emotion, but it gives a meaningful account of some of its shallows."

If you need a handy reference book on the subject, *Downbeat* has published a *Yearbook of Swing*, containing a factual history since 1900, a list of prominent instrumental groups, and informative biographical data. #

Your War vs. the United States

Continued from page 27

cow at a stock show is similarly inspected, except that the judges feel some admiration for the beast.

"For the duration," no one will call you "mister." You may have been a diamond-cutter earning $150 a week, a considerable taxpayer, a solid citizen consulted in troublesome civil matters, a brilliant student, the best salesman in your organization, an assistant manager responsible for the work of ten subordinates. Don't ever mention it. The military service is jealous of cherished pride. This is a *war*, fella, and in it you are a payroll number, a mess-house item, and not too good to clean out the latrines if the good of your country should demand it. So show your pudendum to the doctor when asked, and put it back again when he gives you permission.

Reasonable requests will be turned down sarcastically by your commanding officer on the all-sufficient ground that you are in the army now. So you want to visit your sick wife in the hospital? So you would like to have forty-eight hours' leave while waiting for your transfer six days away? So you want a pass to visit a neighboring French town? Why? Oh, they have a famous museum there that you read about in college and you want to see it, eh? What do you think this is, a conducted tour? Did you happen to hear that there's a war?

Officers meanwhile will be getting not forty-eight but seventy-two-hour leaves, to visit not sick wives but riotous baby dolls across the Channel. A common sailor, you have helped fight a seventy-hour hurricane; your ship limps into port after twenty-two days at sea. But you can't go ashore because "typhus is raging." Officers may go ashore but not men—the gold stripe wards off typhus, among other evils. The officer may go into areas forbidden to enlisted men. Because this is a war and not a picnic, any kind of tyranny, petty or large, goes.

I will not accuse all paymasters and commissary officers of graft, but I saw enough of it in the last war to warn you that the chances are not as slim as they ought to be that you will be cheated at the canteen and the mess table. If They can shave a couple of pennies per mouth off the food bill they often do it, and the soup, the slumgullion, and the java smell of it eloquently. If you protest, you're a gone coon in that outfit, and if too many of you protest, round-robin fashion, it's technical insubordination and mutiny. What the hell do you think this is, the Ritz? This is a war, buddy, and war is hell.

The patriotic talk will be all on the civilian front; they don't need it after they have got you into uniform. You will hear it only at the YMCA hut, from the chaplain or a visiting soft-soaper, and you will be exposed to it only because your adequate but uninspired rations will drive you there for occasional free doughnuts or chocolate bars. This is one of the few items on the credit side.

God help you if you have the misfortune to be hospitalized. To curb your expectations, remember that you are a number, not an individual patient, and that war, which suspends many things, suspends some articles of medical ethics. You're a soldier, a sailor, not a mollycoddle, so why shouldn't you walk around with flu at 101 degrees? Why shouldn't they operate on you experimentally? Why should they give you a careful diagnosis? Where do you think you are, at Mayo Brothers'? While thousands are being killed, who are you to insist on staying well?

By the law of averages you are bound to come under some good officers, but so long as you are a gob or a doughboy, or even a sergeant or a chief petty officer, don't think you can meet and talk on man to man terms. It's against the rules for officers and men to fraternize—it might lose the war. You will also be bossed by ignoramuses, and the rash, uninformed command of an incompetent may change the pattern of your life, or of your body. You may catch your death of cold standing in the rain and mud waiting to present arms at some GHQ martinet who is passing through and wants his passage to leave a gash. The same cock-of-the-walk may decimate your regiment because he hasn't studied the terrain or paid enough attention to Intelligence reports of enemy positions.

The world at war is the martinet's holiday. Whether he is in the ranks or near the All-Highest, the thing is cut to his pattern. The more a man is an individual, the more it is hell for him. And if you happen to be a petty or warrant officer, watch out lest you be unwittingly involved in the officer intrigues of your camp, base, ship, or station. There is a lot of backbiting, scheming, maneuvering for position, in every large unit; wars within the larger war.

If you are in the reserve corps, or enlisted for the duration (as you probably will be) you will find that the "regulars," the old-timers, have a lower opinion of you than they have of the enemy. This is particularly true if you happen to be a reserve petty officer, because you will have reached at one jump a rank or status that takes a regular years to reach.

If the officers give a party to a flock of girls and make you do the dirty work, or take the girls on a slumming tour of the bunks where you and your fellow warriors are sleeping, stopping to tickle your feet for fun, don't take it in bad part. It's a war, buddy, and the morale of the brass-hats must be kept high. You are backstairs, they are front hall; theirs are the trips, the parties, the good food from a special mess, the better pay and lodgings, the books and other accompaniments of the life congenial.

Does this sound like a handbook for gripers? Maybe we had better look on the bright side.

You will learn a lot, and even though most of it will be useless, it will still be a lot. You will see some of the world, and be paid for it, as part of a new monster AEF conducted tour. You may learn some French, or German, or English, or dirty stories. You will learn to subordinate your willfulness to a larger scheme, the General Good. It would be more satisfactory for your mental peace and for the efficiency of your performance if occasionally They let you in on the secret of this Larger Scheme. But it would probably lose the war if they ever told the common soldier the why of anything.

So you will learn discipline, which means how to suffer without letting out a peep. Anyhow you will be away from home, and the demagogues and patrioteers and their sickening hokum. Your folks will draw part of your pay and something plus from the government, and they can hang a flag in the window with a star on it.

I don't know how far the American Legion would back me up in these views, born of haunting memories of the last war. I suspect that the Organized Buddies of the last affair have forgotten what a beating they took. I suspect that those that couldn't forget were, like myself, precisely the "veterans" that didn't care to be organized around an experience like that.

But I was going to say something nice about your routine in the next war. There will be plenty of color for you to remember. You will recall marches and bivouacs; you will be stirred by bugles at reveille and taps, church and payday, mess and colors; you will discover new things about yourself in strange situations ashore and afloat. You will remember the time you were interned for twenty-one days because someone in the detail came down with smallpox, and how the gang idled away the time swapping yarns and singing songs.

You will remember the girl in the bookstore in that little French town with the funny name; Christmas among the wounded; the sight of a village ruined by bombs and still smoking; the hopeless shuffle of a group of German prisoners being marched off to their barbed-wire compound; a line of arrogant battleships coming into harbor. And if you are a white-collar softie with a bookworm or cocktail life behind you, the healthy regularity and outdoor manual labor of the life will build you up.

That leaves it for the front lines to tear you down. But what the hell do you think war is, buddy—Bernarr Macfadden's Healthatorium? #

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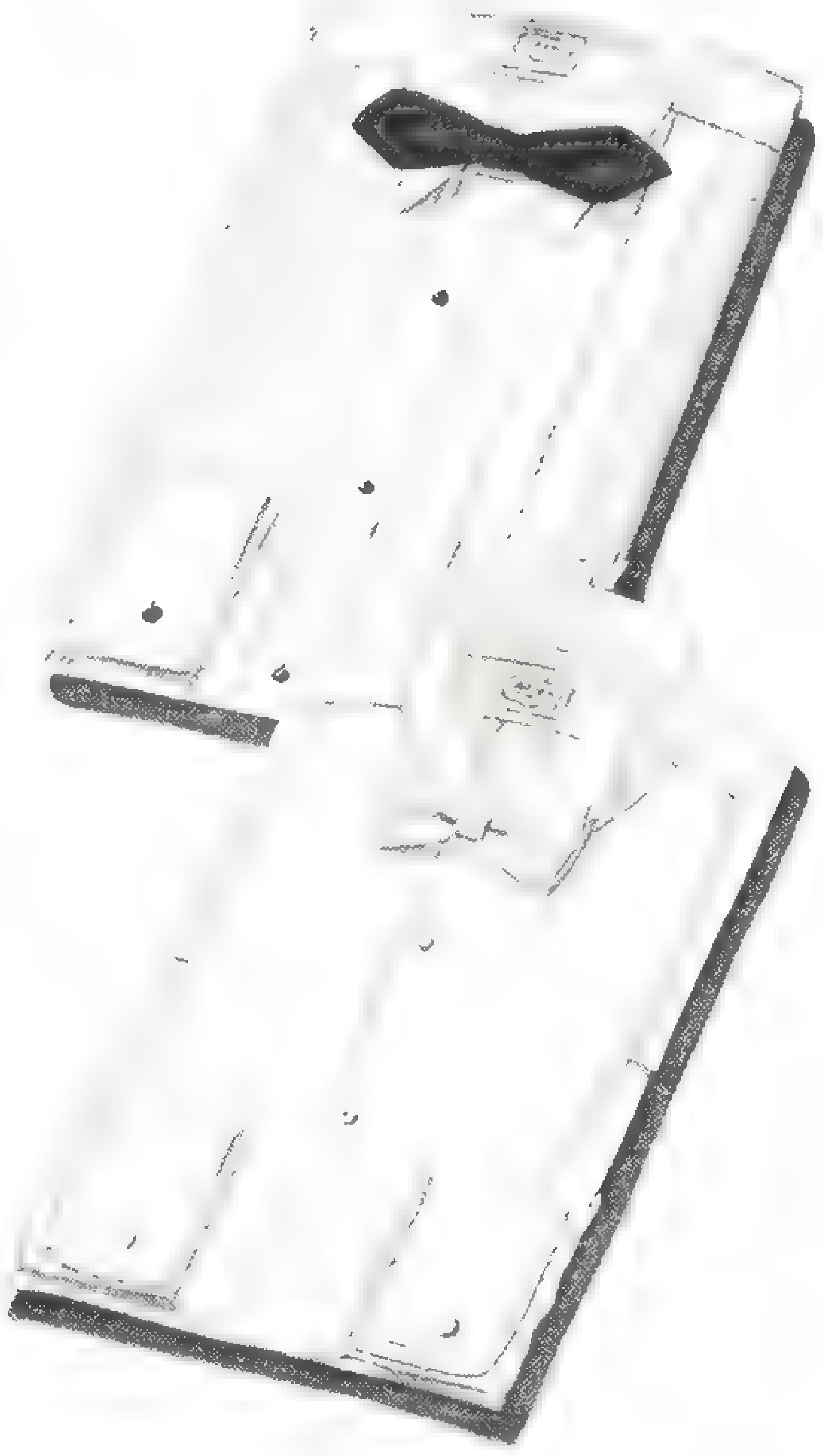

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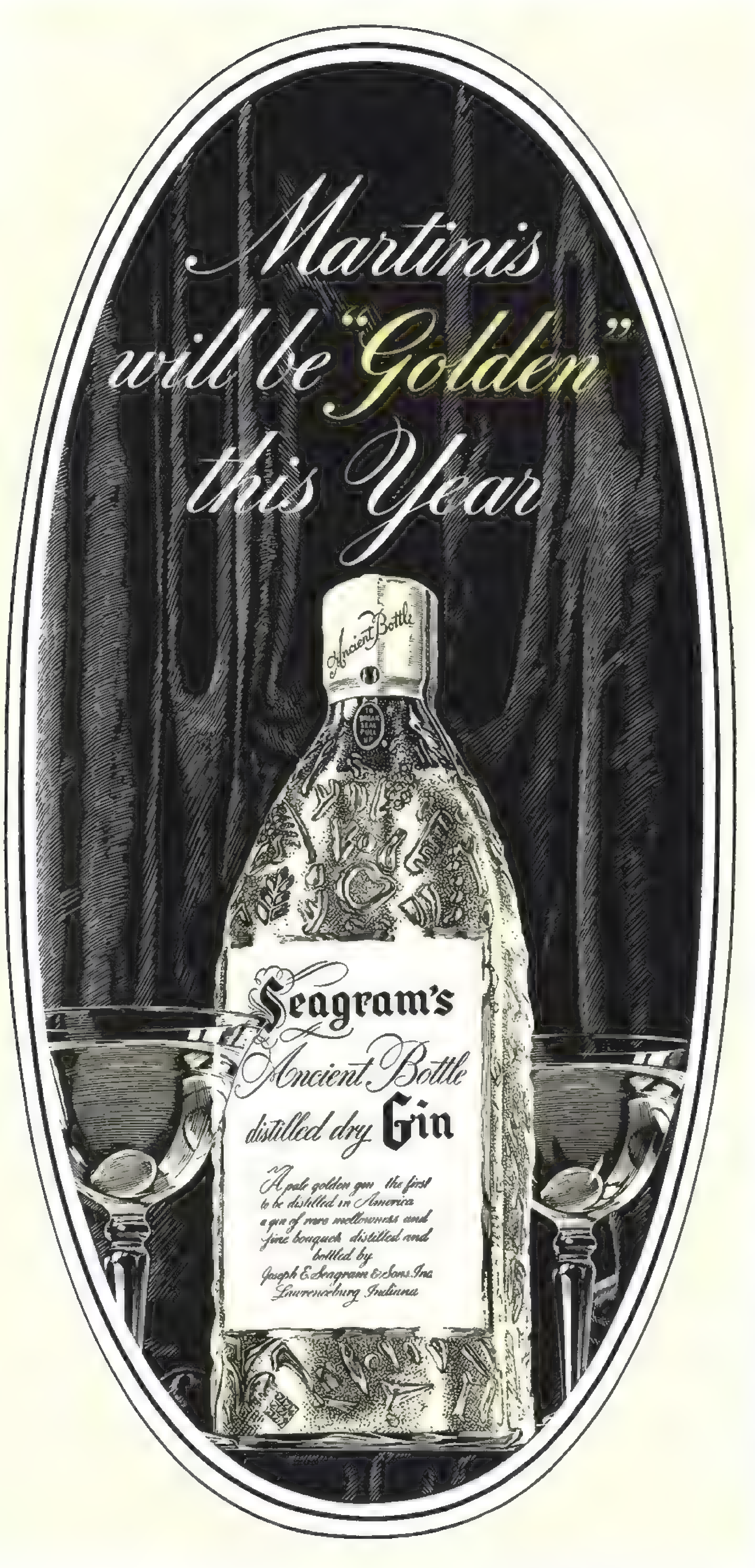
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The Sunday Dinner

Continued from page 57

laughed and chirped along the way.

Their mother was constantly admonishing them:

"Katica, don't be so loud. Mari, don't pull Uncle's hands."

"Fantastic!" Otto thought. "What a damned fool I am. I never thought I could do anything this stupid!" But he felt very good, almost ashamed that this queer affair pleased him more than if he had been given a dinner by the wife of his master.

They arrived in front of the restaurant called *The Two Little Pigs*. This was the joint of the waiter friend. But the door of the restaurant was locked, and in the yard there were scaffoldings. On the door somebody had written with chalk: "Closed Two Weeks For Alterations."

Otto was desperate:

"Damn it all! What shall I do now?"

He looked at the children and the woman. How could he tell them there was not going to be any dinner after all? How could he send them home now? For the first time in his life some defiant masculine chivalry arose in Otto. He didn't say a word about the catastrophe which had just fallen upon him. He kept on walking with the family. After a few steps they arrived in front of another summer restaurant.

It was a very jolly restaurant; the fence was covered with climbing roses, and inside, in the yard, there were tables covered with brilliant cloths.

"Well, let's go inside" said Otto, making up his mind defiantly. He didn't have the slightest idea of what was going to happen. But something would happen. He felt the same kind of recklessness as when he sat down to play cards without any money. But he didn't give a damn. These children just had to be fed. Some vague plan began to take shape in his mind. But he didn't tell the woman he had just one *pengö* to his name—just as the woman refused to complain to her husband who was locked up in jail.

They sat down at a table covered with a red cloth. There was no waiter in the little restaurant. The boss himself waited on the tables. He was already approaching them with the menu. He was a terribly fat man. He must have had asthma, because he was panting and his small eyes were gleaming angrily because of the necessity of panting so hard.

"First let's have some beer," Otto commanded.

The bartender came out with the beer. He too was an evil-eyed, bestial character. He wore an immense blue apron, and his sleeves were rolled up. His forearms were like two hams, and on the left one a frog was tattooed. Otto's knees began to tremble. He felt deeply the infinite weakness of his own thin body in the presence of the two three hundred-pound monsters who went around sweating and swearing in the summer heat. The woman was being bashful. A spoonful of soup would be enough for her; a little piece of meat for each of the children. But Otto insisted. As long as they were here, let them have a real Sunday dinner. He ordered three kinds of roast meat, had a special salad made up, and asked for fruit. He even ordered cheese; what the hell! It was very nice to watch the little girls open the tinfoil on the cheese with their tiny fingers.

They conversed. Otto was absent-minded, but politely he pretended that he was paying attention. Actually, he could scarcely concentrate for one minute because his eyes constantly strayed toward the thick hands of the manager. He noticed that a wedding ring was swollen into the fat finger of the brute.

They finally finished eating.

"Now you just run along home," said Otto. "I am going to do a little business with the manager." He pulled out his *pengö*—"Here's a *pengö* for car fare."

"I can't accept that, really," the woman protested. "The dinner itself was too much."

Otto raised the coin:

"Take it or I'll throw it out in the street!"

The woman was all broken up with gratitude. She took the money, shook hands with Otto, and made the children kiss him. The well-fed little family left the restaurant. From the door the little girls looked back at Uncle. He waved to them sweetly:

"Bye-bye!"

When he was left alone he leaned cogitatively above the table and buried his head in his hands.

His plan had thus far gone over without a hitch. The children had eaten, and they and their mother were out of danger. He had stayed behind as a pawn. But what was going to happen now? Otto was not a stylist, neither was he an orator. He was incapable of putting into words, even for his own use, why he had done all this.

He took a last gulp of coffee and then with his spoon he rapped on the glass:

"My bill please!"

The manager waddled up to him amidst terrifying pants. From behind his thick ear he produced a tiny stub of a pencil and added up the bill.

Otto looked at the slip of paper; he stood up, cleared his throat and spoke:

"All right. Some of these days I'll drop in and pay you—because I'm flat broke today."

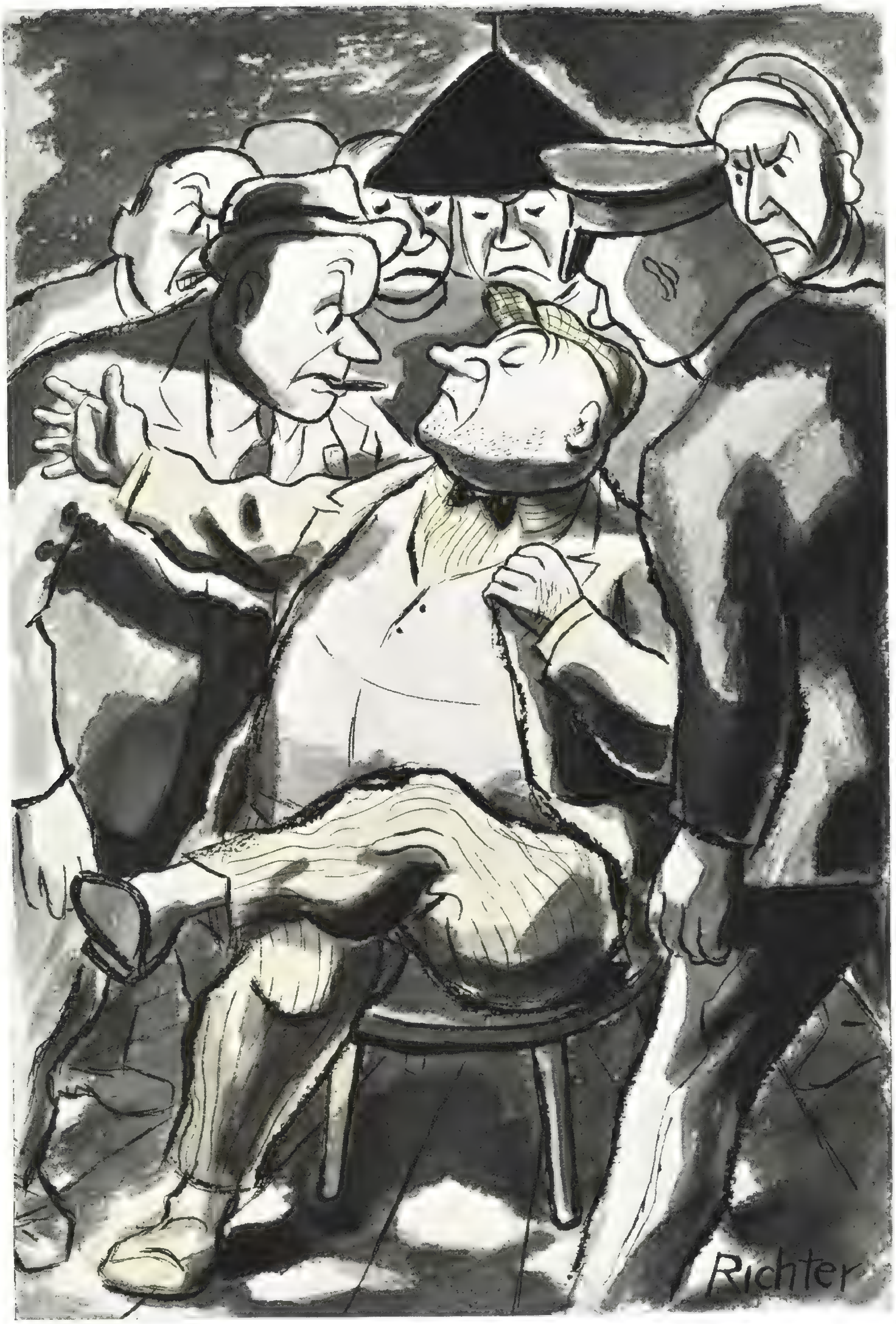
The fat monster gasped:

"What! You..."

"I told you I haven't got any money today. Tomorrow I'll come in and pay you," repeated Otto, and immediately shut his eyes as one who doesn't want to see what's coming next.

What's going to happen? Are they going to beat me up and throw me out on my ear, or are

Continued at top of page 116



"Gentlemen, you are making it very difficult for me to refuse—"

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The Sunday Dinner

Continued from pages 57-114

they going to call a cop—or both?

The manager was a choleric old fellow. He chose beating. He took a last look at the dandified but broken-down looking thin fellow whose face, on account of the twisted nose, had an expression which seemed to mock him. He raised one of his ten-pound hands and smashed a horrible blow on the mocking face. First one and then some fifteen more, because it relieved him. First with the palm of his hand and then with his fist. The cartilage cracked in the twisted nose. The bartender came rushing up and helped his boss.

Otto didn't even try to defend himself. He never even opened his eyes. He let the tempest blow him around and he listened to the terrifying curses as to the music of the howling wind.

Some mechanical force was lifting him high. Four muscular hands were carrying him toward the door. Then he flew through the air. What the hell! As he was flying he almost smiled with the joy of relief: They didn't call a cop!

He landed like a crashing transport plane, beside the white wall, right in the ditch. For ten seconds he lay motionless, with a zooming head and dazzled eyes, in a trance which was almost pleasant. Then he sat up. He was sitting on the fresh green grass. Around him happy ants were swarming busily; the sun was shining and there was a sweet warmth, and silence. His face was a little sore, or rather, just tingling, as if he had just awakened from a deep sleep and the pillows had temporarily paralyzed his face. With his tongue he tried out his teeth, but they were all tight.

What does a man without honorable scruples feel when he has just been trounced thoroughly? Peace and relief as after a brisk shower. Otto was filled with broad, clear happiness.

"Was this all?"—he asked himself, surprised. "That was nothing at all! At this rate I'm going to take the children out for dinner next Sunday too—to another restaurant!" ⧺

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 75

ducer of no little merit.

George M. Cohan has not been overly active as a producer in late years, and when he has gone in for production has confined himself mainly to plays of his own handiwork. There is no man in the American theatre who knows more than he does about its popular phases, although his former uncommon knack of putting his knowledge into successful practice seems to have become somewhat diminished in recent seasons. George Abbott stems from Cohan, but Abbott at his best misses something that the other and greater George contrived to get into his productions.

Cheryl Crawford was originally one of the Group Theatre crowd and withdrew to go it on her own. She has put on a couple of plays which, while defective and understandable failures, were not without traces of probity. What she will do in the future remains to be seen.

Alfred De Liagre, Jr., is a society-minded young man with punctilious manners and of Chesterfieldian, nay, Menjouan address. Although he has not done much thus far in the way of producing, the few exhibits he has revealed have indicated some adeptness in casting, staging and direction. In *Yes, My Darling Daughter* he unearthed an amusing comedy, but otherwise his manuscript eye has done considerable blinking. His interests seem to lie in the direction of the less important drama.

Eddie Dowling, who began as a musical show author and actor, has proved himself to be a better judge of reputable play manuscripts than nine-tenths of his fellow producers. He slips once in a while, but in even his later slips, *Madame Capet* signally excepted, there has been detectable both some reason and gesture toward quality. His greatest extra-theatrical activity is adopting babies. His dramatic prejudice is largely in favor of the Irish drama. Give him any script which opens with a Celt allowing in a rich brogue that the English are a bunch of lowlifes and he won't lay it down until he has read it through, even if it is so bad that he then throws it into the wastebasket. But despite his predilection for Irish drama, he is hospitable to any other species that poses itself above the conventional Broadway standard, particularly if it reaches, however obliquely, toward a gentle faith in the glory of Heaven and a vigorous sentimental faith in the essential decency of mankind. He is himself a first-rate dramatic actor. A curious mixture all around, but a producer whose career is worth close critical watching.

Vinton Freedley, who in his Harvard days was a Hasty Pudding big shot, devotes his vitality chiefly to musical shows, in which field he has been very successful. A fellow given to modish habiliments, a change of boutonnière at regular three-hour intervals, a country estate with a swimming pool and blue ribbon goats, and a charge account at the better converted speakeasies, he dips into the drama only at protracted intervals, and then only if the year's crop of chorus girls isn't up to his demanded concept of good-looks. His favorite histrionic artist is Fred Astaire; his favorite literatus, Ward Morehouse, theatrical chronicler to the *New York Sun;* and his favorite composer, Cole

Continued on page 118

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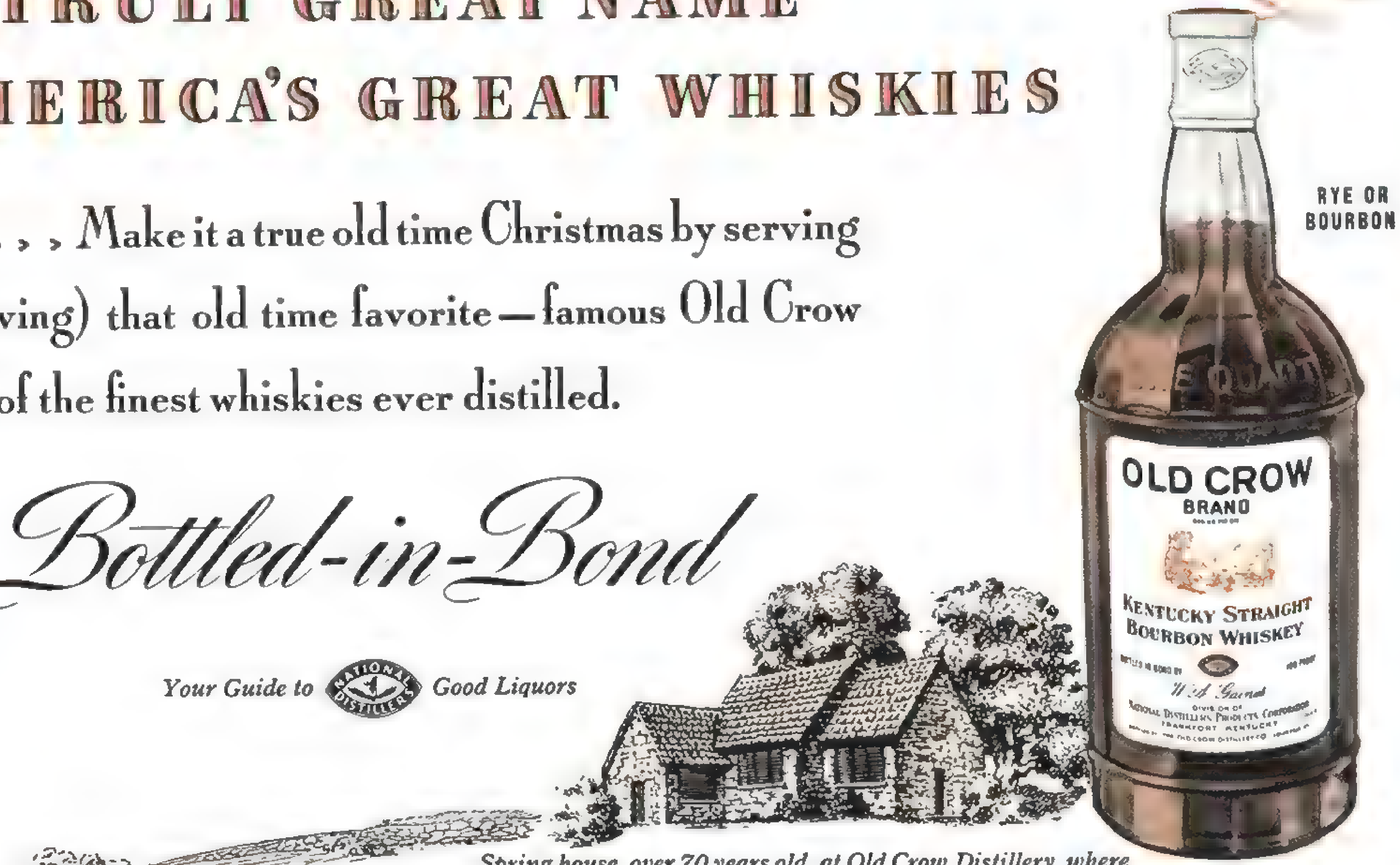
RYE OR BOURBON



Spring house, over 70 years old, at Old Crow Distillery, where original limestone spring used by founder James Crow is still used exclusively in the distillation of Old Crow Whiskey.

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 75-116

Porter, whom he rates but slightly lower than Johann Sebastian Bach.

John Golden began his career as a song writer, two of his greatest artistic triumphs being *Poor Butterfly* and *Goodbye Girls, I'm Through*. Suffering a bad cold one day and finding that he couldn't whistle them to his proper satisfaction and connoisseur delight, he went into the producing business with the late Winchell Smith and made a mint of mazuma out of such things as *The Fortune Hunter*, *Turn To the Right*, and *Lightnin'*. With this wealth, he went it solo after Smith's death. His announced policy is "Clean Plays Or Bust." Those he selects for presentation are directed primarily at the box-office and his aim in that direction has often proved faulty. Rachel Crothers, his best box office bet, is his idea of a great dramatist. His heart is in the theatre and in his own way he sincerely tries to do the best by it, but his critical standards when it comes to drama are considerably less exalted than might be wished.

Max Gordon has done some creditable things in the way of production, both dramatic and musical, but lately Hollywood has contaminated his soul and there is no telling where his theatrical future lies. He is often associated with other producers when he appears in the theatre, usually Sam Harris, and in some instances with playwrights, usually George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. He started out as a vaudeville office slave, then became a vaudeville booking agent. He really admires the better-grade drama, even if he doesn't always practice what his taste preaches.

Sam H. Grisman went about leasing one-quarter of all the theatres in New York last year and gave most of them up about three months later. He has made big money out of *Tobacco Road* and has lost a lot of it on a series of exhibits which the critics have sent galloping to the storehouse. His producing career is of such recent vintage that one can't predict which turn, if any, it will take. At the moment, he may be set down as one of the coterie who have their eyes, monocles, and even strong binoculars sedulously trained on the ticket till.

The Group Theatre, with Harold Clurman as its generalissimo, has demonstrated both enterprise and competence. It has brought out Clifford Odets, Irwin Shaw and William Saroyan and is honestly interested in the development of the newer drama. Although it sometimes fails of its own mark, its intentions are always honorable. It is, in short, a producing organization that represents something definitely valuable to the American theatre.

The Theatre Guild, on the other hand, which once did represent something valuable, has declined year by year. At length tardily recognizing the fact, it has this year called itself into worried meeting and has vested its control in the persons of Lawrence Langner and Theresa Helburn, two of its directors. The duo, properly appreciating that other and outside producers know more about plays than it does, has begun the year by resting its head in such others' laps, hoping thereby to give the Guild's long suffering subscribers a decent run for their money. The Guild went to pieces because it didn't know a good play when it read one, because it cast its plays with indifferent actors, being unwilling to pay out much in the way of salaries, because several of its directors got the Hollywood bug and tried to sit on two stools, and because the better playwrights and better actors got sick of the whole setup and refused to submit themselves longer to its amateurish didoes.

Sam H. Harris is probably the best liked of all the producers. Originally a prize fighter-manager and later a partner of George M. Cohan, himself also a popular guy, he developed into one of the most astute of the caboodle. His plays and shows have a definite mark; he never stints; and, while he leaves their staging to other hands, there is a flavor to his enterprises, whatever the immediate critical reaction, that holds with the best in the contemporary showshop.

Jed Harris, once an important talent, began sliding down the chute five years ago and has now buried himself in a Hollywood grave.

William Harris, Jr., a producer of quondam sagacity, has annually for the last four years announced some play or other, but doesn't seem to have gotten around to doing anything about them. What has befallen him, deponent knoweth not.

Arthur Hopkins, once the authentic white hope of the American theatre, has disappointed his early champions, of whom I had the honor to be a vociferous one. He has permitted his own shortcomings to become confused in his mind with shortcomings of the theatre itself, and has wasted a lot of his energy in attributing to the latter the defects in himself. He was at one time the soundest judge of plays in the producing circle, and his productions of them were admirable. Then, suddenly, his acumen faded. In addition, he so unyieldingly adhered to his early principles of staging that his productions often became wholly and absurdly out of key with the plays themselves. He has a good dramatic head and he is never under any circumstances cheap, so it is possible that he may one day again find himself. One hopes so, because down at the bottom of him there is a fine pride in the theatre.

Guthrie McClintic, husband and sponsor of Katharine Cornell, is a skillful fellow when it comes to the production of the contemporary drama—his *Winterset*, for example, was a capital job—but his adventures with Shakespeare have grieved the judicious, if not many of the critics. In the staging of the lesser drama, however, he indicates a nice combination of talent and showmanship, though there are times when one wishes he would forego the over-elaborate species of lighting favored by the late Belasco which periodically makes his stages resemble so many candy boxes with prettily colored little electric bulbs concealed in the gumdrops. His judgment of scripts is of the up-and-down kind. He will pick a worthy script one day and the next a completely trashy one, sometimes even when both are the work of the same playwright, as witness Maxwell Anderson's above-mentioned *Winterset* along with *High Tor* on the one hand and Anderson's *The Star-Wagon* on the other.

Gilbert Miller esteems the fashionable life so highly that it is reported by his Hungarian crony, Sandór Incze, that he even bathes in a white tie and tails, with a white carnation in his lapel and two platinum cigarette cases studded with rubies in his rear trouser pockets. His productions are uniformly in the very best of physical taste and he himself is a director of uncommon perception and suavity. He is, however, seldom possessed of courage in dramatic production, preferring to play safe by buying plays only after he has seen them in other more venturesome men's productions. Thus, last year, he bought *Shadow and Substance* and *The White Steed* for London presentation only after looking at Eddie Dowling's local presentations. Thus, he buys Hungarian plays, French plays and English plays only after he has seen them acted, and before sufficiently large paying audiences, in Budapest, Paris and London. He has done little or nothing to help and encourage the American drama. It is a pity, for with his financial resources, innate discrimination and adroit directorial hand he might do so much.

Brock Pemberton, originally an associate of Arthur Hopkins, is personally a bird of morals so cautious and circumspect that it is said he once deleted the adjective in the phrase "naked truth" in an article he had written for the *New York Times'* Sunday supplement and substituted "whole." Yet, paradoxically enough, the plays he produces are pretty generally on the rough and saucy sexy side. Farce-comedy is the species of dramaturgy that fetches his fondest interest.

The Playwrights Company, composed at the moment of Maxwell Anderson, S. N. Behrman, Robert E. Sherwood and Elmer Rice, is not in the market for plays from other hands and devotes itself to the production of its own *opera*. It is an intelligent and estimable fraternity, and it has again demonstrated that, when it comes to a play, the boy who wrote the play generally knows a lot more about what should be done with it than almost anyone else.

The Shuberts, aside from their musical shows and revues, serve chiefly as investors in other producers' scripts. Contrary to the fairly popular belief, they often indicate a nice discrimination in the matter of such scripts and are part backers of some of the very best of them.

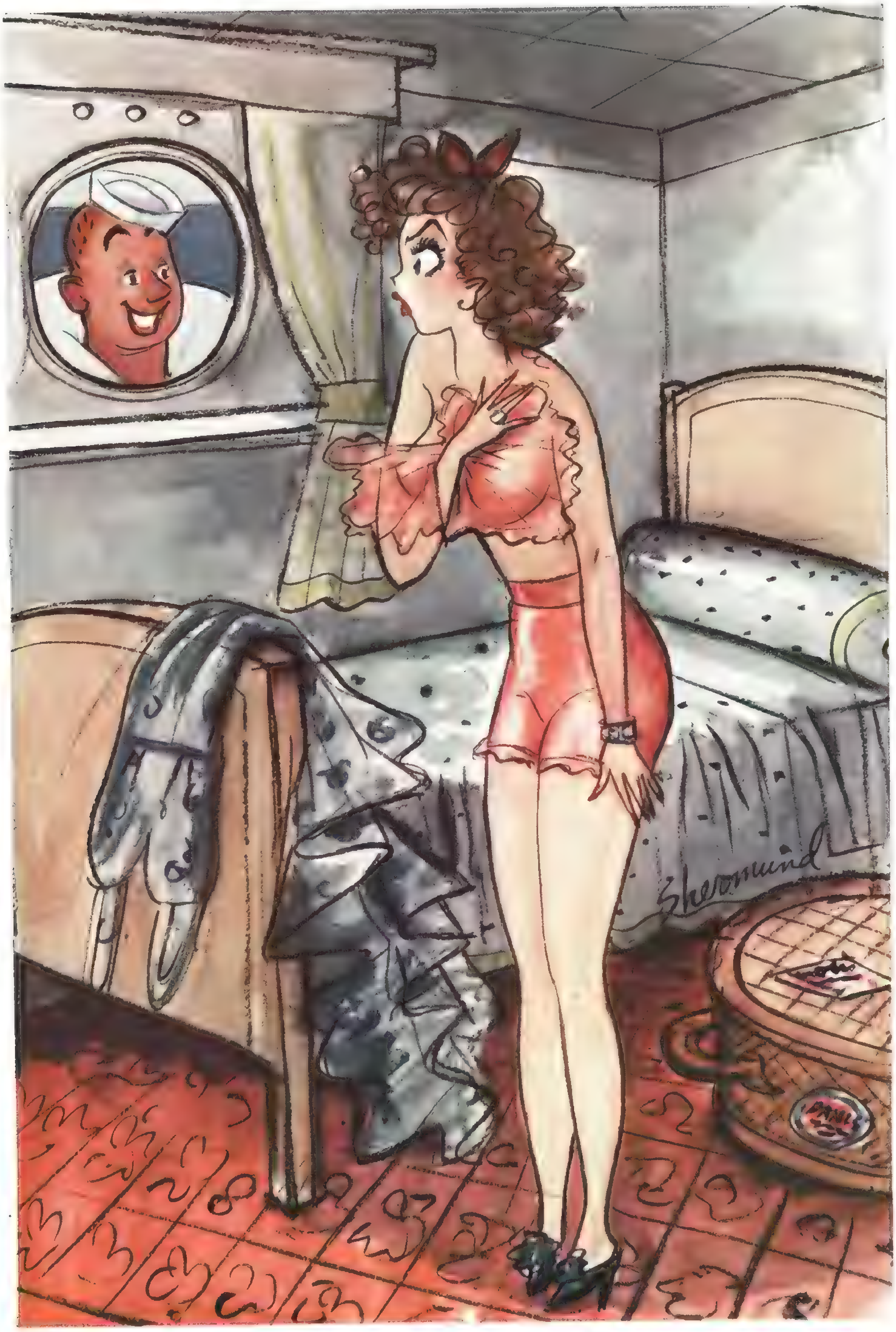
Herman Shumlin's most luxuriant admiration for a dramatist is reserved for Lillian Hellman, who has provided him with two big successes in *The Children's Hour* and *The Little Foxes*. He puts on very few plays and his taste in more recent years has run to serious, and here and there, even glum themes. He is a good hand at casting and direction, though sometimes disposed to lean a little too far over in the slowing down of tempo.

Rowland Stebbins is a Wall Streeter who employs Laurence Rivers as his theatrical alias. His luckiest strike was *The Green Pastures*. His pet playwright for some years was George Kelly. He has done little in the way of producing recently.

Ol' Mars Orson Welles is at this writing planning to set his Mercury Theatre in operation again. Since its closing he has been devoting himself to Hollywood and the radio. Twenty-four years of age and given to the wearing of voluptuous whiskers, his penchant is for revivals of old plays with a new slant.

John C. Wilson's god and Fuehrer is Noel Coward. A graduate of Yale, he tied up with Coward some years ago and serves not only as his American producer but as his general business factotum. A soft-spoken, carefully wardrobed and trimly alert fellow, he has done well by his boss. But beyond his boss nothing else in the theatre, except maybe the Lunts, interests him much.

Finally, Dwight Deere Wiman, also a dressy young gent down to the freshest lapel bloom, who inherited a fancy Middle Western plow factory, who likes the metropolitan night-time life, and who has enjoyed a share of success in both the musical comedy and dramatic fields. In the latter, his excursions have been confined mainly to pleasant little comedies of a sentimental nature. He is interested in the "amusement" phase of the theatre rather than in its higher and more august dramatic phase. His exhibits are for the most part staged attractively. Like Gilbert Miller, John C. Wilson, Vinton Freedley, Delos Chappell, Alfred De Liagre and Lawrence Langner at their opening nights, he invariably shows up at his own dressed to the ears and, also like them, visibly enjoys himself no end.



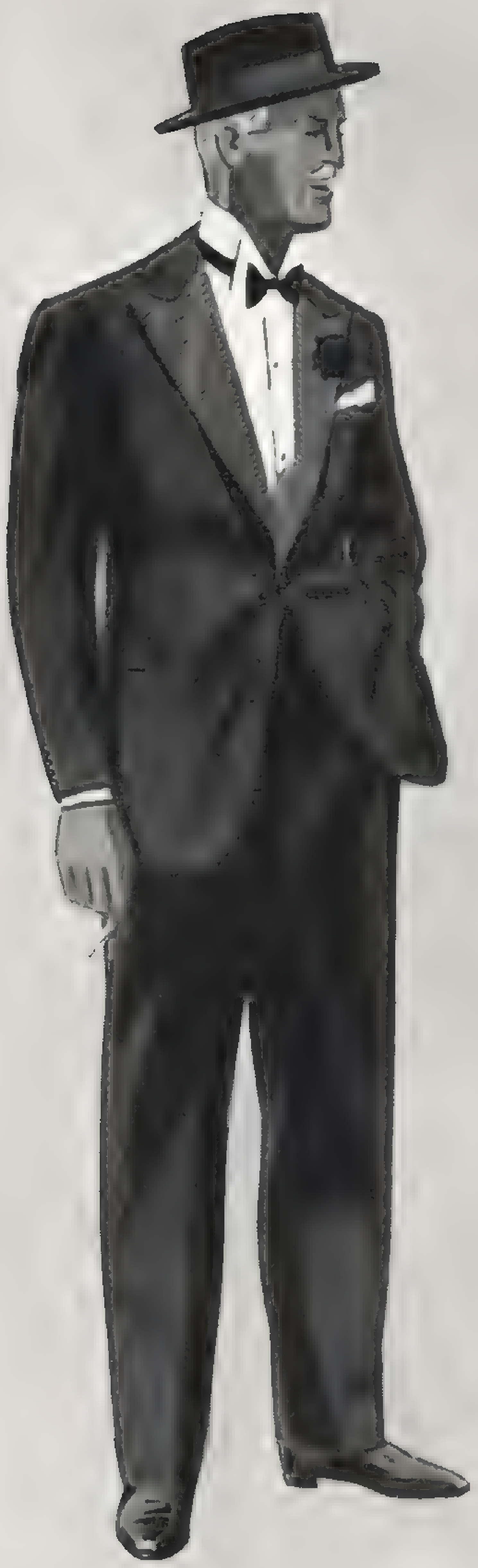
"Eight bells and all's well, Madam"

Background for a Red Carnation

Formal notes on cuffs and collars, toppers and tails

by FASHION STAFF

▪ WEARABLES ▪



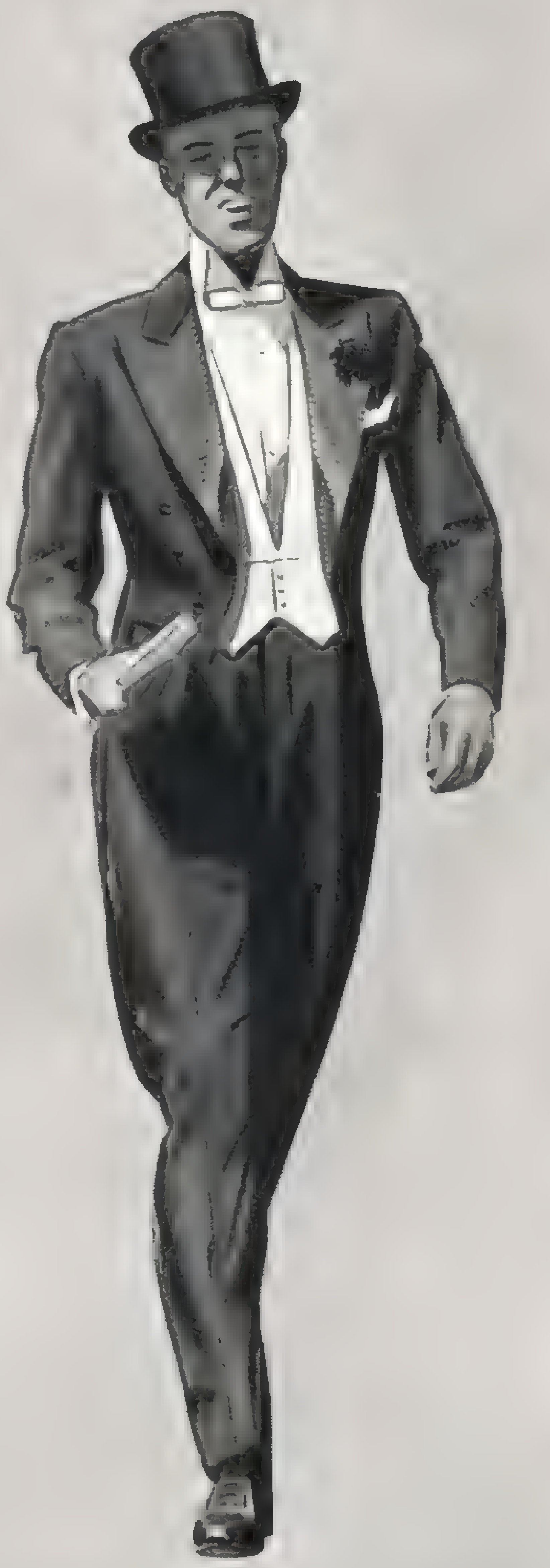
A LOOSELY knotted tie on a train-chasing commuter may be blamed on the alarm clock, a few cold-flooded cylinders or the inability to master the morning after—but there is no pardon for him who looks unstarched when by his side the lady of the evening wears a new bit of finery and is ready for a formal frolic.

Rules of formality are as strict as those governing a young ladies' finishing school with the possible exception of a curfew hour. The "dos" and "don'ts" are based largely on tradition. Rugged individualists who depart from the beaten path will find themselves either unable to break through a stag line or else mistaken for bandmasters, a tribe noted for wasp waistlines, barn-broad shoulders and Himalayan high rise trousers.

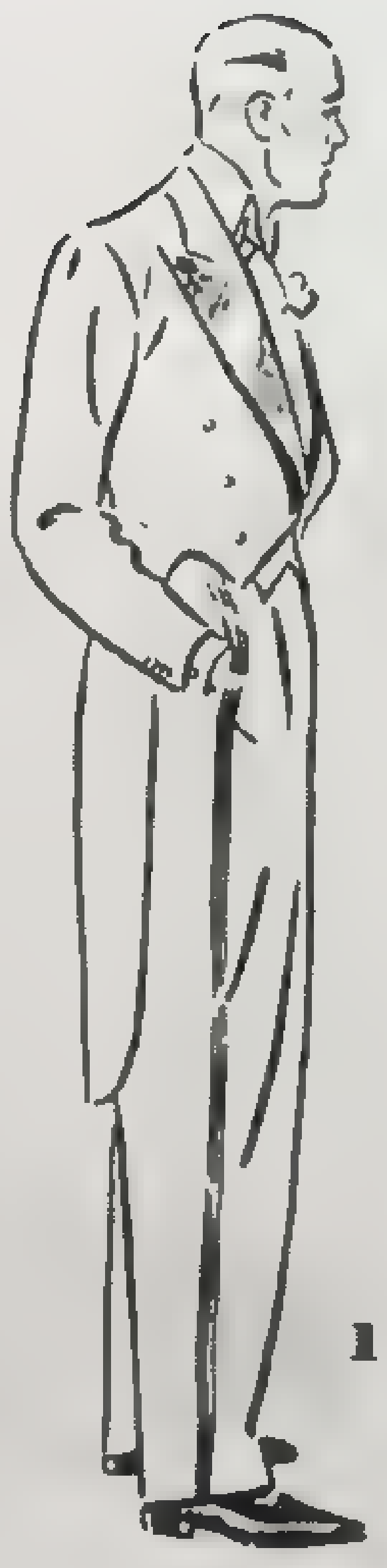
These rules of dress begin by blasting the derby hat and grey fedora to widely scattered bits—for in the formal picture they are like white-striped, black wood-pussies at a picnic. The same goes for any shoes other than black.

More intricate are the other *points de rigueur*— but each is tried, true and a requisite to being well turned out.

Tips on tailcoats—An eye to the tilt of the topper—it can be shiny silk or grosgrain collapsible opera model—but tilt it (4). Don't shove the opera to open—just tap the brim on your palm (2). To close the topper press the crown against your chest (3) but never close it unless necessary for packing. Here are correct tailcoat proportions—tails just below the bend of the knee—pleats in the trousers (1), white vest never to show below lapel points (5), sleeves tapered to hold shirt cuff snugly with at least an inch of linen showing (6). The same white space should be visible above back of coat collar (8). Wear a high broad-winged collar and keep the white tie from riding high but not handsome by slipping through the loop on the shirt (7). Note



the front appearance of collar and tie with points beyond the bow (9). If a pre-tied bow is used be sure the metal adjustment is well at side in back so collar will cover (10). If the trickier one end bow is your preference, tuck the long end under tie and shirt (11). Today most vests are backless with adjustment buckle. Always wear the waistcoat snugly (15) and be sure your starched shirt front is short enough so it doesn't dive into the tops of your trousers (12) or extend at the sides under your suspenders. Trousers with tailcoat always carry double braid (13) and break above instep. For hose you may wear lightweight black wool (14) as correctly as silk. Take your choice. DINNER JACKET DOGMA—The correct hat is always black—but never a derby. Homburg (17) accepted favorite worn slightly tilted and forward on head. Single-breasted dinner jacket of unfinished worsted carries peak lapels (16). Wing collar preferred if ladies are present—a dressier note, but turnover starched collar (18) is stag-favored or acceptable with double-breasted peak lapel jacket (19). These lapels are of ribbed grosgrain silk. Two button front on double-breasted jacket. Sleeves should taper to wrist showing plenty of white cuff. Trousers break above instep (20) with single braid down side. Ribbed shirt (21) acceptable with double-breasted jacket, and black cummerbund (22) may be alternate to black vest (23). Younger men have shown favor for white backless waistcoat (24). Black ribbed hose of silk or wool with black patent leather pumps (25) are suggested footwear. For the lapel wear a dark red carnation.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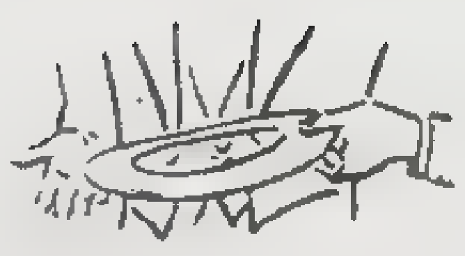
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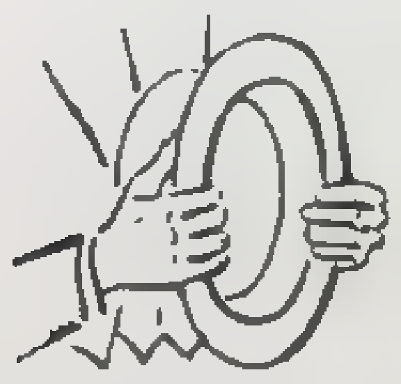
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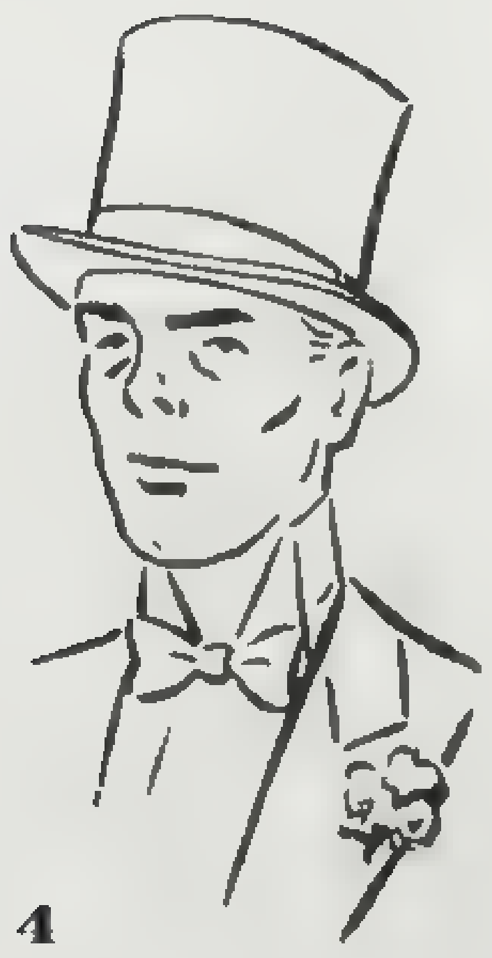
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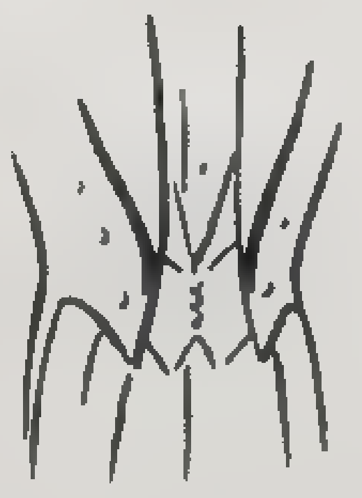
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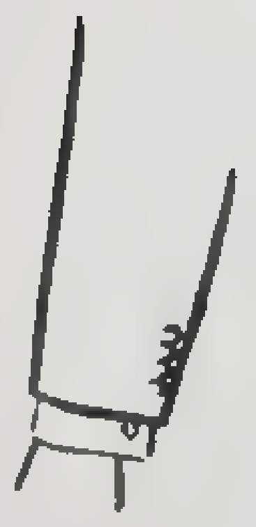
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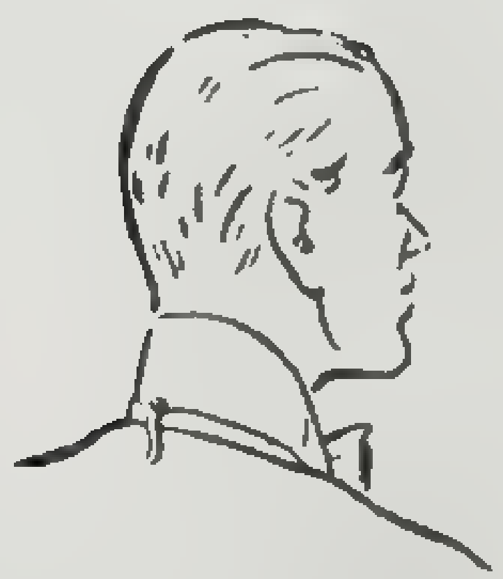
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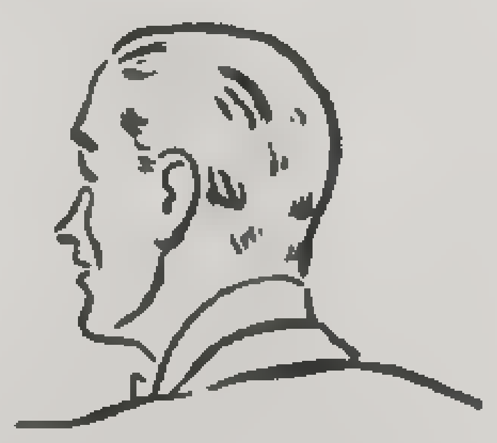
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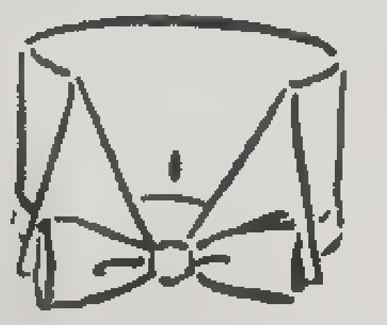
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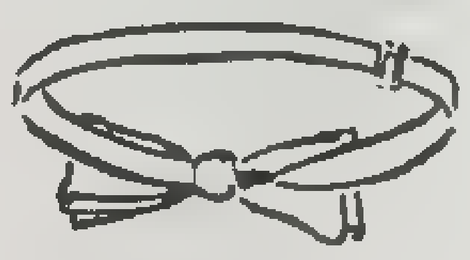
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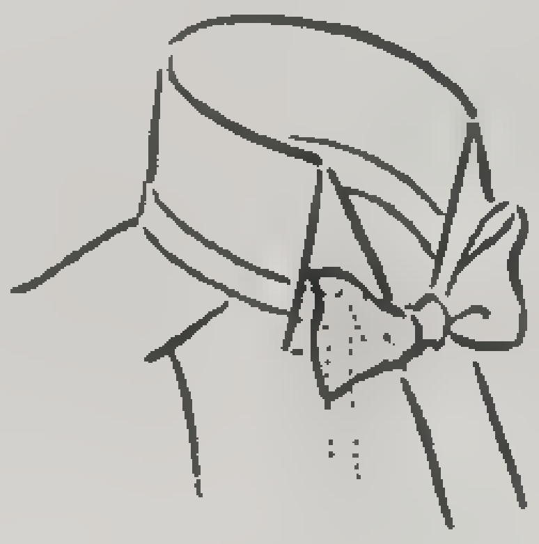
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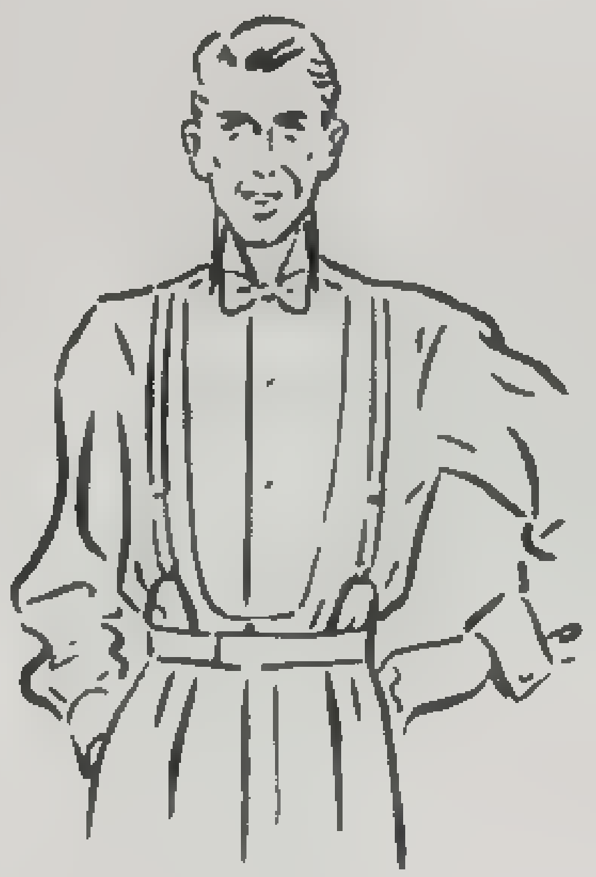
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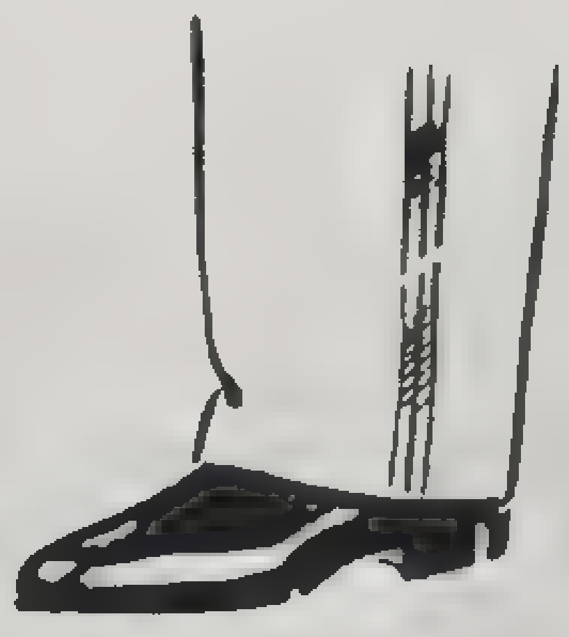
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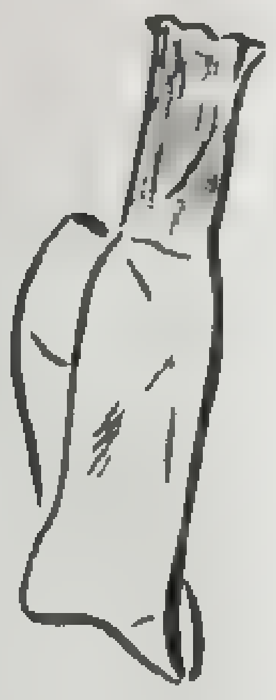
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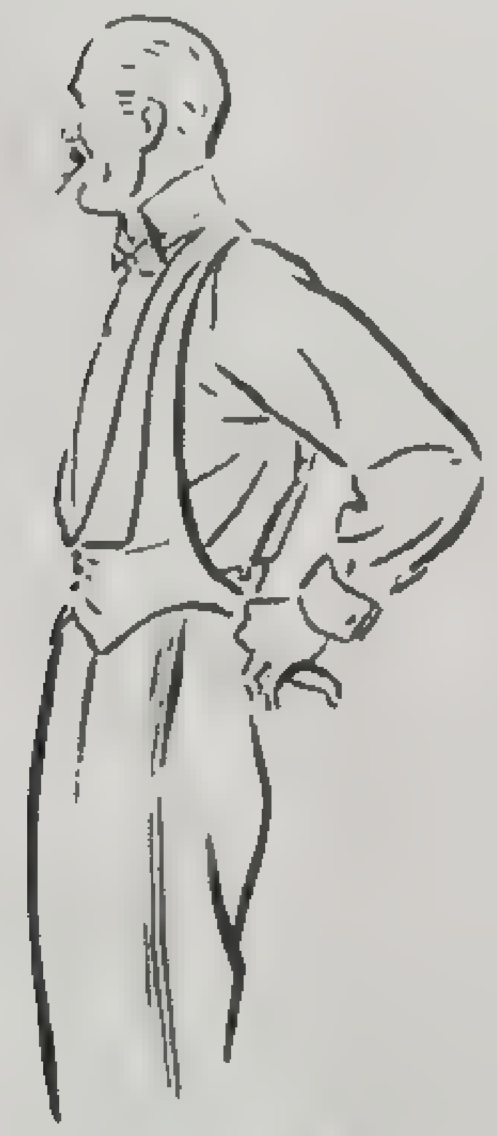
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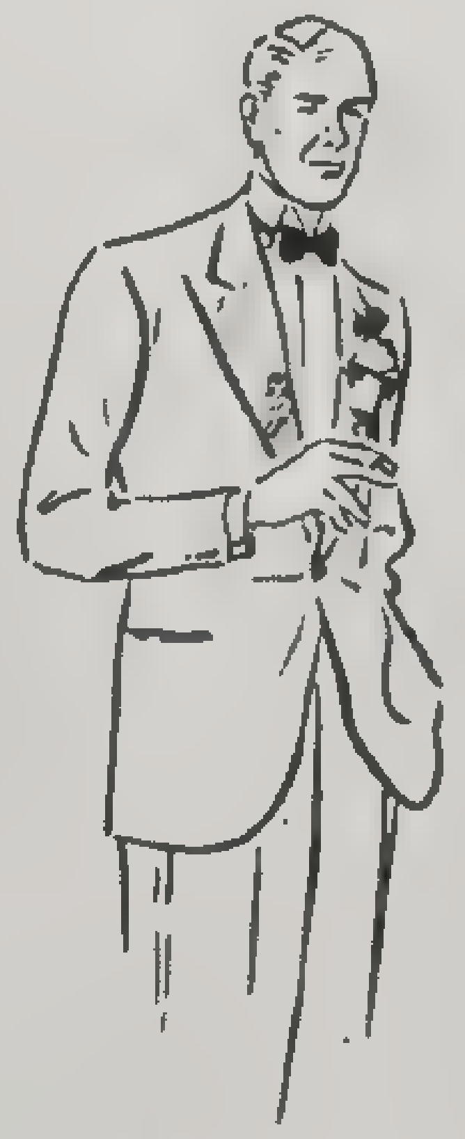
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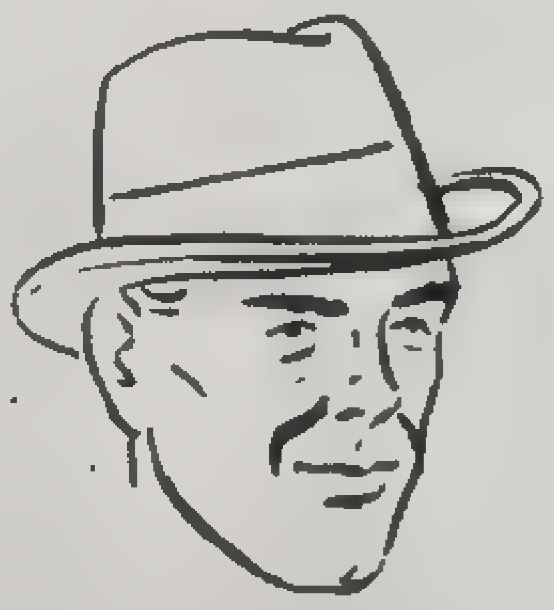
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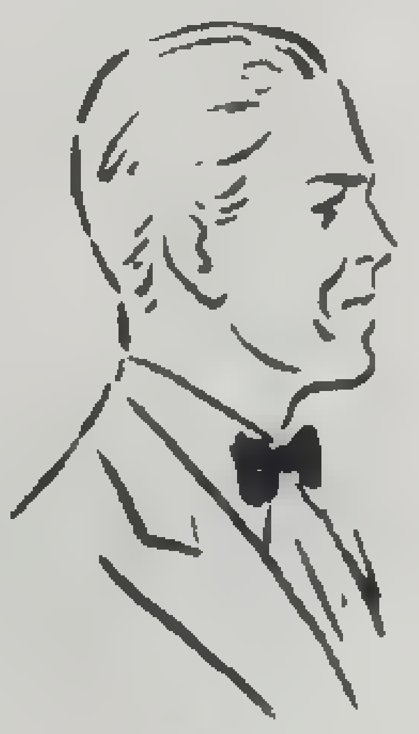
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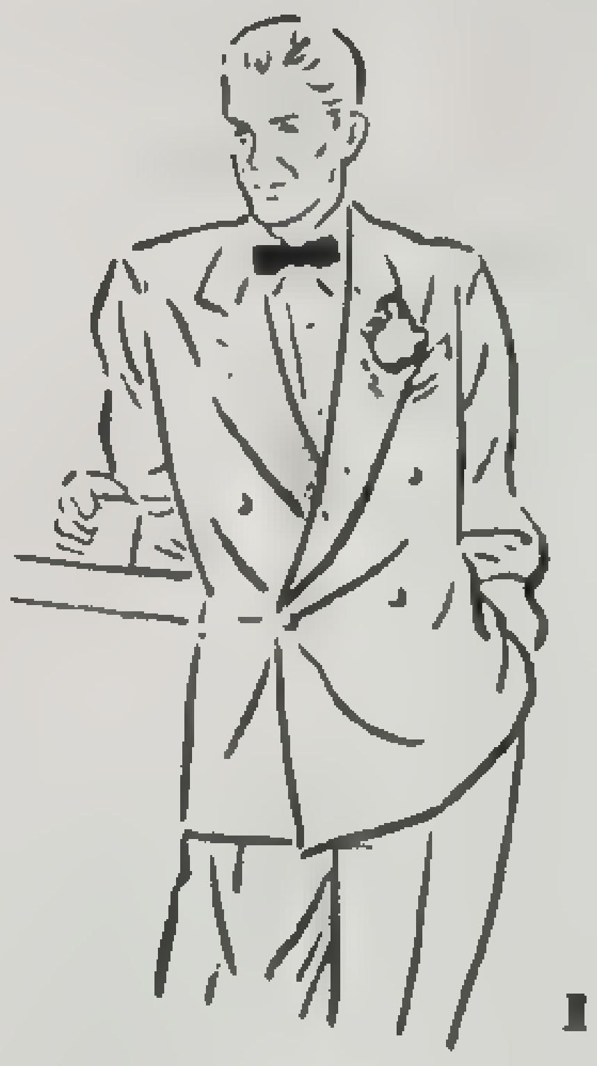
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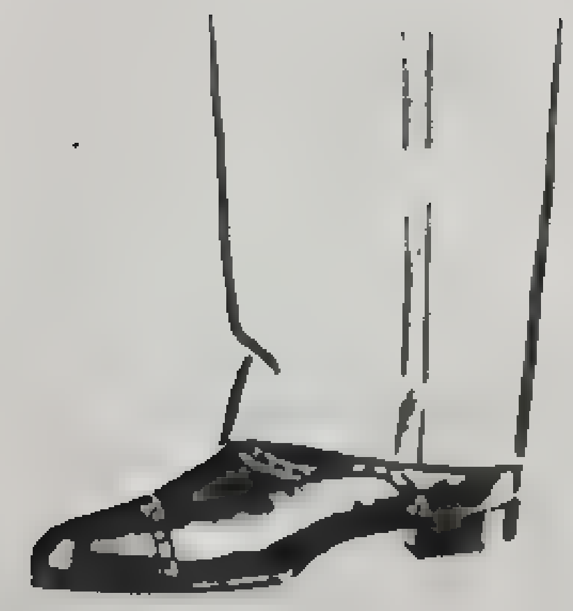
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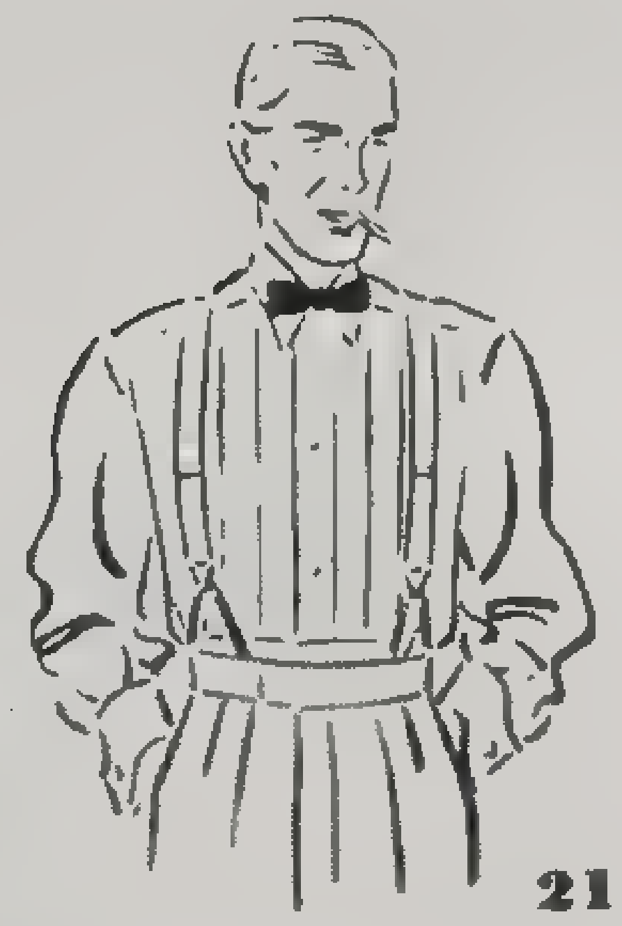
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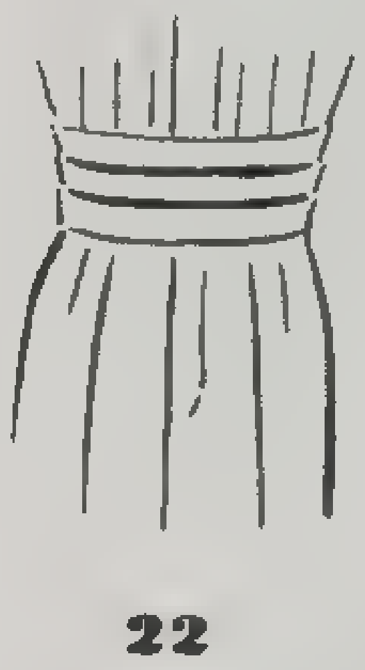
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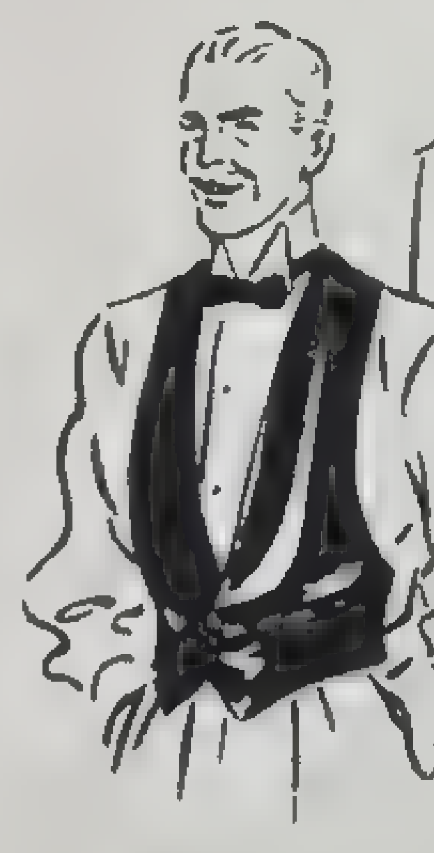
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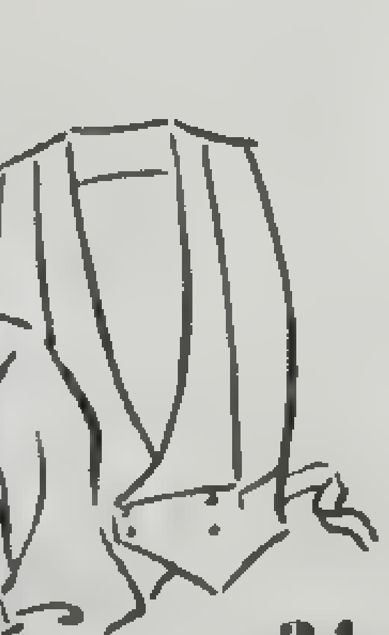
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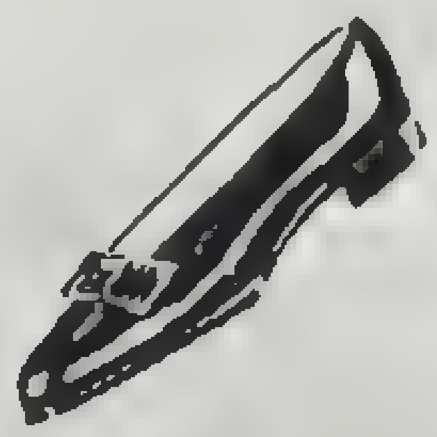
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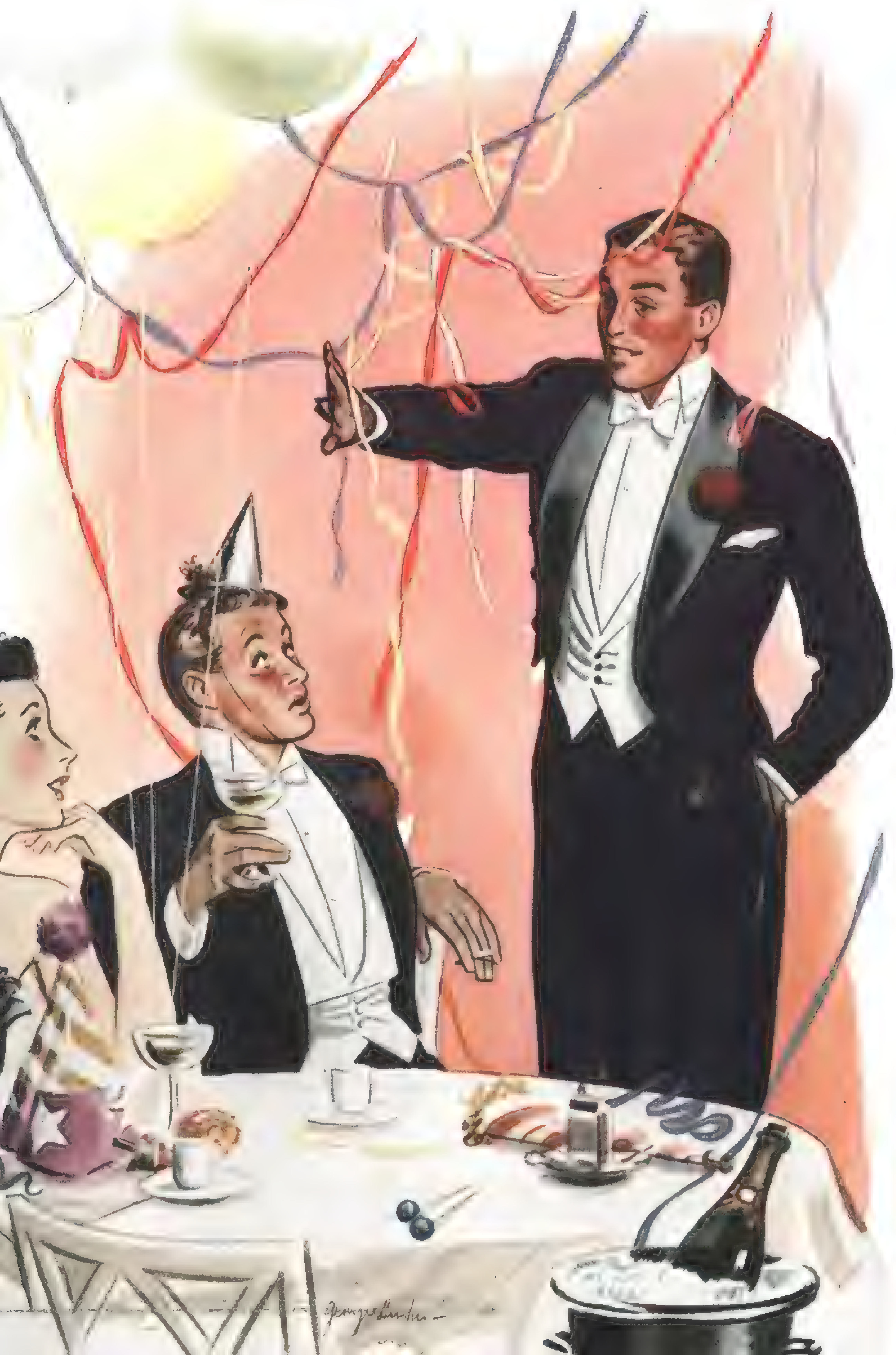
Ring in the new . . .



If you're really intent on ringing in the new this year, you might very well start with your formal oufit. First of all, tails have pretty well replaced the dinner jacket at most places of celebration. And the midnight blue shade, while far from constituting an innovation at this late date, is more modern than black. For the rest, you can check up on the two outfits sketched. The man standing under his own power wears a dress suit with black satin shawl collar—the first important change in dress clothes in years, adapted from military mess jackets. Silk covered buttons are another feature of this coat. The dress shirt is of white piqué with matching waistcoat and tie, the latter in butterfly shape with square ends. Shirt studs are of white pearl, and the waistcoat buttons are black. The old-fashioned Georgian seal watchfob has returned, and is worn on the left side for convenience. The other man wears a tailcoat with dull ribbed peak lapels, shirt of plain white linen and backless waistcoat of washable material with ordinary matching buttons. High white wing collar, small shape square end tie, white pocket handkerchief and red carnation add the finishing touches. With either outfit patent leather oxfords or pumps should be worn, and an opera or silk tophat is correct. The overcoat may be single or double breasted, navy blue or black.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Panic in the Jungle

Continued from page 60

of the canoe, with machine-like precision.

"*Bom!*" I said. "Good work! Now let us rest and eat!"

"*Hangri de killi mi!*" the steersman grunted. Hunger was killing him. We had not eaten since dawn. The Djukas took out their tin pails in which they carried portions of the rice and salt meat pepper-pot they had cooked during the previous night. I cut open some cans. We were just beginning to eat when the steersman stood up, turned his right ear down river and held up his hand for silence. Below us the river growled and sucked and thundered—that was all I heard. The paddlers one by one left their pails and stood up, cupping hands behind ears.

"What is it?" I asked.

"*No taki noti, Bahkra!*" Mombai commanded. "Say nothing, Whiteman!"

I listened but all I heard was the noise of the river.

Then the paddlers started jabbering excitedly in *deepi-talki*, their secret tribal language. They looked at me with angry faces. They muttered nasty-sounding syllables. Then, hastily, they emptied everything out of the canoe, pulled it up on the beach and turned it upside down. Mombai picked up a small paddle, quickly wrapped cloth around the blade. Using the padded paddle as a drumstick he began beating on the upturned hull. The canoe resounded, like a big drum, under the telegraphic blows. He beat rapidly, slowly, rapidly, a code or message which no white man's ears could interpret. Then he stopped and the paddlers listened. I heard nothing but the river. But simultaneously the Djuka faces around me broke their tense attention. A paddler ran to the tree and untied the rope. The others turned the canoe over and slid it back into the water. They put lids on their food pails and replaced them in the canoe. Mombai picked up his steering paddle which lay drying on the sand.

"*Meki trobi, Bahkra!*" he exclaimed angrily, looking at me. You make trouble, Whiteman, he said. Get into the canoe. We go back, down river!

"Back down river?" I asked. "Why?"

"The drum calls us," he said. "The chief says come back. You make trouble, Whiteman!"

I said I was not going back. Certainly not. Hadn't we risked our necks climbing to the safe top of *Papadam? Goblo!* Go back through those rapids? Certainly not! He was silly, I said, even to suggest it. We would eat lunch and then continue up river—just as we had planned.

"No, no!" he insisted. "We go down river, as the drum commands. The Whiteman made trouble!"

"What trouble!" I snorted. "What did I do?"

"The chief says come back," Mombai grunted. "That's all he says. He doesn't say why. We go!"

"Like hell we do!" I said. "We do not go back!" I hitched my pistol belt around. You can't shoot a Djuka—and get out of the Guiana jungle alive. But I hitched it around nearer at hand anyway, just as a suggestion.

"*Goblo!*" the steersman exclaimed sarcastically. "*Mi no-no frede!*" I'm not at all afraid! "We go," he said. "The Whiteman can stay here, if he likes. He can stay here on the sand all alone. We go!"

He ordered the paddlers into the canoe. Yes, I could sit on the beach and watch them leave, if I insisted. No Djuka would harm me—but no Djuka would help me. I wouldn't be able to go up the Surinam any farther, and I might never be able to go down river again, either. I'd be left to my own ability. What could a lone Whiteman do, Mombai asked with an evil grin, if they left me—.

Well, it was a bitter pill to swallow—to let myself be bossed around by a primitive black man. Surely here, in the jungle, the shoe was on another foot—and it pinched. But there was nothing else I could do; I couldn't sit there. Cursing my luck, I let them put my things back in the canoe, tie the duffel down with ropes. I walked into the canoe and sat down in the stern. I was mad, and the futility of my anger made me madder and madder as the steersman twisted his paddle and the paddlers dug into the water to swing the canoe out from the beach into deep, swift water.

"*Wakab om!*" Mombai cautioned. "*Da watra krazi!*" Work well! The water's crazy!

Crazy-mad, it was! We floated into the suction, slid over a submerged rock and then plunged down into *Papadam's* foaming throat, gaining speed dizzily. Water dashed over and into the canoe. One instant we were down in a deep river trough, with water waves splashing above us, the next moment we were hoisted up on the current's crest. In the bow two Djukas stood up with poles, battering the canoe off rocks, checking and changing our plunging course through the labyrinth of boulders. How they managed to keep their feet in the jumping, diving, battered bow I don't know. It had taken us seven hours to fight our way up through *Papadam*, paddling, poling, portaging, hauling the canoe here and there over rocks. It took us less than an hour to go down. They were the most hair-raising, breath-stopping, death-staring minutes I have ever spent. I just sat there, holding on to the canoe, with my head in a daze, scared stiff, expecting that each second would be my last. When we hit the deep water of the lower river I was as weak as a wet rag, weak from doing absolutely nothing but experiencing fear. We hit the glassy water, below the falls, with such momentum that we cut the cloud-reflecting surface like a speedboat, streaked far out over the wide water and then began to sink. The paddlers, during the run, had bailed only enough to keep us afloat; now they dropped their paddles and bailed hastily. Ten of them jumped overboard, to lighten the canoe. When it floated high on the water again, they climbed back in.

I was as mad as a hornet when I stepped out of the canoe upon the village beach and faced a score of Djukas who stood there silently and glowered at me. "Come!" one of them said. "The chief is waiting for you!"

"Let him wait!" I snorted. I sat on a rock and took off my boots. They were full of water. The villagers grunted angrily. They looked at me as though I were a bad child—a boy who had soon to be chastised.

The village was a bedlam of excited black humanity as I walked into it. Naked women rushed around yelling. Naked children cried. Djukas glared at me as I pushed through their ranks. Bonzo, the village chief, sat in front of his carved doorway on a half-moon ceremonial stool. A painted medicine man was administering voodoo rites and magic, chanting a primitive medicine song, brushing him off with a black and white feather. The chief's head was bandaged. He looked very unhappy, very ill.

"What's this?" I said angrily. "Why did you call my paddlers back through *Papadam's* mad waters!"

"*Mi sikiman!*" he groaned. "*Da Bahkra da killi mi!*" I'm a sick man! The Whiteman is killing me!

"I'm doing nothing of the sort!" I said.

"*Go sidom!*" the witch doctor exclaimed, pushing a stool in front of me. Sit down!

"*Mi hede da hati mi!*" the chief moaned holding his head and rocking to and fro. My head is hating me! His black face was drawn, his eyes bloodshot.

"You gave our chief some evil—evil medicine!" the medicine man snarled loud enough so the villagers could hear him. The wives of the chief set up a louder howl, crowded in on me. Their hips had been smeared with coconut oil and wood ashes, good-luck grease made by the witch doctor. Mentally I ran through the list of things I had done while in the village, searching for something which might be interpreted by primitive minds as evil. I listed the things I had given the chief as presents—could any of them have made him ill? The rum? Yes, it might have been bad. How much of the rum did the chief drink, I asked the medicine man.

"*No drinki rum!*" he said. "*Eati so so so!*"—he moved his jaw up and down as though he were eating an imaginary mouthful. The chief held his head in his hands and groaned, louder and louder. I leaned over, felt his fat stomach. But it wasn't bloated. It wasn't his stomach that pained him. Suddenly he threw his head back, opened his mouth wide and pointed into it with his left hand. I looked. His mouth was full of chewing gum. Yes, as I discovered quickly, he had put all twelve of the sticks of chewing gum which I had given him into his mouth. He'd been chewing and chewing on the gum all day, but it wouldn't chew up. Eight hours of constant chewing had given him a violent headache!

"*Mi dedi soo-soo!*" he sobbed. "*Bahkra killi mi!*" I'm dying soon-soon. The Whiteman is killing me!

"Spit it out!" I exclaimed.

"*No no!*" the medicine man shouted. "No no! He can't spit it out!"

The villagers increased their moaning and yelling. The chief, they insisted, mustn't spit out the food. Then I remembered that I had never seen a Djuka spit anything out of his mouth. Meat is always picked clear of bones before being eaten. *Goblo!* the medicine man quarreled, he couldn't spit it out. If he did a devil or enemy would get hold of it and use it to make evil magic—to kill the chief little by little. Something from a man's mouth was even worse, in the hands of an enemy, than a hair from the head!

"Then take it out and burn it up!" I said. "Throw it into the fire!"

"No no!" the medicine man said. "The fire god will be made sick. The fire god will be angry!"

"Then bury it in the ground. Dig a deep hole and put it in the ground!"

"No no!" the medicine man said again. "The ground god will be made sick. The ground god will be angry. Our crops will die!"

"Give it to me!" I said holding out my hand. "I'll take it down to the river and throw it in the water—nobody will ever find it!"

"No no!" the villagers yelled. "Not in the river! The river god will be made sick. The river god will be angry at us. Our canoes will sink!"

The chief shook his head slowly and moaned. Feebly he tried to continue his chewing. The lump of gum was so big he could hardly move it around in his mouth enough to grip it with his teeth.

"You can't chew it up!" I said. "You can't chew it up even if you chew for a week!"

"*Mi hede da hati mi!*" Bonzo moaned.

I knew I'd have to think of something quickly—something that would get the gum out of his mouth. Voodoo beliefs or not I'd have to free his jaws so he could eat and cure his headache. If he wouldn't bury it, wouldn't burn it, wouldn't put it in the river how else could I dispose of it?

"Give it to that dog!" I said pointing to a hungry-looking mongrel. "Let *him* swallow it!"

"No no!" wailed one of his

Continued at top of page 124

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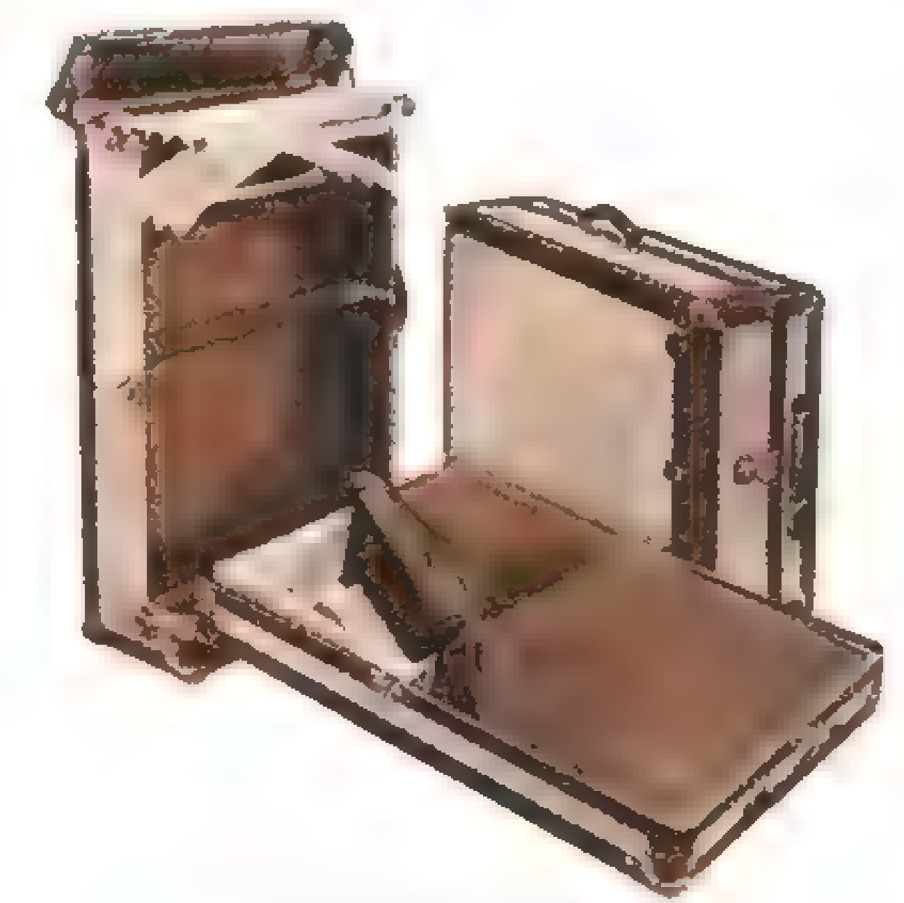

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Panic in the Jungle

Continued from pages 60-123

wives. Don't let the dog get it! The dog would make evil-evil magic, kill her children one by one—as well as the chief!

Then I had left only one method. I hastened down to the canoe, opened my iron canister, took out a small money-box. It was made of steel, about six inches by ten inches. It was brass bound and had a double lock. In it I carried silver money. I dumped the money in an empty food bag, and brought the money box up to the village. "Here is what we will do!" I said facing the chief and his ranting medicine man. "We will put it in this box and lock it up. It is a strong box. Nobody can break it open. It has two keys! See!" I dangled the brass keys before his eyes. I opened and closed the tight-fitting lid. The medicine man took it from me, examined it carefully, then nodded his head. The wives and villagers shouted. The children stopped crying.

"Stand back!" the medicine man grunted, motioning for a cleared space. When no one was within reach he held out the money box to the chief. The chief held it close to his mouth, emptied the gum into it. Slammed the lid closed with a gasp of relief. Quickly he turned the key in the lock.

"*Tangi!*" he said. Thanks. He held the box closely, under his right arm. He rubbed his tired jaw with his left hand, looked at me sleepily. I poured a cup of rum and held it out to him. He gulped the fiery liquid thirstily. His wives wiped off his perspiring body. The paddlers, for the first time in many hours, smiled at me. . . .

I never take chewing gum into the jungle with me any more. We civilized people can chew gum and spit it out anywhere we like—under theatre seats, on curbstones, on stairways. We don't believe in evil spirits or voodoo. But the Djukas are very primitive. They believe that what a man has once had in his mouth absorbs, by so personal a contact, some of the man's spirit. If an enemy can get hold of a discarded cud or bone he can work black magic and bring about the victim's death. I had guarded my money vigilantly in that metal box—but not half as vigilantly as old Bonzo the Djuka chief guarded his tasteless chewing gum. He hung the keys on a strong string from his neck. He would let no one touch the box. He will go all through life guarding it—from friends and enemies alike. #

When the Eels Are Running

Continued from page 68

to be a make-believe, leading to nothing more than a blind sac. The lamprey cannot put up a fight to escape the bait fisherman, so becomes easy prey for the bait can. It too can be found buried in culm banks and mud, or clinging to debris by means of a round sucking mouth somewhat similar to the sucker-fish. And like a few humans (you have seen their faces), they can suck the life blood out of any large fish in short order. While on the subject of lampreys, it is interesting to note that these boneless parasites inhabit both fresh and salt waters; and some few people actually esteem them as a delectable food.

Before getting all wet over fresh water eels, let's dip into a few facts about other eels. Some of these are highly prized by epicureans, while others are so low in the order of things that no person in the semi-right mind would give a tinker's dam for. Among the former, are the large congers and ferocious morays. Among the latter are the deadly electric and peculiar vinegar eels.

The conger eel is strictly a salt water eel. They have been caught by surf casting as well as wharf fishing. But don't get it into your head that a conger is an easy catch, as the smallest of them can twist a fellow up in more shapes than a pretzel bender could. The average length of a conger is seven feet, but some fifteen-footers have been hooked. Some time ago, a mystery skeleton made front-page headlines. This ocean horror was washed ashore at Cape Cod, Massachusetts, bringing to life the ancient legends of great monsters living in the deep. The skeleton of seventy-one sections amazed the fisher-folk of that locality. But this monster could well have been an immense conger ravaged by old age. What a fish to haul into shore, if such a task could be accomplished. Should you be salt water fishing and feel a ton of deadwood on your line, take it easy, as you may have hooked a conger, or perhaps a moray. If such should prove to be the case, better call for a knife thrower at once, as the easiest way of dispatching a hooked eel is to cut through bone in the back of the head. Easy to talk about, but haphazard to finish, as both congers and morays are not to be dealt with lightly. Morays have been sung in song and story ever since the Romans of old used to throw their pretty female slaves into the eel pools as a fattening pot-luck. Whenever the old Roman birds tired of using and seeing the petite concubines, into the pool of hungry morays the wailing damsels would go. Within the fraction of a minute, the gals would be gone without even so much as a grease spot to mark the exit. Whenever an old bird thought about his late wench, he would have a few morays cooked up so as to honor the missing and the dead.

Morays have a nasty gleam in their eyes and a helluva nastier-looking mouth with jaws powerful enough to snap off a horse's leg. A man's arm or leg would be as easy to snap in two as a piece of spaghetti, and the best way to lick a moray, is to have him done to a delicious turn upon a platter, then lick the platter clean.

While talking about horses in the same breath as eels, here is a chance to swim into this picture with electric eels. An electric eel's powerhouse can generate sufficient horsepower to kill a man with one switch of its tail. Should you be unlucky enough to get an electric eel in the same boat with you, better leave the boat for the safer white caps of the ocean, for in trying to transfer the live wire overboard, it may be quite a shock to discover you will be unable to handle his voltage. A ten-foot rattler isn't as deadly as an electric!

Catching eels is a weather proposition; that is, if they are to be caught in quantity. The basket fisherman has been busy during low water throughout the summer preparing his trap. Rocks have been placed upon each other in a huge V-shape formation three feet high by a hundred to three hundred feet in length according to the river width. At the mouth of the V, a large wood basket is placed, anchored down with rocks and iron stakes driven into the river bed. The basket is large enough to hold several hundred eels and more. The swift current formed under the backed up water pressure, forces everything into the basket once it has come within a few yards of the mouth. Thus the eels, on their way downstream, are swept into the basket to be removed in the early morning hours. Should the river have a sudden rise during an eel run, the basket—along with summer's hard toil—is swept onward to the seas and the fisherman is left eelless until the following year to try his luck once more.

When eel runs are fortunate to the fisherman, he will catch as high as a thousand pounds during a successful night's fishing. Some of these eels will be of the younger generation from one to four pound weight, while others will be husky females weighing around six to eight pounds. All these are the would-be mommas who have felt the urge of maternity; and are eager to get there in the shortest time possible (the wenches that stay behind have not felt that motherly instinct and bury into the river bed for wintering over).

After the run is over, thousands of eels are left cooped up in escape-proof tanks awaiting the block. Fresh water is the only food given the captured eels and the eels actually grow fatter on this transpicuous fluid (but don't we all). When an order is to be filled, the fisherman can clean a hundred eels in less than half an hour's time. The effeminate one is brought out with a net, several at a time; she is grabbed with violent paws so quickly she is unable to wrap her slimy coils around her executioner's forearm; her gill is slipped over a handy hook; a circle is slit around her neck, and a pull of the paws skins the wiggling wench in the fraction of a minute. Next comes her entrails; then her head is sliced off—and there you are! But she doesn't give up the fight that easily—not by a long shot. For even after she is cut up into one or two-inch lengths, she still keeps heaving her muscles in protest against such ungodly treatment. And when she at last realizes her protests are in vain, the hot fat is sizzling around her in the frying pan.

Here is where skill enters into the kitchen. The lone fisherman who hooks a lone eel along some woodland stream, takes his valued prize home in the hopes that the little woman can prepare it fit to eat. She may roll it in cracker crumbs or cornmeal dust; she may season it with butter or fancy sauce, but rarely will she be able to fix it as satisfying as the chef who prepares an eel feast for his lodge brothers or fellow force members. Eel suppers have sent many a lodge chef to the dog house as well as to eternal fame. The chef who has that skillful knack of perfection, will be given more free beers than he can travel under.

Hundreds of eels can disappear off the huge steaming platters in short order when the chef has prepared them right for gustatory destruction. Eat all you want—there is no chance of adding extra avoirdupois—as eel suppers come too few and far between.

Just as there are many ways of serving java, so there are many ways of dishing up eels. The most common way is to dip in golden cornmeal dust and fry in hot fat, but one of the tastiest dishes is prepared as follows. (Eels à Grumbo, named in honor of a Hungarian bachelor who knows his garlic.) Have the choice, small-sized yellow eels scrubbed with a stiff brush to remove minute scales and slime. Do not skin the eels. Remove entrails, fins, and head. Wash thoroughly in salt water. Cut into two-inch lengths and brown in large pan with olive oil over a hot fire. Place in a clove of garlic and season with hot pepper, salt, a few bay leaves, and thyme. After cooking a few minutes, remove the garlic. Cover pan and cook until nearly done, then add 1 tablespoon of flour, two tablespoons of red wine (Dago red), and one spoon of tomato sauce to each pound of eel. Sprinkle on the flour while stirring for a few minutes. Peel a few mushrooms, sautéing in butter. Remove the eels and brown them in a fry pan to doneness. Place the mushrooms in sauce. Serve the eels on a large platter and pour sauce over them. Garnish with pretzel sticks. Have plenty of crisp bread sticks to serve with this luxurious repast.

And if you are a real eel fan, use the skins for ankle or wrist supporters, when you have a sprain. Some hill folks along the Mississippi grind the dried skins up and use the powder for stomach ailments. But whatthehell, I'm hungry and my mouth is watering. See you tonight at the eel supper. #

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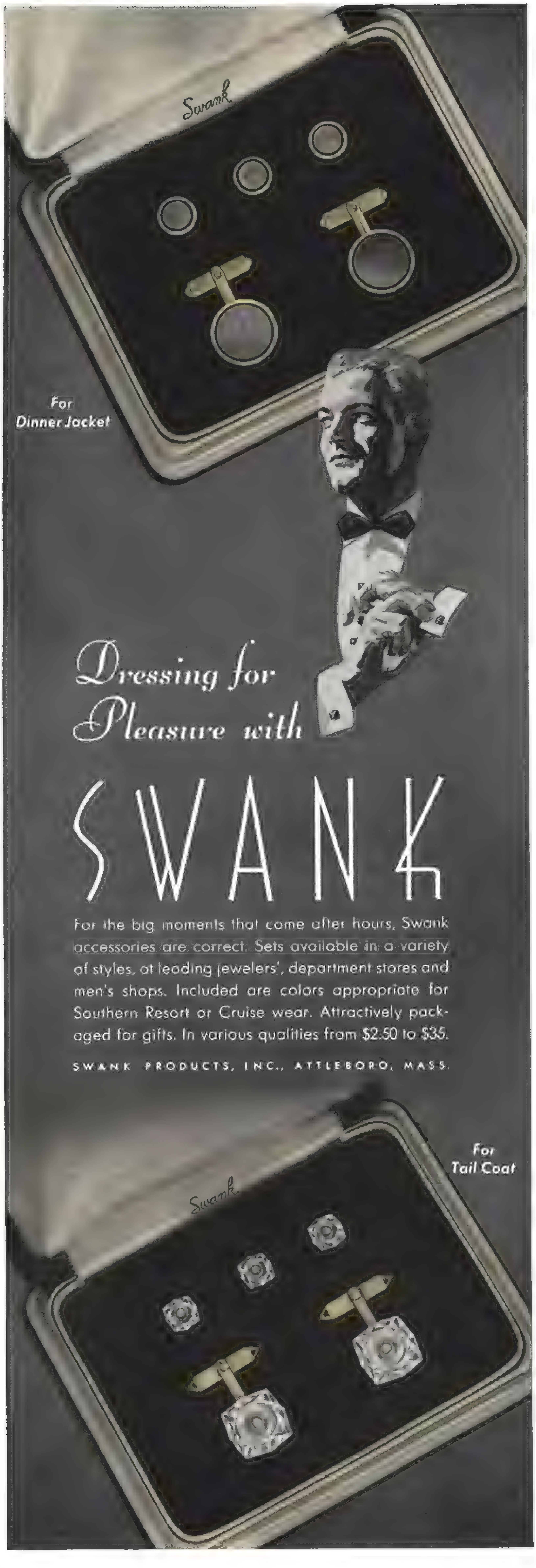

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One, Two, Three . . . and Win Six

Continued from page 39

show a plus count of six more than the minus column shows.

Play does not need to be in sequence and the player may change his selections of red or black, odd or even, heads or tails, as often as he likes. The system will always bring in a profit of six units on each time it is played.

The "1, 2, 3" system can be extended, if desired, for larger returns on greater investment. The win is always equal to the sum of the series. For instance, if a net return of ten units is expected, the series should run, 1, 2, 3, 4

and the initial wager is 5 (4 plus 1).

If the series includes the nine digits, the net return is 45 units, and the play proceeds like this:

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9

W	L
11 (2d)	10 (1st)
13 (4th)	11 (3d)
15 (6th)	12 (5th)
13 (7th)	13 (8th)
18 (9th)	
14 (10th)	
7 (11th)	
Total 91	46 (Net 45)

In this play, the first bet would be the first digit plus the last digit, or 10. The bet is lost and added to the series. The next bet is, therefore, 11 (10 plus 1). This wins and the 1 and 10 are canceled. The next bet is 11 (2 plus 9) which loses. The next is 13 (2 plus 11) which wins and the 2 and 11 are canceled. The next bet is 12 (3 plus 9) which loses. The next is 15 (3 plus 12) which wins and the 3 and 12 are canceled. The next bet is 13 (9 plus 4) which wins and the 9 and 4 are canceled. The next (5 plus 8) loses and the 13 is added to the series, making the next bet 18 (13 plus 5) which wins, canceling the 13 and 5. The next is 14 (6 plus 8) which wins and the 6 and 8 are canceled. The remaining 7 is bet, wins and is canceled, leaving a total winning of 91 units against 46 losses representing a net of 45.

Unless the player is prepared to use pencil and paper, or make a wager and then retire for computation purposes to ascertain the next bet, the "1, 2, 3" is the most satisfactory for ordinary play. #

The Box Cracker

Continued from page 53

opened directly upon the dance floor, Kaufman having caused to be removed the only thing between these two, an ornamental iron rail. An important feature of Kaufman's original grand idea was that the floor show should come hoofing right out of that vault which he himself would open with a flourish. It ought to be a wow of a stunt. Even now it might revive sagging spirits. The girls were in there, waiting. Twelve of them. They wore black and white caps pulled low, turtle-neck sweaters which consisted of very little else *but* neck, corduroy trousers an inch or so long. Some carried blackjacks, some dark lanterns. To spooky music, on tiptoe, while the baby spot flitted in and out, they were to go around the floor in a sort of half dance, half creep. Then the lights were to go on full, the music was to flare up, and they were to snap into a hot dance.

But of course, they couldn't come out in the first place unless that vault door was opened.

The door was about seven feet across. With all the clocks and things, enclosed in glass, on the inside, it was some two feet thick; though for strictly business purposes, despite the impressiveness of its appearance, it consisted only of five-ply chrome and a thin layer of openhearth. Just the same, it wasn't anything to be forced with a thumbnail. Closed, it presented a surface broken only by the combination dial and a four-handled lever by means of which the bolts were thrown—nothing else at all. Not even a speck of dust could have found lodgment there. Light itself was thrown back, baffled, leaving no shadow.

Kaufman moved the lever this way and that; or rather, he tried to move it. Idle waiters, their backs to the vault, stood between him and the dance floor, so that no customer saw Kaufman's neck become red, darker red, purple, while gleaming with sweat. As the blood rose to his head, panic increased. He kept thinking of those twelve girls.

He stopped, panting, His own strength was nothing. The strength of every man in the place would be as nothing pitted against that vault. The door was supposed to be unlocked. They had told him that it could not be locked, now. But something had happened.

He wiped his face on a sleeve. He grabbed Ames's elbow.

"Listen. Call police headquarters and get Captain Rannan and tell him to come over right away. Tell him to come personally!"

Afterward nobody could remember just when and in what manner the little waiter took charge. He was an almost blatantly inconspicuous man, not old, not young, too vague to be described, who could easily have been lost in a crowd of two or three. Nevertheless he knew what he was doing, and this fact, instantly patent, made him unique at the Depression Club. Even Captain Rannan, that relentlessly conscientious cop whose reluctance to take orders from anybody had more than once kept him from an inspectorship, took orders from the little waiter. As nearly as anybody could remember, it was to Captain Rannan that the waiter first spoke. The captain was holding six sticks of dynamite somebody on the emergency squad had brought from a construction job. He was just holding them, looking at them. The

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PREDICTIONS
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PALM BEACH SUITS

The Box Cracker

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little waiter took them out of his hands.

"Where do you expect to get with this stuff?" he asked scornfully. "Unless you can get a hole into that door somehow you won't even scratch the outside with it."

"I know," Rannan said lamely, too startled to be sore.

His chin jerked up, and he glared at the musicians, who were playing but at the same time trying to see and hear everything that went on. They were not fooling anybody. Every customer in the place knew that something was wrong, and most of them had at least guessed what it was. Rannan scowled at the orchestra with the abrupt and violent rage of a man who swats a mosquito which has been bothering him with its buzzing.

"Cut out that noise!"

There was silence. Rannan looked down at the waiter.

That person, expressionless, took the waxed paper off one of the sticks. Around the Depression Club the whisper was like a roar, "Dynamite, that's dynamite he's got there," and in the back somewhere a woman babbled in high-pitched protest. To all this the waiter paid no attention.

The dynamite was dirty, dark brown in color, sticky, about the substance of putty. The waiter sniffed it, shaking his head. He nicked some off with his thumbnail. Squatting, he made a little pile of scrapings on the floor; and when he calmly applied a lighted match to this, two women screamed and a man already edging doorwards fell in a dead faint. The waiter did not look up. He watched the dynamite burn. It burned rapidly, with a dull yellowish smoky flame.

This was bad enough; but when, rising, the little man contemptuously tossed the stick of dynamite to the floor, where it fell with an unexciting clunk, there was something of a stampede. Even two of the cops ran. Rannan did not call them back.

"Gelatin," the little waiter said. "No good to us. Let's see those others you got there."

A moment later he was giving orders, quietly, firmly, without looking up, like a man who expects to be immediately obeyed. He was obeyed, too. He ordered all sorts of things; and Rannan, working perhaps on a hunch, relayed those orders to cop after cop, so that very soon men were hustling in and out. That little waiter might have been the commissioner, the way Captain Rannan treated him.

"Who is this guy?" Rannan whispered once to Max Kaufman.

"I dunno. Fowler's the name he gave me. Only hired him this afternoon. Did you long-distance the safe people, in Chicago?"

"Yeah, and they'll send an expert by plane as soon's it clears up enough to permit a take-off. Can't possibly do it in this weather. Maybe in an hour, maybe two hours, maybe five or six."

"They'll all be dead in there by that time!"

"They will be unless this guy Fowler's as good as he seems to think he is."

Fowler had a couple of tanks now, an oxyacetylene torch, a steel fluxing rod. He shook three sticks of dynamite under Rannan's nose.

"This stuff's got a high percentage of soup in it. That other stuff hasn't, but this has. Well, it's in there, and it's up to us to stew it out. I'd do it myself only I've got to make a hole to put it in once we get it. I'll show you how. Look—"

When he had completed the demonstration he said, "It's a damn' delicate job. Pick somebody with steady hands and steady nerves."

He lighted the torch, fastened blue goggles over his eyes, and turned unconcernedly to the vault. He started to burn the base of the opening lever.

"Hey! If you burn that off we'll *never* get the thing open!"

"Who's doing this?" Fowler did not turn. "You stew out that soup, that's all you've got to do."

A few customers remained, but they were far back near the door and half-concealed behind tall marble pillars. Their faces, blurs in the dimness, were as white as their shirtfronts. The waiters too, for the most part, kept far from the little man. Even Max Kaufman kept back. Rannan looked around. On hand, now, were three plainclothesmen and two uniformed cops. It was within Rannan's authority to command any of these to do the work demonstrated by Fowler, but when he looked at them and saw how scared they were he shook his head.

"I'll do it myself."

Where he knelt, it was a few feet back of Fowler, the baby spot shone. In the machine gun gallery the man who had charge of the lights was too frightened to move. Rannan set up his little apparatus on the smooth marble floor. Around him were discarded paper hats, parti-colored paper streamers, confetti, noise makers. Soberly he went to work. And one by one, feeling ashamed of themselves, his subordinates nevertheless left him there, slipping into the shadow of pillars to watch with large bright eyes. Dynamite is bad enough; but nitroglycerine is the touchiest, most temperamental stuff in the world. Dynamite, of course, in the first place is nothing but nitroglycerine soaked up in some sort of porous earth or clayey substance to make it safer and easier to handle. When the pure explosive is taken *out* of that material again—

"I'm getting a sort of clear liquid here. Like oily gin."

"That's fine." Fowler was preoccupied with the oxyacetylene torch. "Don't jar it."

They worked seriously, stead-

Continued on page 130

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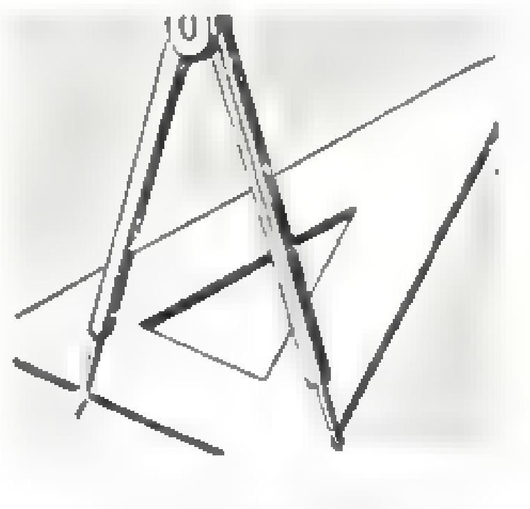

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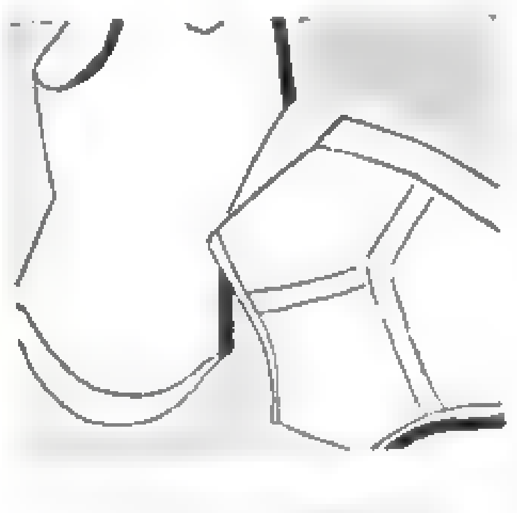

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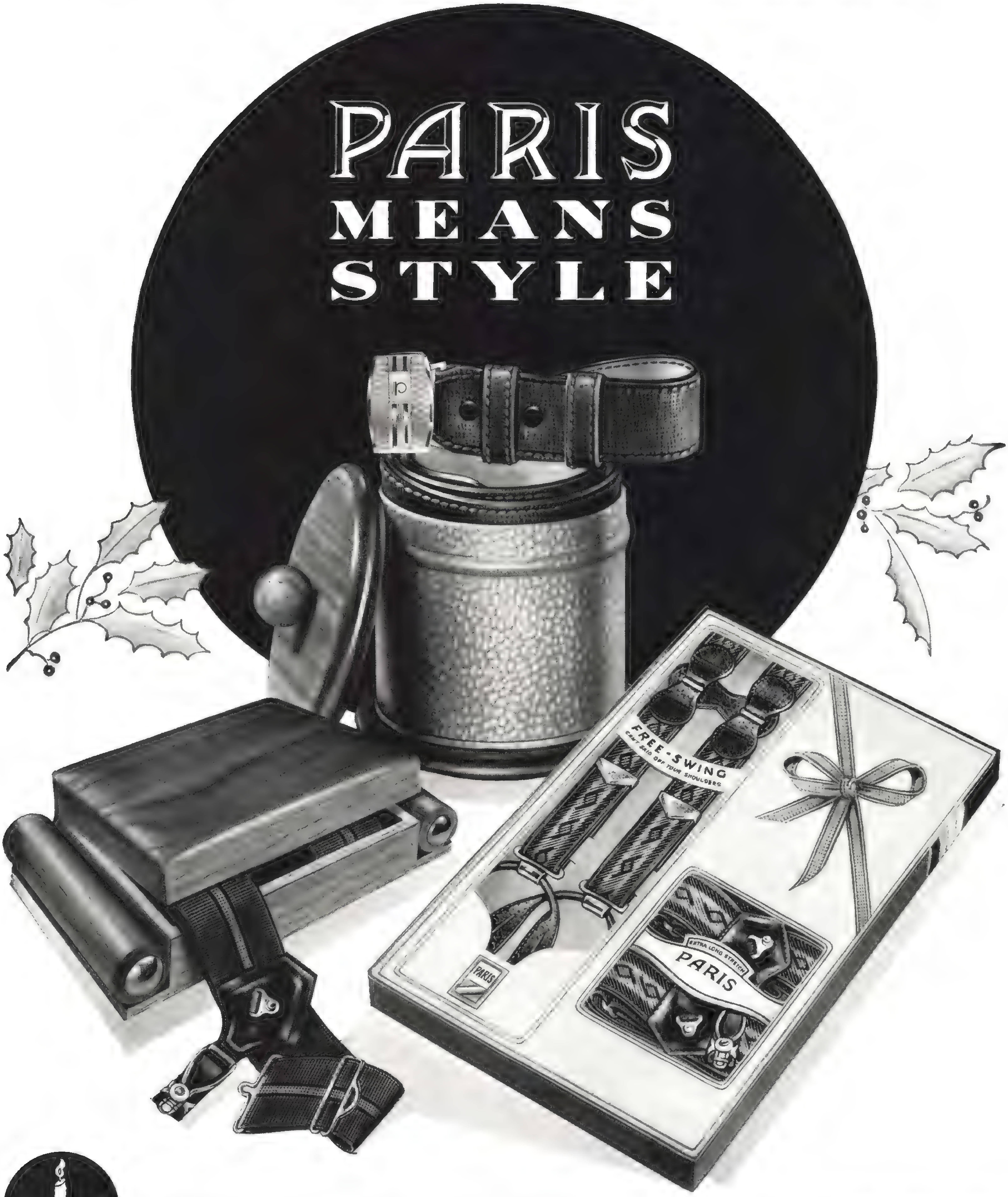

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The Box Cracker

Continued from pages 53-126-128

ily, without any outward sign of haste.

The lever came off, near the surface of the door. Fowler lowered it gently. He began working with his torch on the place from which it had emerged.

"Coming faster now."

"Swell. I'm just about ready for it here."

Fowler put out the torch, lifted the goggles.

"Somebody get me some soft soap. Or if there isn't any of that in the kitchen, then go out and get a can of hard thick automobile grease. And I want a flashlight too, and some copper wire."

He dropped the goggles, went to where Rannan knelt, slipped out the highball glass which now contained several teaspoonsful of that oily gin-like fluid Rannan had mentioned. He held this high, against the beam of the baby spot.

"The soup itself," he murmured.

That was the last thing they heard him say for a long while. There were three cops left, the three plainclothesmen, and a bouncer, a bartender, five or six waiters and bus boys, a few dishwashers, a chef, perhaps eight or ten lingering customers. They did not come close to the apparatus the baby spot pricked out, and so they did not hear the conversation between Rannan and the little waiter.

"You've been wondering who I am."

Fowler was still squinting through that liquid. He did not ask a question, he stated a fact.

Rannan muttered, "Naturally."

"When this is all over, no matter how it comes out, you're going to ask me a lot of embarrassing questions."

"Well, what would you expect?"

"I've heard of you. You're an honest cop, from all they say. In fact you're so honest that half the town hates your guts. You'd turn in your own grandmother, if she was wanted for anything."

"What's that got to do with those girls in the vault?"

"It's just that I don't want to get fingerprinted afterward. Before I go on with this job you've got to promise I'll get a full hour to clear out of town with no questions asked."

Rannan shook his head very slowly. He was kneeling still, and he looked at the floor.

"No. I can't make any promise like that."

"You mean to say you'd endanger the lives of those twelve gals in there, just because of what you think's your duty?"

"*You* can open the door. *You*'re the one to do it."

"I didn't have to step forward in the first place. I could have kept my mouth shut. After all, I have not cracked a box in more than two years and never expect to again, and I've been working decently just like any other man, and I'm a member of the waiters' union and everything—Does being an honest cop mean that you never give anybody a break? Is that what it means?"

"I can't make any promises," Rannan said. "If you're wanted for something, and your prints turn you up, you'll surer'n hell get an acquittal or a suspended sentence anyway, after all the publicity."

"Yeah, that's all very well for the first time, while I'm still a hero. But if I'm picked up, there's at least four other states would slap detainers against me. By the time I faced charges all down the line everybody would have forgot what happened here tonight. But you can bet the American Bankers' Association bunch won't forget to keep after the D.A.'s! I'd spend the rest of my life in jail."

"I can't make any promises."

Fowler still squinted through the nitroglycerine. His voice was low, slow, even.

"What if I should let this thing slip, right now?"

There was no answer. After a while Fowler muttered, "Hell," and turned snarling back to the vault. Captain Rannan, face of stone, watched him.

With the torch he had made a very small hole where the turn-lever had fitted into the door. Into this he poured the nitroglycerine, keeping it in place by soft soap. Through the soap he thrust a copper blasting cap about half an inch long. The wires he attached to either end of a flashlight from which he had removed the bulb.

"Keep back, everybody. You'll be safe enough behind those posts, but don't go sticking your heads out until you hear the crack. It'll go crack, it won't go boom. O.K.?"

He stepped behind a pillar, the nearest one. He held the flashlight in his hand. One last look he gave. Then he nodded, and pulled his head in, and pressed the flashlight button.

It was, as he had promised, a crack rather than a boom. It was sharp as the crack of a whip, and much louder. The paper hats, the streamers, confetti, champagne corks, noise makers with which the floor was littered, suddenly moved a foot or eighteen inches toward the street door. And there was, at the same time, that great crack, a sound brief but so mighty that echoes did not venture to pursue it, and there was left only a stunned silence.

Fowler crossed the floor swiftly and examined the hole in the vault door. It led nowhere, but it was big enough now to accommodate half a stick of dynamite, which he put into it. Once again he attached a blasting cap.

"Won't that hurt 'em inside?" somebody asked.

"Scare the wits out of them, that's all. O.K.?"

Three times he plugged the hole with dynamite, and three times he exploded this, working swiftly, quietly, with no more evidence of concern than a counter clerk might show in wrapping an unimportant purchase. At last he thrust his arm into the hole, big enough for this now, almost to the elbow. He was thoughtful, staring at nothing. He lifted grayish brows when Rannan approached.

"Still no promises, cop?"

"Still no promises. You going to get it open?"

"I think so. Keep everybody quiet for a few minutes."

They leaned in agony toward him, their faces twisted as though under torture. They breathed as if the air were flames of fire. Though their leg muscles ached, they did not dare to shift position for fear of crackling paper.

Fowler only stared at the ceiling, his expression that of a man who tries to remember what it was his wife told him to buy on the way home from work. His arm did not move at all, nothing visible about him stirred, but the visitors sensed that the hidden fingers were busy.

After a long time he withdrew his arm. He flexed the fingers as though to restore circulation. Then he put one hand on each side of the hole. He stepped backward, tugging gently. The vault door swung open.

"Well . . . there you are."

He had got out of his waiter's costume and was tying his tie in the locker room back of the kitchen, when Captin Rannan entered. He sat down—for he had seen the Captain's face.

"Christ sake! You're still going to print me? After I didn't have to step out and take over that job if I didn't want to, and after you've seen I'm just a waiter nowadays and living decent?"

"Fowler, or whatever your name is, I feel sorry for you. And I feel like a louse myself. But I've got an oath I've taken . . . There aren't more than three or four men in the country can open a box the way you did tonight, and if I didn't take your prints it would be just as if I turned my head the other way while a guy picked another guy's pocket. I got no choice. Don't you see it that way?"

"No," said Fowler, "I don't."

"Well, that's the way it is. I don't like it, but that's the way it is."

"Your oath don't mean that you're not supposed to be *human*. What about the guys who had girls in that box tonight? Suppose your own daughter had happened to be in there?"

"My daughter," Rannan said primly, "wouldn't be in the chorus of a night club in the first place. She likes to dance, that's true, and she's got ideas of going on the stage, but naturally I wouldn't think of letting her come to a joint like this."

"But suppose—Listen: I can prove I've been holding down one steady job after another for the past two years. I've kept my union card all that time. I've been just as honest as you have, even if maybe I wasn't always so pigheaded. If a guy can't—"

"I'm sorry," said Captain Rannan. He was large and square and gray; he was bleak of aspect, very strong, built like a wall of gray stone. "Get your coat on. There's a side door we can use."

Max Kaufman bounced in. Kaufman was small and plump, and in a double-breasted dinner suit, with his poppy eyes, his cupid's bow mouth, he looked perfectly and ludicrously round.

"Good God, Captain! I didn't know she was your daughter! She told me her name was Reilly, and she was pretty good with her feet, but if I'd ever known she was—"

"What are you talking about anyway?"

"You—Your daughter Kathryn! She's one of the girls in the chorus, but she told me her name was Reilly and I never knew till just now—Otherwise I'd never—."

"Kathryn? *My* Kathryn?"

Kaufman nodded, panting, goggling.

"I only found out, only just now. She's so scared—She's in there now, half-fainted, asking for you."

Rannan plunged for the door. Fowler got in his way.

"Listen, what about me?"

Looking at him, Rannan's mouth was working, his face shone with sweat. He swallowed as though it hurt.

"Well, all I got to say—" It *did* hurt. He looked past Fowler and started for the door again. "All I got to say is that if you're here when I come back I'm going to pick you up. Now get out of my way!"

Kaufman hustled the waiter out a side entrance and into a car. It was Kaufman's own car. There was a woman in it, waiting for Fowler. She was Fowler's wife, scared, pale in spite of the make-up, wearing a dress and coat right over her chorus costume.

"Make for West Marlboro. You can catch a bus there and change again at Lefferts. Don't drive beyond West Marlboro, though. I'll report the car stolen, but that'll give you plenty of time."

"Hell, with his own daughter in that vault Rannan certainly isn't going to send out a pick-up order!"

"His own daughter wasn't in that vault. She tried to get a job the other day, but I found out who she was and turned her down. But I happened to hear what Rannan was saying to you just now, and I know what he's like. Go on! Don't stand here talking—scram!"

Fowler was behind the wheel. He looked in wonderment at the little red-faced puffing man.

"Listen, won't they—I mean, won't Rannan push you around?"

Kaufman grinned.

"Hell, I've been pushed around before this. It's better any day than the jam I'd have been in if you hadn't opened that box. Go on—scram! And good luck! I hope you don't run into any more honest cops!" #

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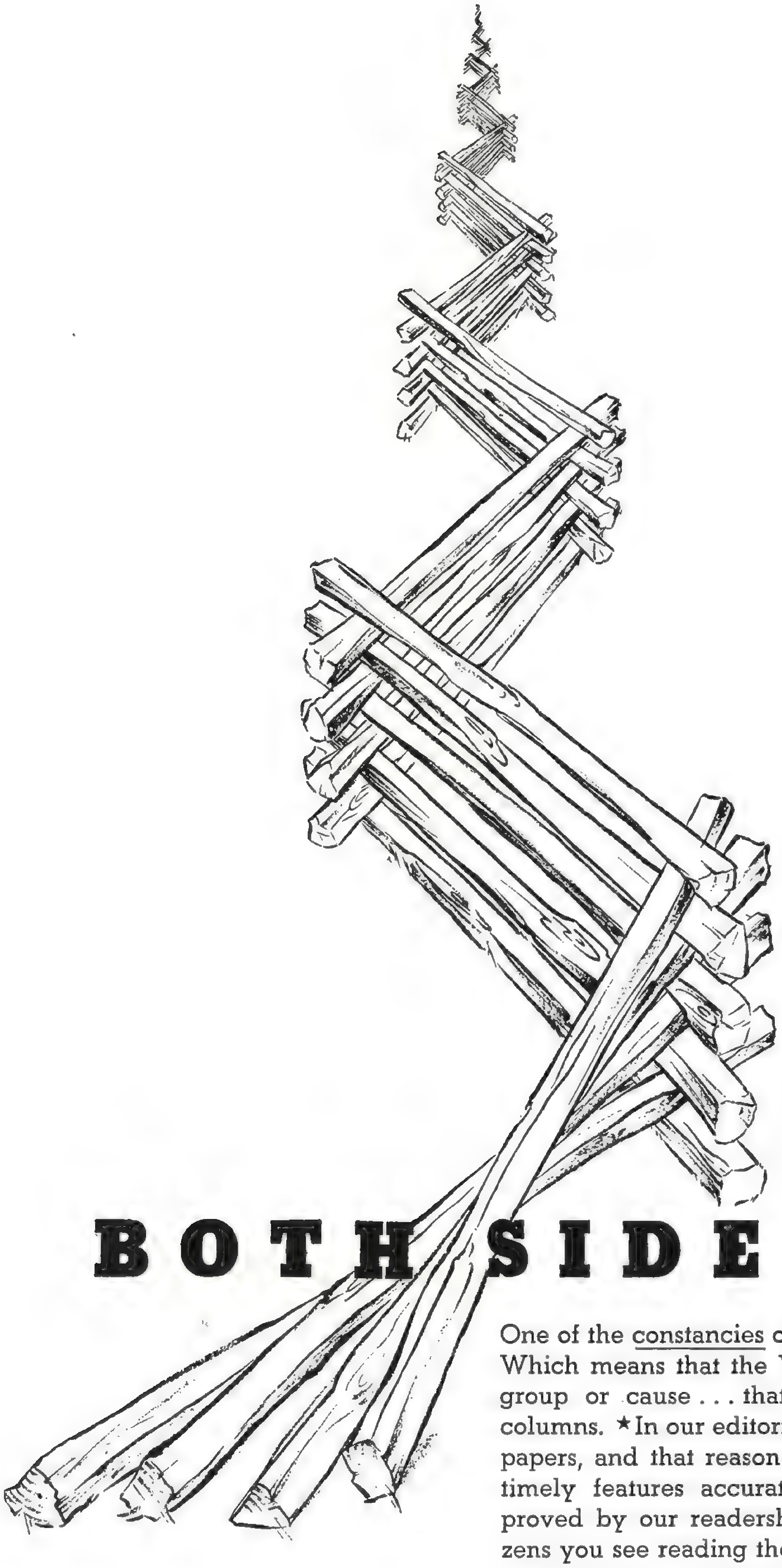

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I Am a Head-Hunter

Continued from page 95

top-notch specimens, he gives his guides the jitters. He runs up enormous taxidermy bills. Heads fill his den, overflow into the rest of the house. The little woman bears it all with the glazed eye and knit brow of a martyr and wishes that Harry collected stamps, old china, period furniture—anything but game heads that gather dust and cobwebs.

At that, though, the lot of the head-hunter's mate could be worse. Suppose that instead of collecting the horns and antlers of exceptional herbivorous mammals her Tarzan collected antique stage coaches, wood-burning locomotives, or chorus girls. Some do, you know.

Hope not only springs eternal in the head-hunter's breast, but it can also spring for a long time. Most other males with a yen to see their names inscribed on record books must necessarily give up when they are young. Your top-flight tennis player is usually through in his early thirties. By the time a prize fighter is twenty-nine the sports writers speak of his creaking muscles and his ancient legs. Track and field men last only through a brief blaze of glory. But the head-hunter is in the running as long as his tottering legs can hold him up and his dimming eyes can make out his quarry with the aid of a telescopic sight. Indeed, many of the best heads have been taken by gaffers in their late fifties and sixties. Your sportsman may have lost his taste for blondes, nine-course dinners may give him dyspepsia, and whisky may leave him with a sour stomach and a heavy head; but so long as he can totter over the muskeg and see his sights he can cling to his illusion of deadly destructiveness. The present record Stone sheep was taken by a man in his sixties, and many other excellent trophies have fallen to men with grandchildren.

Luck plays a great part in any sport. A golfer may have a good day in which he sinks putts from all over the green, and a ham-and-egg fighter may hang one on the champ's button. But luck really spices head-hunting more than any other sport. The sportsman may be a crack shot, an excellent stalker, and a profound student of the habits of big game; but unless he is right with the Red Gods he is out of luck. One of the finest hunters I know has spent months of his time and a good many thousands of dollars trying to get a record sheep head. He never has. Another craves a really big Rocky Mountain goat, but he has clambered all over the Rockies without seeing anything but ordinary ones.

On the other hand, some of the best heads ever taken have fallen to dubs and meat hunters who didn't know a good head from a bad one and didn't care. Two friends of mine, one a head-hunter, the other merely a hunter, went into Sonora for sheep. The first worked like a dog. He climbed painfully day in and day out over the toughest ranges in North America, saw fifteen or twenty rams which he refused to shoot at. His companion, a lazy fellow, took one look at those terrible cliffs and said as long as he was in his right mind he wasn't going to tackle them. So he spent his time strolling over the flats, hunting mule deer. Then one day he ran into an old ram which was crossing from one range to another, killed it without even setting his foot on a mountain. His head-hunting friend returned to camp that night, saw the ram, and put his steel tape on it. Then he sat down and cursed for an hour. That ram which his lazy friend had assassinated was high in the records.

I remember an experience of my own. I had hunted a big mule deer head in the Kaibab of northern Arizona for a week. I passed up thirty good bucks and finally took one that just missed the first ten. I was dressing him, cursing my luck, when I heard a salvo of shots about two hundred yards away. I investigated and found that a Navajo Indian, who craved only the meat, had just shot one of the three biggest bucks I had ever seen. I was no happier when I realized that if I had just hunted a few minutes longer I would have run him out of that canyon myself.

Lady Luck can turn a cold shoulder on the head-hunter. She can also overwhelm him with favors. Every head-hunter knows it, and knowing it, the game is more interesting. Like the prospector, the man after the records is convinced that all luck isn't bad and if he only stays in the hills long enough he'll get the breaks. I once hunted a week and saw not a single mature buck. Then, just as I was preparing to go in and break camp, a huge fellow, close to the first ten, bounded out below me and I shot him. My best sheep head came as a pure break, the result of a shot I couldn't have made again in fifteen years. Yes, luck is a fickle jade but when she's on your side, you go places!

The average sportsman has only the vaguest idea of what constitutes a good head. The run-of-the-mill deer hunter seems to think that spread is most important. It isn't. For some reason many sheep hunters often think that the circumference of the base is the only important measurement. Others think that the number of points or prongs on the antlers of a buck determines the desirability of the rack.

In reality the excellence of the head is determined by how much horn or bone material has gone into its formation. For that reason the length of the main beam in deer, antelope, elk, and caribou is the first measurement to consider. After that comes the circumference of the base. Many bucks with wide spreads have relatively short main beams. The same is true with bull elk. A deer head can have a great number of points—and for the record books a point is a projection an inch or more in length and *not* anything you can "hang a ring on" as some of the backwoodsmen have it—and a wide spread can still be quite valueless as a trophy. A sheep head can have big bases and be so badly broomed that it isn't any good.

Many systems for judging game heads have been worked out, some largely aesthetic, others highly practical. One head-hunter even tried emersing heads in water to measure how much liquid they displaced. His theory was that the more water displaced, the better the head. Another may want to handle the problem almost entirely on the symmetry. Yet the beauty of the head usually has as little to do with the record as the form the shot-putter uses when he tosses the ball out an inch or two farther than a man has ever heaved it before. Bone and horn material—that's what counts!

Suppose, then, that a man wants to embalm his name in the new edition of *Records of North American Big Game*, the Bible of the head-hunters. How should he go about it?

Well, some species, sheep for instance, are highly competitive. Trophy hunters have been after them for years, and the chances are 1000 to 1 against any one man getting a new No. 1, and about 250 to 1 against his muscling into the first ten. The Virginia whitetail, too, is a highly competitive species, not because it is so highly valued, but because it is so widely distributed and is the subject of so many competitions. Elk and mule deer are also hard to break into, but not so hard as the first three species.

The really virgin fields for the ambitious head-hunters are the Arizona whitetail, a small species found in the Southwest and Mexico, and the antelope. To show you how wide open the Arizona whitetail field is, I must cite my own experience. The last edition of *Records* gave the best head of the species a main beam of 15¾ inches. I haven't killed a big buck in five years that didn't beat that, and I picked up one head, the victim of a lion, which measured around 19 inches in both beam and spread and in addition was the most massive I have ever seen. So far as I know that is the new No. 1, but I am convinced I have seen bigger bucks on the hoof. A few weeks in certain Mexican mountains I know of should produce a head that would go at least 22 inches, I am convinced.

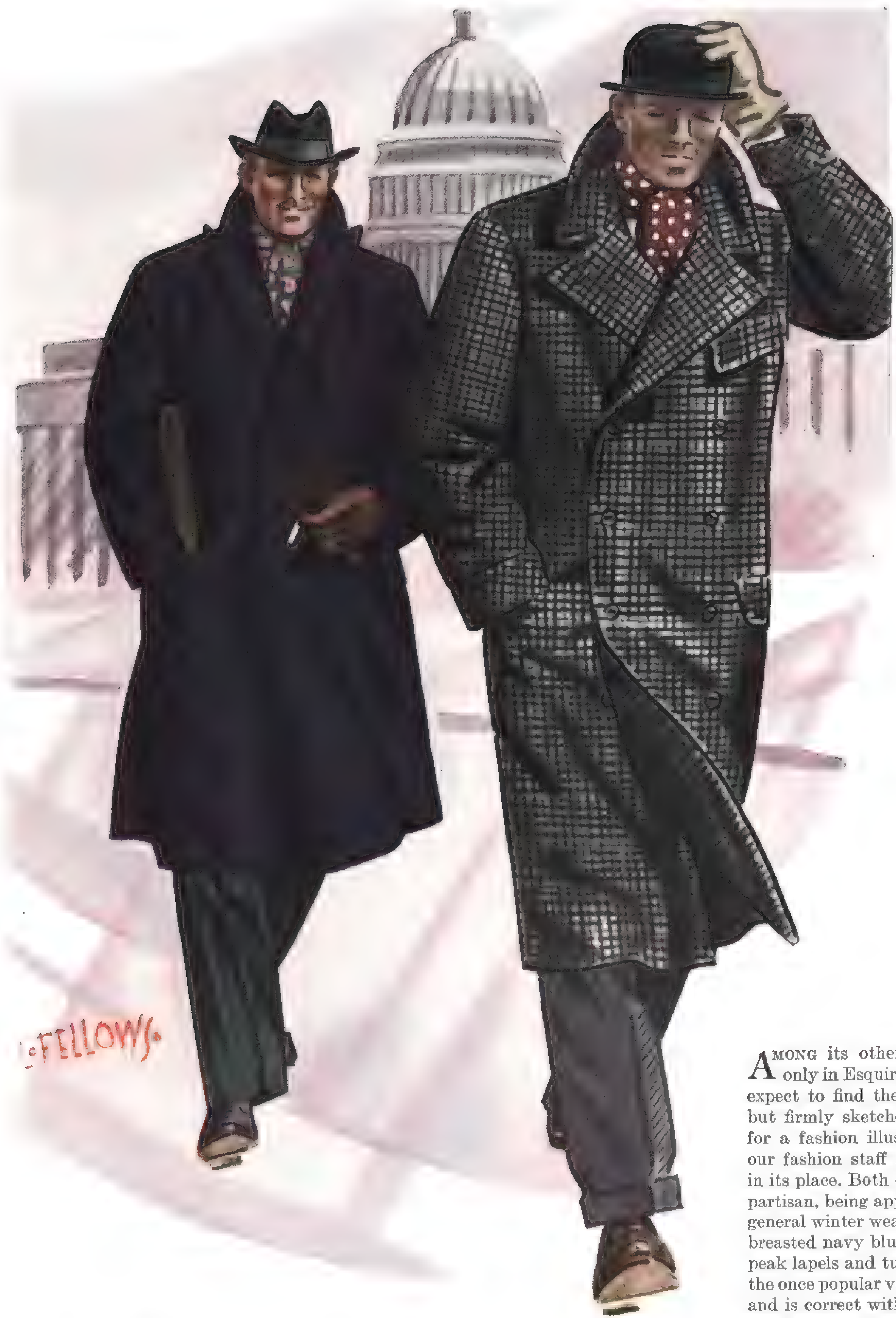
The antelope are also wide open, as few states have had seasons on the gaudy little speedsters for many years. I have killed one buck that was well up in the first ten for the species and several up in the money. Elmer Keith, guide and scribe for the sporting prints, took a party out for Idaho's first open season in many years. Every buck they got was up in the first twenty. The present world record antelope head was shot in Arizona in the 90's and has stood ever since, but I am convinced that I have seen several on the hoof that would make it look sick. The antelope are coming back all over the West now, and when they are again generally on the open list, I predict that a new record of around 24 inches for the main beam instead of the 20½ of the No. 1 animal will be recorded.

Some records may stand for all time. The grizzly, for example, is almost extinct in the United States. The buffalo is seldom hunted. Mountain lions no longer attain any great age as they are hunted too ruthlessly. But most other records will be pushed gradually up as sportsmen become more aware of what good heads are and as seasons are opened on species which are increasing. Just a tip for hunters of predatory animals—the skulls are what put your name in the record books. Hides can be stretched, you know.

Some localities are head-hunters' paradises. Others may produce much game but indifferent heads. Largely the difference is the food. Hills with limestone outcrops produce the really big heads for the antlered species. Arizona's Kaibab forest is a case in point. It is a huge mesa composed largely of limestone, and more fine heads of mule deer are taken there than any place I know of. A head with a 25-inch main beam will get consideration, and the Kaibab produces literally dozens of heads as large or larger every season. The section along the Sonora coast, south of the Altar Valley, is also a great producer of big heads. Again the answer is limestone.

Horns are not bone. Instead they are composed of hair, and with the exception of antelope, which shed annually like antlered animals, the horned creatures keep theirs growing as long as they live. So the sheep hunter particularly must plunge into the wilderness to some locality where the rams are not bumped off as soon as they mature. Old buck deer and bull elk and moose don't always have the largest antlers, as past a certain age, as their vitality wanes, their heads tend to go back, to freak, to become more puny instead of better. But the old ram's horns grow and grow and grow. He got them at first to astonish the ewes and to battle for their favors with other rams. But in his old age, when he no longer craves female company, they only get in his way. Unless he keeps them broomed off he gets more than a complete curl. The tips weigh him down, keep him from seeing. Then he is meat for the head-hunter, ripe to harvest; and if he is not

Continued at top of page 136



Special session...

AMONG its other unique attributes, it is only in Esquire that you can confidently expect to find the nation's Capitol faintly but firmly sketched in as the background for a fashion illustration. That's the way our fashion staff looks at life—everything in its place. Both outfits are distinctly non-partisan, being appropriate for business and general winter wear. At the left is the single breasted navy blue overcoat with fly front, peak lapels and turn back cuffs. It replaces the once popular velvet collared Chesterfield and is correct with both business and evening clothes. The suit is of black unfinished worsted with white stripe, and the accessories include a black Lord's hat with raw edge, silk Paisley muffler, black blucher town shoes and red capeskin gloves. The double breasted checked tweed ulster at right can weather the roughest elements. It is a long, loose-fitting coat with large flap pockets and convertible collar. Worn with it are the Yeoman style rough finish bowler, grey diagonal cheviot tweed suit, red wool muffler with white polka dots, quarter brogue Scotch grain shoes and natural color buckskin gloves.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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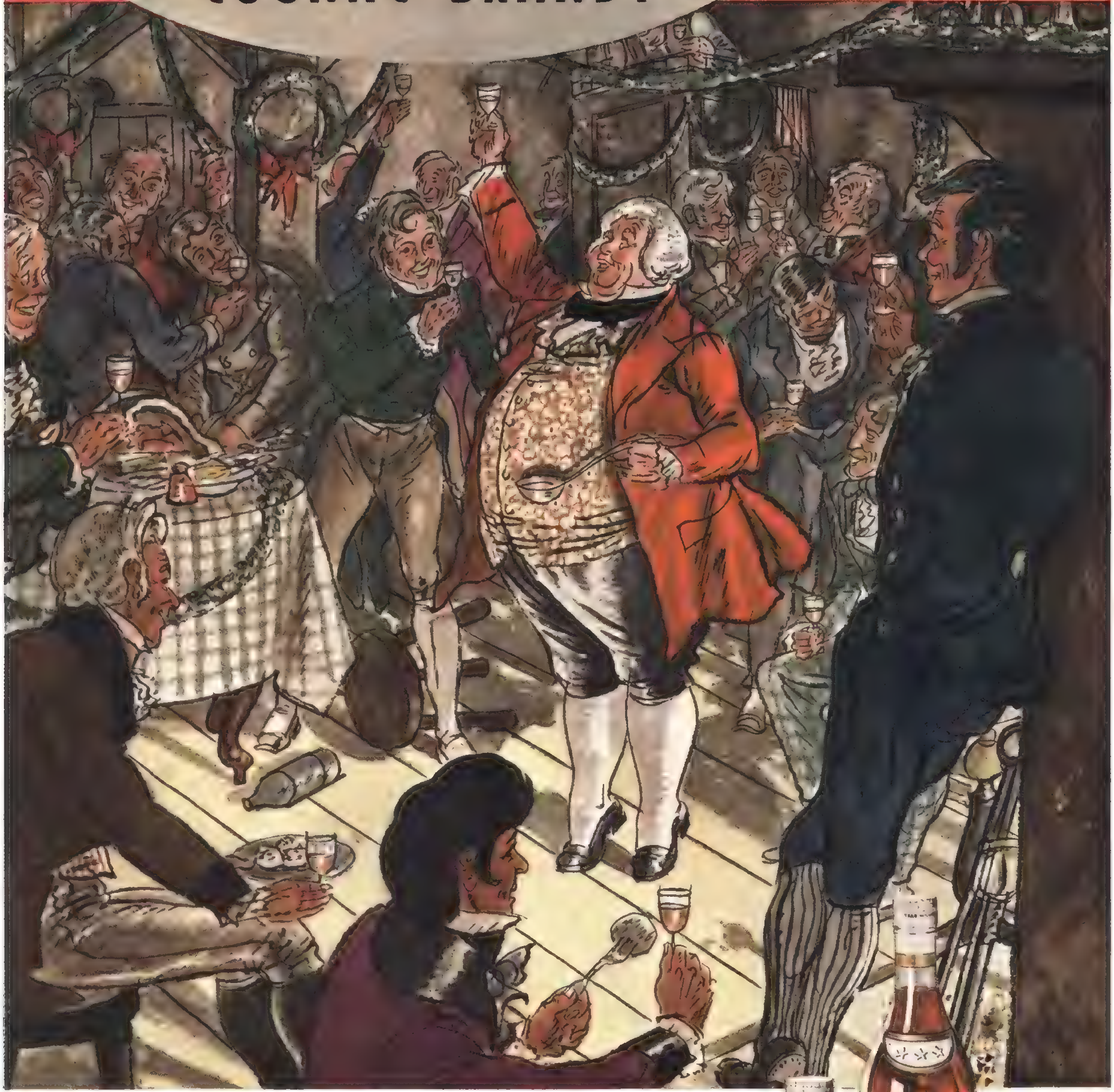

With the aid of the "Christmas Spirit Past," Scrooge re-lives his youth at the Fezziwigs' Christmas party.

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84 PROOF

I Am a Head-Hunter

Continued from pages 95-133

soon taken he falls prey to predatory animals or simply to the rigor of his environment.

So it's a virgin wilderness you want if you crave a record ram—Alaska for the beautiful Dall sheep, upper Alberta or British Columbia for the black Stone sheep, and the Rockies for big brown *Ovis Canadensis*. The desert sheep of the southwest and Mexico are smaller than *Canadensis* but similar in appearance. They come under a separate classification.

If a man embarks ambitiously into this game of head-hunting it can become an expensive and complicated business. I know one sportsman, a high-powered commercial photographer in New York, who some years ago embarked on a project of securing record and near-record heads of every game species in North America. He started in the Arctic with white sheep, musk oxen, and walrus. Then he worked south to Alaska moose and brown bears, then to Stone and Canadian sheep, caribou, and grizzly. When I met him he had got down to Arizona whitetail, antelope, desert sheep, and Mexican jaguars or *tigres*, as the natives call them. That is the most ambitious and methodical program I have ever heard of. It has taken years of his time and will take years more. The cost has been about equal to the upkeep of a fair-sized yacht.

Head-hunting is surely never a pauper's sport, but the man of modest means can, by keeping his eyes open and restraining the itch of his trigger finger, do very well by himself in collecting the species of his own locality. I set out some years ago to get exceptional heads of all the horned and antlered Southwestern species. I have all of them now except elk, and I think I'll let elk go at that, as a man needs a baronial manor in which to display an elk head—or a moose head either for that matter. Mounted they will use up about thirty-five square feet of space and are so heavy they will pull the plaster off the wall. To get one into an ordinary small house would practically mean trampling over the dead body of the little woman.

It's a screwy game, no doubt, but so, too, is collecting postage stamps, old masters, first editions, or autographs of movie stars. Actually, hunting for heads is good for the game animals, and if more sportsmen were head conscious it would be one of the greatest moves for conservation since the passage of the buck laws and bag limits. For the animals with the exceptional heads are, with few exceptions, the graffers of their race. Their period of usefulness has passed, they are often incapable of breeding, they only scare away younger and more potent males and consume forage younger animals could consume.

So frown not on the head-hunter, no matter how many animals he has taken. The magnificent ram he got in Alberta or the fine buck antelope he collected in Chihuahua would probably have been coyote meat in a few months anyway. #

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-12

A NEW TWIST TO AN OLD ONE

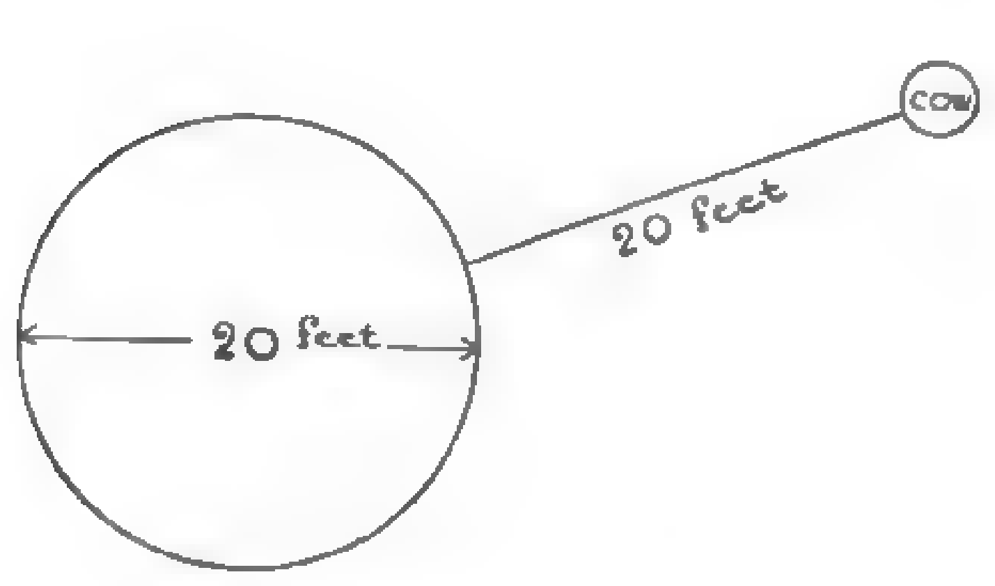
I was surprised to find that the November *Sound & Fury* contained no mathematical problems. Usually some reader submits a provoking problem or two in this department. Although problem-solving may not be less insidiously detrimental than other dissipations, it is, no doubt, less expensive; therefore, to renew interest in this diversion, I challenge all readers who have any pride at all in their mathematical ability to the following problem:

A year or so ago ESKY's *Sound & Fury* exhibited a simple problem about a cow tied to the corner of a barn of a certain size with a rope of a certain length.

The problem was to figure out how many square feet of pasture the cow had. Allow me to take this cow out to pasture again. This time the cow is tied to the side of a silo (a round building, you know) 20 feet in diameter. The rope is 20 feet long. How many square feet of pasture does the cow have?

See if you can get the answer without the aid of a silo and cow.

Yours for more problems,
St. Louis, Mo. L. JAMIESON



AT LONG LAST

Here is the solution to my problem, "Nineteenth Century Mathematics" which was published in the October ESQUIRE.

The cost of the lamp was $9.24. The amount given to charity was $5.61 when the man bought two lamps, and $14.85 when he bought one lamp. In the former case, there were 33 beggars and in the latter case 54 beggars. Thus the lamps were bought on the man's twenty-first birthday.

By subtracting 21 days from May 16th, we find that Easter Sunday of that year fell on April 25th. In the nineteenth century this happened only in 1886.

Having given to 33 beggars on April 25th, he began giving on his birthday, March 24th, and he was born on March 24, 1865, which turns out to be a Friday.

Although I believe the solution can be arrived at only by trial and error, I am confident the above is the only solution.

You will note that the answer of Flora Warrey Seymour is correct as far as it goes but that it falls short of the actual solution. I have, however, received a solution, which is correct in all details, from Jas. A. Eads of Minneapolis.

Yours sincerely,
ERNST THEO THEIMER
East Orange, N. J.

A PLAYWRIGHT SCORNED

Lines written by an Old Man upon receiving back, with the notation 'Not Funny', a Manuscript which, with High Hopes, he had submitted, after having it read with Gales of Laughter, by his Friends, who said they considered it a Masterpiece of Irony, Satire and Wit.

I'm sorry that you did not think my little playlet funny,
Particularly as it's you who passes out the money,
But my opinion is unchanged. To me it seems a honey.

From years ago, when Reno was located in Chicago,
And multi-marriage jokes must face a stiff embargo,
Some Freudic inhibition struck my intellectual cargo.

Now is it I'm so innocent and unsophisticated
That witticisms for which I have been congratulated,
If told Cafe Society, would be distinctly dated?

At least my comedies, produced, most always get a snicker,
But then, perhaps, at seeing jokes, my audience is quicker.
As Chi is larger than this town, it may be, also, thicker.

Four were composed in bed upon receiving your rejection. But they died in my sleep. But this happened, tormentingly, the next day and I have just come across it—so this is your punishment.

Be grateful for the four that died.

Yours,
EDWARD ALLEN LOOMIS
Philadelphia, Pa.

MYSTERY RAISED

In your November issue there is a swell poem entitled "Cooting" by Wilbur Snow. The "coot" to which Snow refers in the poem is the Scoter duck of which there are several subspecies, all common on the North Atlantic coast. I liked the poem because it checks perfectly with my own experience as a boy under the same circumstances.

The etching which you used to illustrate the poem shows the American coot or mud-hen which is an entirely different bird, practically unknown on the North Atlantic coast, and while Walter E. Bohl did a fine job in making the etching of the American coots, the bird illustrated is not the same bird as the "coot" referred to by Snow in the poem.

The term "coot" as applied to the Scoter duck is a corruption of the early pronunciation of the word "Scoter," having been pronounced "Scooter" and this was shortened to "Scoot" and "Coot," although the bird is not a coot at all but a bone-fide sea duck. The coot illustrated by Bohl is not a duck at all but an entirely separate species which frequents inland marshes and is practically never seen on salt water. Apparently there are no duck hunters on the staff of ESQUIRE.

Yours very truly,
Albany, N.Y. STAN B. WADE

MYSTERY SOLVED

The November issue of ESQUIRE has been forwarded to me here at Phoenix.

I hope we don't get too much criticism on the etching of the coots used in connection with the poem "Cooting." Now since I have had the opportunity to read the poem I am sure that Mr. Snow is referring to the white-winged Scoter which is called a sea-coot in some localities. However, the bird I have shown in the etching is the real American Coot and which is its correct name.

Perhaps the mistake could be explained among ESQUIRE's readers by reproducing this letter in *Sound & Fury*.

Sincerely yours,
Phoenix, Ariz. WALTER E. BOHL

Editor's Note: It has long been a pet theory of ours that ESQUIRE illustrators never read the text their works are supposed to illuminate. It is gratifying, at long last, to find one who at least read the text *after* publication.

THE BRAIN BUSTER

The high quality of puzzle solutions found in some recent issues leads me to send in this brain buster. It comes to you fresh from a triumphant tour through northern Illinois.

Two ladders, leaning across a room from opposite walls, each ladder resting at the bottom of the wall, cross, and a perpendicular line drawn from this junction to the floor is 15 feet long. The ladders are 40 ft. and 60 ft. long.

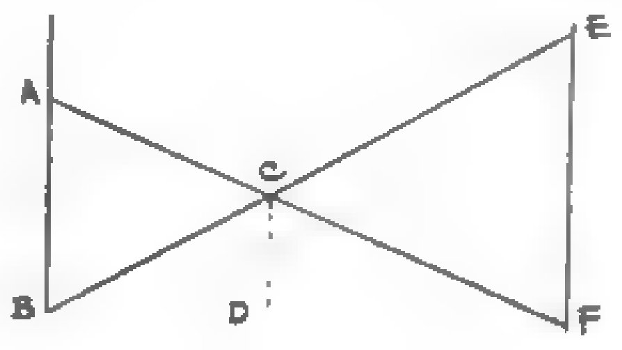
Problem: how far apart are the bottoms of the two ladders?

Let 'em chew on that awhile. You might even award a year's free ESQUIRE to the first right solution—the winner would deserve it.

Don't ask me what the answer is, I'm asking you.

Box 408 Yours truly,
Rockford, Ill. CORLETT T. WILSON

AF = 40′
BE = 60′
CD = 15′
ABD = 90°
EFD = 90°
BF = ???



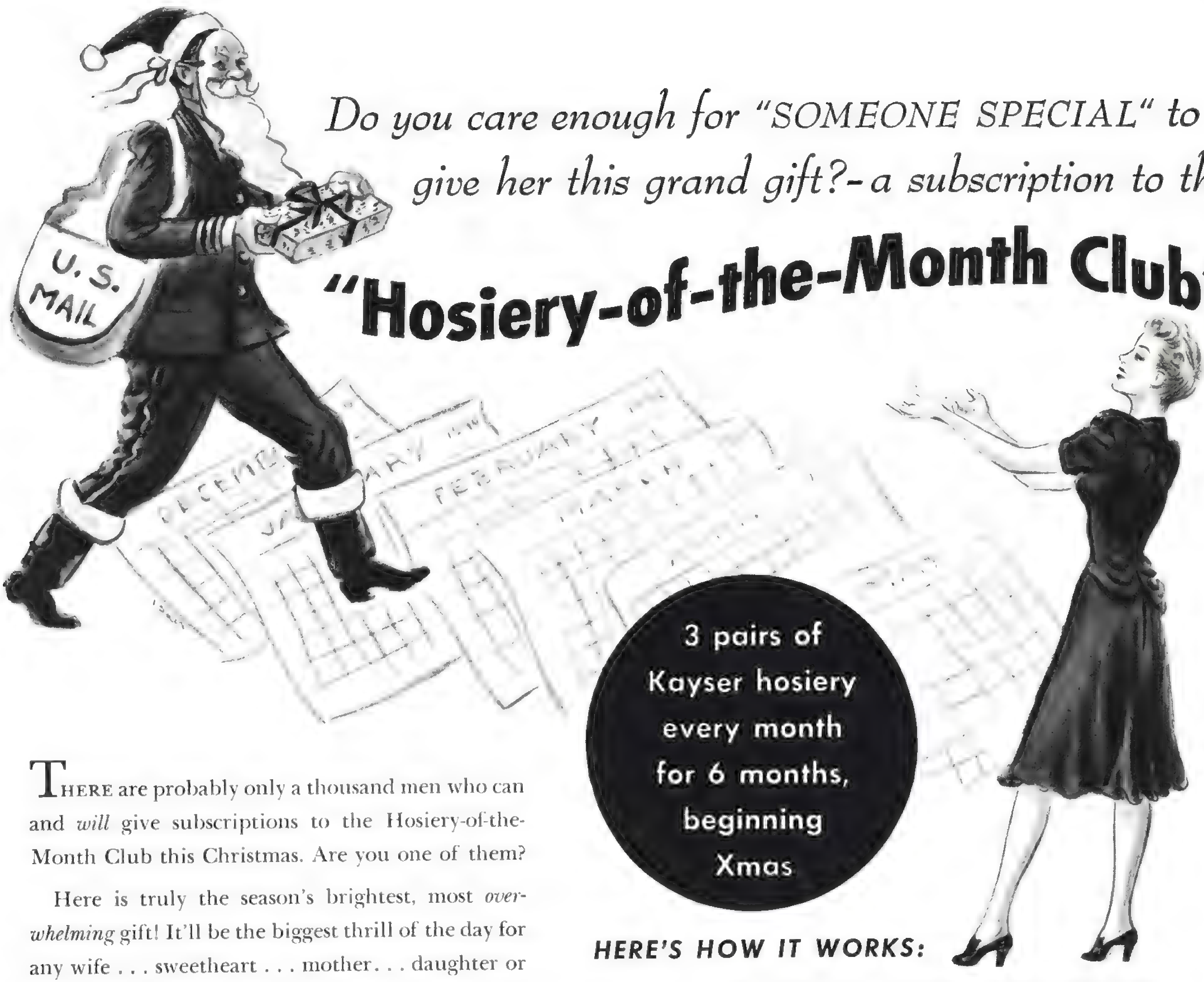
AS ONE GOURMET TO ANOTHER

How I would like to go "Painting the Town with ESQUIRE!"
Of course I know it would require
Many a year's training in a Smorgasboarding school,
And I would be a fool
To think he would even consider me
When my criteria
Of exotic sauces and rare dishes
Would be so much against his wishes.
Eastern Shore Maryland slippery dumplings he never mentions.
Perhaps it is one of his conventions.
No smoked capon drenched in sherry wine
Can hold a candle to fine
Young turnip grees cooked with a piece of nice salt pork.
Just get them once upon your fork
And cold fruit soup or lamb boiled tenderly in dill
Will take a distant seat. The thrill
Of eating all the old time dishes
May seem absurd to one who is ambitious
For Continental contrapuntal arranging
Of ingredients to make them seem more engaging.
Give me good music and a tender T-bone steak.
I need no caviar to make
My dinner a success.
Much less
Do I need snails
Or tender fillets of young shoat's tails
But still, I'd like to go the rounds
And see with ESQUIRE all that abounds
In this world of the gourmet.

Berlin, Md. BETTY SMITH

Do you care enough for "SOMEONE SPECIAL" to give her this grand gift?- a subscription to the

"Hosiery-of-the-Month Club"



3 pairs of
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every month
for 6 months,
beginning
Xmas

THERE are probably only a thousand men who can and *will* give subscriptions to the Hosiery-of-the-Month Club this Christmas. Are you one of them?

Here is truly the season's brightest, most *overwhelming* gift! It'll be the biggest thrill of the day for any wife . . . sweetheart . . . mother . . . daughter or sister. She'll receive 3 pairs of Kayser hosiery for Christmas, and the postman will continue to play Santa for you for months to come!

Place your subscription at any of the conveniently located Kayser stores (listed below). Or better yet, give this unique gift without stirring from your easy chair . . . without bucking Manhattan's mad shopping scramble! Just fill out the handy coupon at the right—and do it *right now!*

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JUST SEND US the name of the lucky lady. On Christmas she'll receive a handsome gift box containing 3 pairs of Kayser's lovely Mir-O-Kleer hose . . . and a clever greeting card telling her you've given her a subscription to the Hosiery-of-the-Month Club.

In addition, each month (for the next five), we'll send to her for you 3 pairs of Kayser Mir-O-Kleer hose in the very newest, smartest color, and specially gift-wrapped.

Send with your order only $5.00. There will be no payment due in January or February. Your first bill (for $4.00) comes March first. You'll receive additional bills (for $3.00 each) for April, May, and June—a total of $18.00 for the 18 pairs of stockings.

But Christmas is galloping close! Don't delay . . . mail the coupon now for this thrilling gift.

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1499 BROADWAY
near 43rd St.

2301 BROADWAY
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I enclose $5.00 for which please enroll the following member, for 6 months, beginning with Christmas, 1939. (Use separate sheet for listing additional members.)

NAME____________________(HOSE SIZE)________

ADDRESS____________________________

CITY____________________STATE________

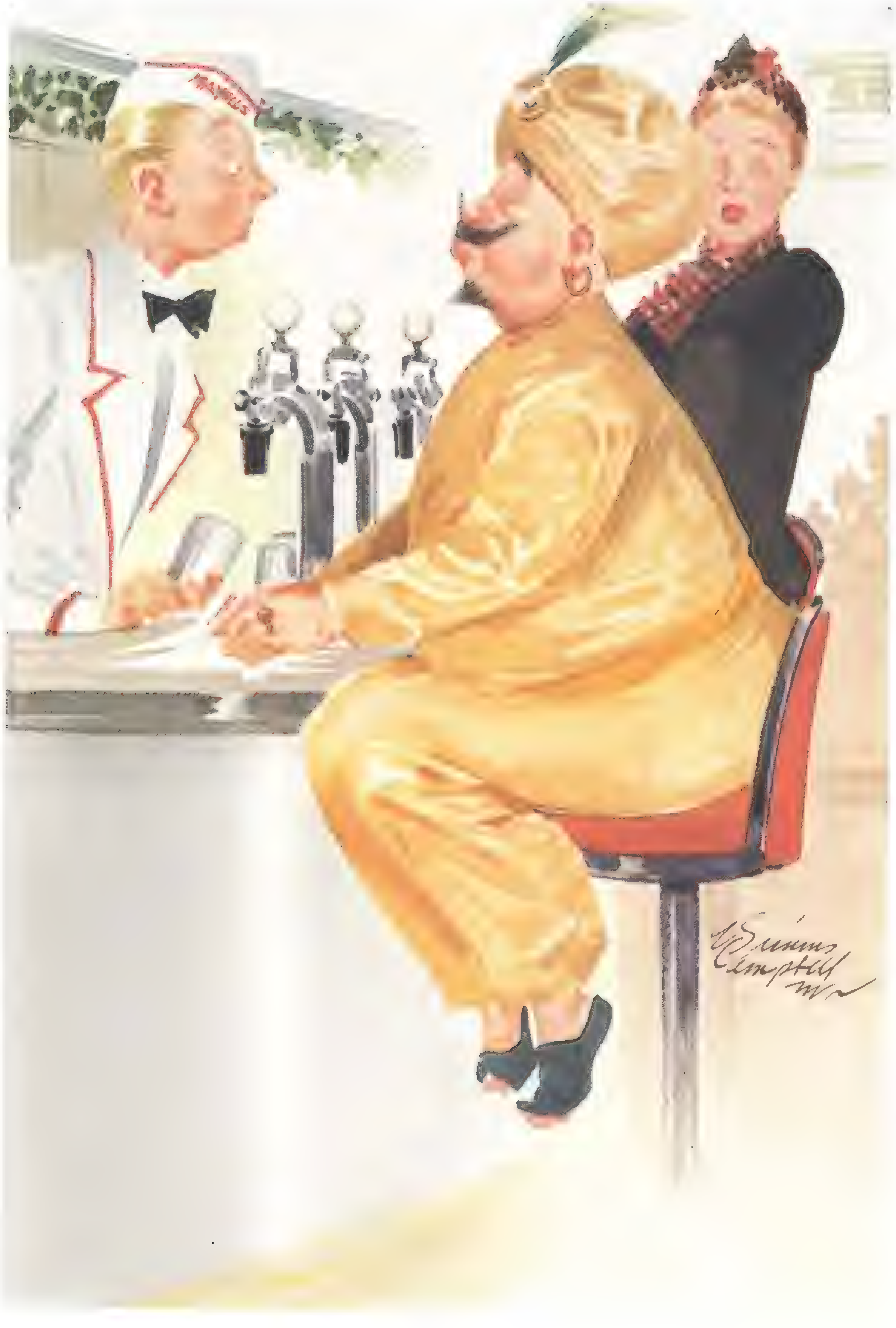
It is understood that you will send her 3 pairs of Kayser's Mir-O-Kleer Hosiery, gift-wrapped, each month for 6 months—a total of 18 pairs. Upon receipt of your bills, I will remit $4.00 in March, and $3.00 in April, May and June—a total of $18.00.

MY NAME IS____________________________

ADDRESS____________________________

CITY____________________STATE________

(In space below give names of stores where you have charge accounts and name of your bank)


E. Simms Campbell

"A triple malted—and put six eggs in it"

Season of Mists

Continued from page 42

heads touched. I remained conscious, but the shock had dislocated all connection between consciousness and volition. With a divine shudder I heard myself reply, "It says we are going to get married."

"Oh," said she. "I don't know about that."

"What?" I cried, hurt to the quick, all caution forgotten. "Is this mutual understanding? Is this two hearts beating as one? Don't let's start off with a rift like this between us."

"I didn't mean it that way," she replied remorsefully.

"Splendid," I said. "Our first little quarrel healed already. And don't we sort of know one another better for it? Aren't we somehow closer? If not, we ought to be. I'll come round behind."

Fate had evidently triumphed. Her kiss was like cowslips and cream. I was unquestionably in love, and felt no longer responsible for my actions.

At that moment, however, a gong sounded in the echoing depths of the hotel. "Go," she said, already wifely. "Go and get your dinner. I'll be here later on."

I bowed before the importance of Bert's dinner, and went. When I returned the bar was still empty of intruders, and she was still there. I rushed forward, I flung my arms about her, and resumed the kiss that had been so coarsely interrupted.

I had just been struck by the nice thought that perhaps after all it tasted of cream and honey suckle, rather than cowslips, when I was also struck by a tremendous blow in the face.

"What?" I said, staggering back. "Are you tired of me already? You might at least have broken it more gently."

"I'll call the manager," said she.

"Do so," said I. "Call the boots too. Call the waiters. Call all the principal residents of T— on Sea. Let them hear how you promised to marry me before dinner, and socked me in the puss for a kiss immediately afterwards."

"Promised to marry you?" she cried. "Before dinner. Oooh! It must have been Bella. Fancy! Bella!"

"What is your name?" said I.

"Nellie," said she.

"That's who it is," said I. "Nellie. You. To the devil with this interfering, designing Bella, who . . ." But, as I spoke, she turned and darted through the door behind her.

I heard some delicious squeals and giggles. "I hope," I thought, "she is giving that abominable Bella a good pinch. Pretending to be her! She had the poor girl all confused." At that moment the door opened again, and out they came, hand in hand.

"I'm Nellie."

"I'm Bella."

"Keep quite still," said I, clowning astonishment. "I must think for a little while about this."

"Look! He's all bowled over."

"Isn't he sweet?"

"Yes, he's a duck. Bella, you *are* lucky."

"Your turn next."

That was the rub. My mind darkened at the thought of a brother-in-law. They were exactly alike. You know what beasts men are. A thousand intricate jealousies tangled themselves before me. Besides, who can choose between cowslips and honeysuckle?

It was time I said something. "Well!" said I. "By all that's wonderful! I wish old Fred were here tonight."

"Who's Fred?"

"Fred? You'll like Fred. He's a splendid fellow. We're twins."

"No!"

"Yes, identical twins. Close as that. Same looks, same tastes. Same thoughts. I always know what he's thinking. Listen! He's sort of trying to get through to me now. I bet he knows I'm happy. He does. He's sending congratulations. In waves. He's asking something. What is it, Fred, old boy? Is there what? Oh, 'Is there one for me, Bert?' That's what he's trying to say. What shall I tell him, Nellie?"

"Don't know, I'm sure."

"Why don't you bring him along one day?" said Bella.

"I can't," said I. "We're on a very special job. It's just half the time off for each of us. But I'll tell you what: I'll send him along."

This was agreed upon. I spent the rest of the evening delightfully, and in the morning bought a new sports coat, brushed my hair differently, and returned as Fred.

I entered the bar peering through my fingers. "Which are you?" I cried. "I don't want to look at you properly till I know. I might fall in love with the wrong one."

"I'm Nellie."

"Good! To make it absolutely perfect, I'm Fred." With that I dropped my hand. "Good old Bert!" I cried. "Wonderful taste, he's got! Wonderful fellow!"

"He's nice. But you're nice too."

"Do you really think so?"

In short, we were happy. Soon afterwards Bella came in: there was nothing but giggles, comparisons, talk of future joys.

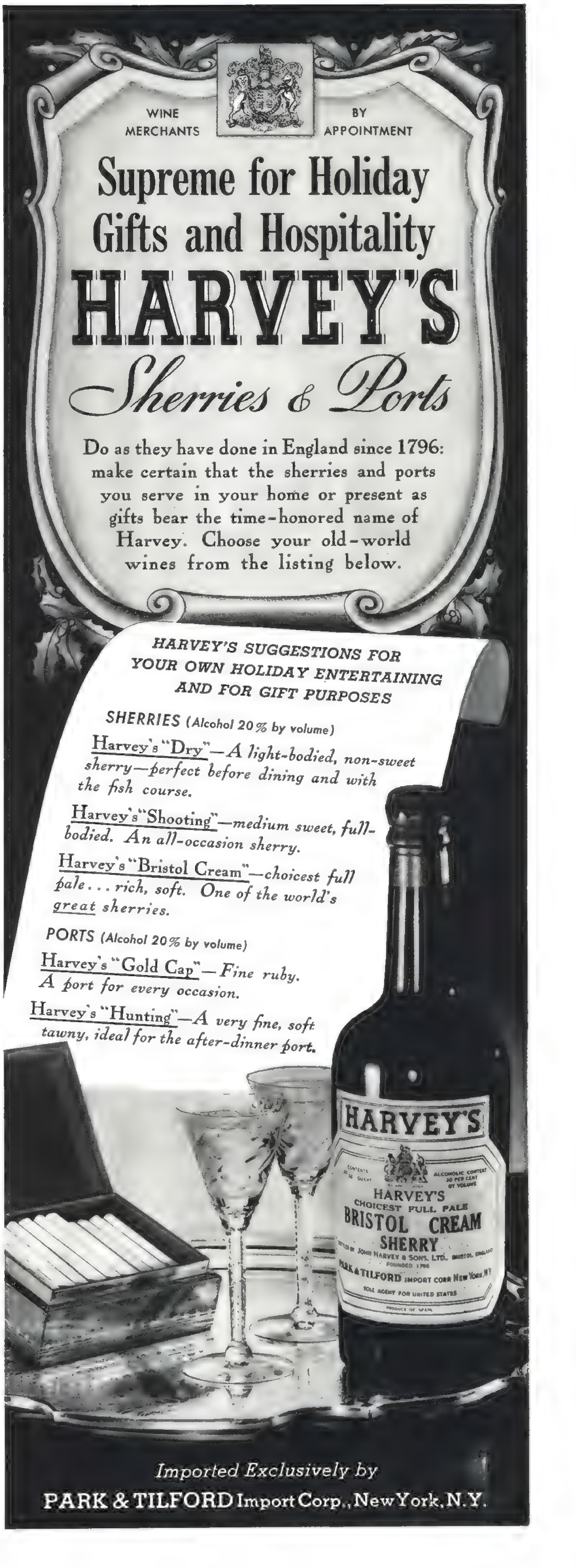
It really ought to be a double wedding," they said.

"Can't be done," I replied. "Truly. Ask Bert if you don't believe me. He'll tell you it's out of the question."

The next few days passed like lightning. All went twice as merrily as the ordinary marriage bell. I rented two bungalows, semi-detached, furnished them from the same store, took a week off for my honeymoon as Bert, and the next week for my honeymoon as Fred.

I then settled down to lives of singular contentment and regularity. One evening Nellie and I would have Bella to dinner, and spend the time saying what a grand fellow Bert was, and the next evening Bella and I would en-

Continued on page 140



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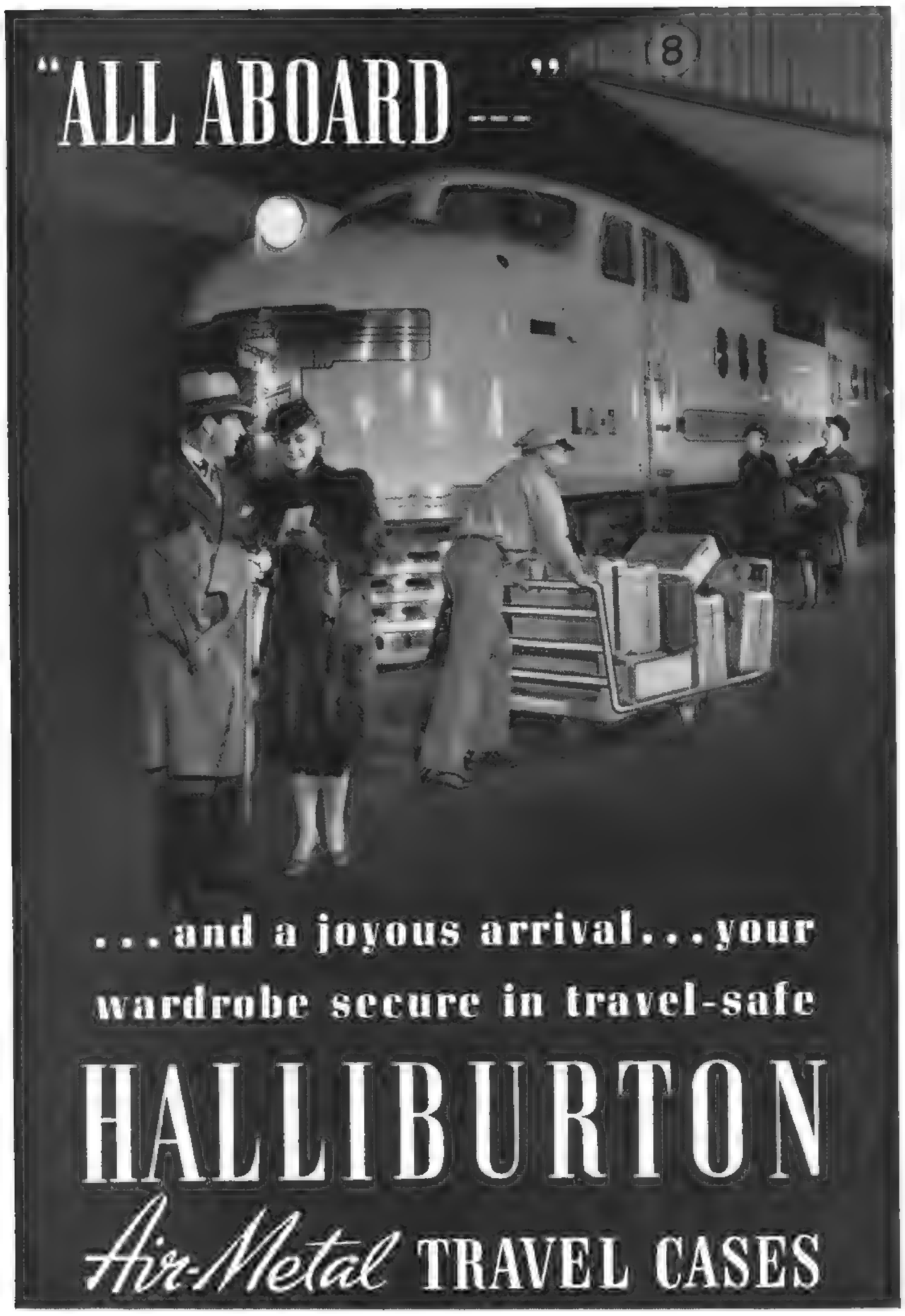
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Season of Mists

Continued from pages 42-139

tertain Nellie and do the same for Fred.

It was a full month before I asked myself, which is the happier of the two, Fred or Bert? I was unable to answer. The doubt persisted until it tortured me.

I became a little moody, and sometimes would retire to the next room, under the pretense of a headache, in order to ponder the question over again. On one of these occasions, I went into the hallway to get cigarettes from my overcoat and I heard the girls' voices through the flimsy door of the drawing room. "The darlings!" I thought. "They are discussing their husbands again. This may shed some light on my problem. Bella thinks Bert has the nicer voice. Nellie claims that Fred knows more songs. What is this? Really Bella! Come, come, Nellie, you flatter me! Bella, what an exaggeration! Nellie, that is a downright lie!"

Soon afterwards I heard Nellie go home. I rejoined Bella, who was obviously much exercised in her mind. "Bert," she said. "Who is the better swimmer, you or Fred?"

"We never compete, darling, we are so sure we are equal."

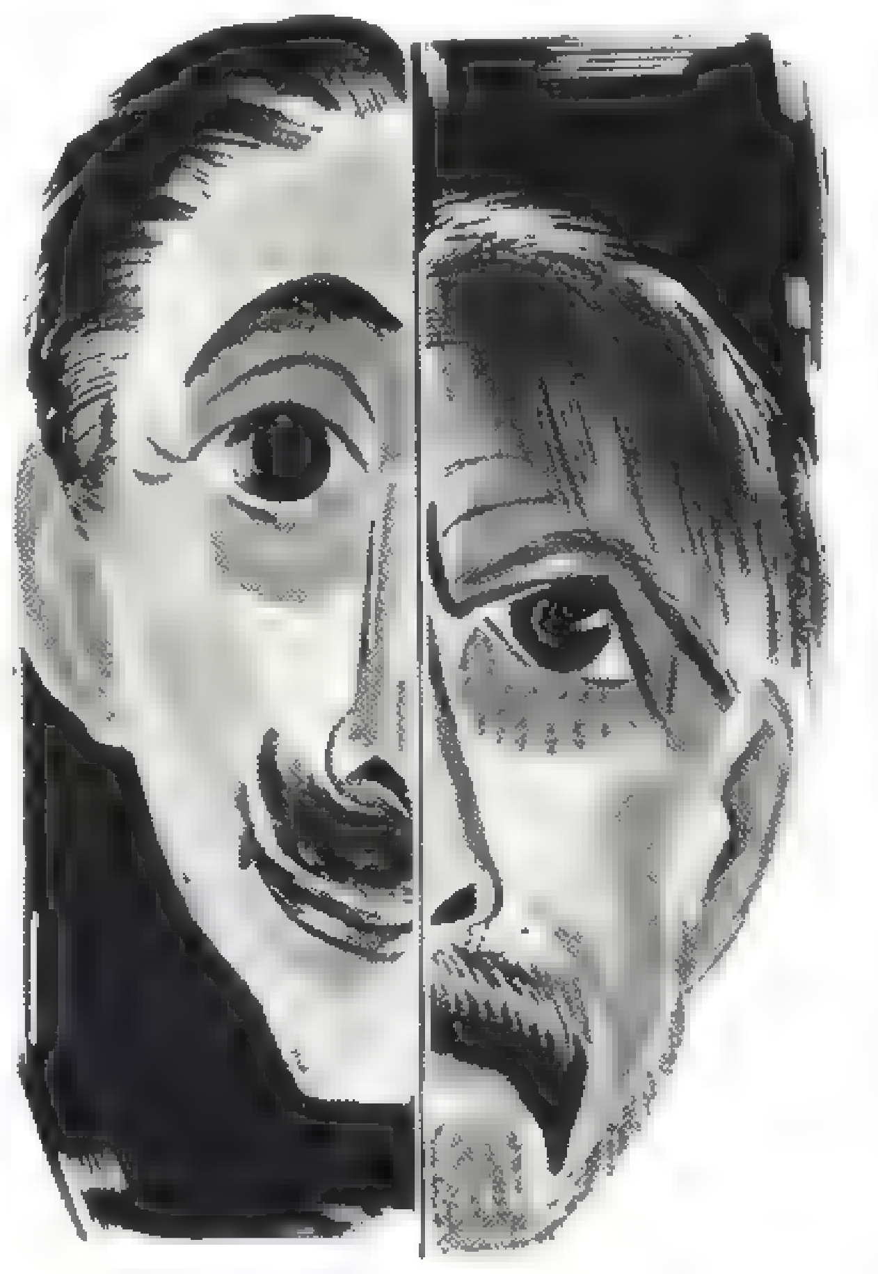
"I wonder if you would be if you tried," said Bella, still looking extremely thoughtful.

When I returned to the other bungalow next evening, I found Nellie equally ill at ease. "Tell me something," said she. "Of course I know Bella's my sister, my twin. Nobody could love her more than I do. But tell me, Fred, would you say she was absolutely truthful?"

"Absolutely," said I. "I'd stake my life on it. Bert's life too. She is incapable of a lie."

"Oh!" said Nellie, lapsing into a deeper reverie than before.

It was with a sardonic pleasure that I watched the increasing wistfulness of both my wives. "I have an idea," said I to myself, "that I shall soon learn whether Bert or Fred is the happier."



Sure enough, it was not long before Nellie sent round one evening to ask if Bert would help her move some heavy furniture. I went to her aid, and afterwards we sat talking for a while on twins, likenesses, differences, marriage, conventions, love, and what would have happened if Fred had met Bella before I had, and whether what hurts nobody can really be said to be wrong.

It took a long time to resolve all these problems to our complete satisfaction, and I was deprived of a good deal of Bella's company that evening, but this was made up to me on the following day, for she came round to ask if Fred would help her with a leaky tap, and we had an almost identical discussion which took just as long for its complete resolution.

I was now in a state of extreme and complicated bliss. It was clear that Bert had no reason to envy Fred, and that Fred's happiness was in all respects equal to Bert's. Not only had I two charming wives, but my double domestic happiness was multiplied by a dual and delicious infidelity.

But I was one day in the character of Bert, sitting before the fire enjoying the more legal of my happinesses with Bella, charmed by her prattle and pleased by the complete restoration of her good spirits, when suddenly I was struck, as if by a thunderbolt, by the thought: "This woman is deceiving me!"

I leapt up with a muttered excuse, and rushed out of the now hateful house. I walked on the shore till late that night, a prey to the most bitter reflections. I had to admit that I was largely responsible, but I at least knew that it made no difference. She had no such excuse: it was she who had blighted our Eden.

I went home long after midnight, slept uneasily, and hurried off in the morning, eager to exchange the pitiful personality of the deceived husband for the roguish character of his betrayer.

As Fred, I returned with a jaunty sneer. Nellie greeted me. "How was Bert," said she, "when you left him?"

"Bert?" said I. "Bert!"

Without another word I went heavily upstairs, and looked at myself in the mirror. The sight maddened me. I itched to get my fingers round my throat. I longed to rush next door and pour out my troubles to my adorable mistress, but I knew in my heart that she was as false as her sister below.

I thought of divorce, working out the actions and counter-actions on my fingers, and badly spraining two of them in the process. Besides there was the unsavory publicity.

At last I made up my mind. I hurried off to catch the last train to the town. Arrived there, I wrote two notes, as follows:

"Dear Nellie, I have found you out. I am asking Bert to come for a swim. He will never return. Fred."

"Dear Bella, I know all. Am persuading Fred to take a midnight bathe. He will not come back. Bert."

Having posted my letters, I took my two sports coats to the beach, where I left them side by side.

There was just time to get the train for B—, and it was there that I met Mrs. Wilkinson.

Happy Pioneers Day

Continued from page 78

Day. What am I, anyway Rothschild?"

"Here's what," said Smoot. "A proposition, fair and square. You puts up ten bucks and when payday comes around us four guys'll each pay you back a buck apiece, cash."

"Well—" said Corporal Edwards, shaking his head.

"Okay," said Smoot hurriedly. "We accept the proposition. What's fair for one is fair for all. Jist lemme have this here dough and I'll take care of everything."

Edwards counted out ten dollars, somewhat dazed.

"Now all you gotta do," said Smoot, "is see the Top about them passes."

"That's all I've got to do, huh?" the corporal grunted. "I don't know what's the matter with me," he speculated. "I must be weak-minded to let you screwballs talk me into this daffy trip. Incidentally, what the hell is a Pioneers Day?"

"Everybody's gotta raise a beard," said Smoot. "So long."

At drill formation the day before they were to leave Captain Flynn cast his eyes repeatedly in the direction of Corporal Edward's squad. As repeatedly did he frown. At last he stopped in front of the corporal.

"Edwards."

"Sir."

"Seems to me about half of your men need shaves. What's the matter? Can't you keep the squad looking soldierly?"

"I— Sir, I . . ."

"Don't let it happen in the future. That's all."

"Very good, sir."

"What an army!" the corporal moaned after the formation was dismissed. "Pioneers Day! Next time I enlist it's gonna be in the Boy Scouts where they're too young to raise beards. What an army!"

"Well, boys," said Smoot that evening. "It's possibly I'm too smart, I shoulda went into salesmanship or big business or something."

"How do you figger that out?" Cleasby asked.

"This car I hired. Listen to this here. Fifteen bucks he wants for two days and I goes and chisels him down to ten bucks with a nice road map thrown in free. Maybe I am a genius or something."

"Let's see the road map you got," said Corporal Edwards. "We'll dope out the route to Ewenville." Smoot tossed it over on the corporal's bunk. Edwards took one look at it. "Holy Jeezus, he comes home with a map of New Mexico! Say, did you already pay out for that flivver?"

"Sure I already paid out for that flivver."

"Will it run?"

"Certainly it'll run. It's got four wheels onto it."

Edwards held his forehead. "Something tells me I would be better off to ketch pneumonia or something quick and get taken to the hospital instead of goin' to this—this Pioneers Day or whatever the hell it is."

The corporal's worst fears were realized. When they looked the following morning at the car Smoot had hired their faces fell. One of its doors had been soldered on to keep it in place. One headlamp was made fast by baling wire, the windshield slanted up rakishly like a retroussé nose, the tires were polished smooth with mileage. There had undoubtedly been a good deal of plastic surgery practiced on its anatomy from time to time.

"That's her," said Smoot, beaming. "All shined up and rearin' to go."

"Rearin' to go is right," said the corporal. "To the junkheap."

"Nice smooth-runnin' engine in this little job," said the Drivit Yourself agent. "Take good care of it, boys. There's only one or two things to remember. Don't give it too much choke. When you give it too much choke she drops a couple o' gallons of gasoline into the cylinders. And don't forget to pull down your spark all the way when you crank it up or it'll kinda kick. It batted two fingers off a guy last week."

"You mean it ain't got no self-starter?" asked Cleasby, the only one of the boys who drove.

The agent lifted his shoulders. "We got a nice Lincoln with a self-starter you can have for six cents a mile."

"Let's go," said Smoot, rubbing his hands. "Pioneers Day, here we come."

They piled in, Edwards all the while shaking his head. Cleasby took the wheel. "Oh, and one thing more," said the agent. "It ain't got any second gear."

"No what?" Cleasby exclaimed.

"No second. You just go from first to high. And you better stop right away for gas. There's only about a half a pint in it. We don't supply gas at them five-dollar rates. Pull down your spark—I'll crank it up for you."

A few sad whistles of protest, then a rapid series of bangs, and the engine settled down to a nice smooth racket. "What a bus!" cried Smoot. Cleasby let in the clutch. It was like being in a railroad wreck.

"I ain't kinda use to it yet," said Cleasby.

"I ain't ever gonna be used to it," said Edwards. "If we don't get no farther than fifty yards in this junkpile we can all be classified as pioneers."

"By tomorrow I oughta have a pretty swell beard," said Smoot, feeling the stubble on his chin.

"All you will look like tomorrow," said the corporal caustically, "is more of a bum than you look like today."

"Always kiddin', the corp."

"This thing don't steer so good," Cleasby complained as he missed a milk truck by not so many inches. "There's a little trick to

Continued on page 142

FOR HER
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(SOON)
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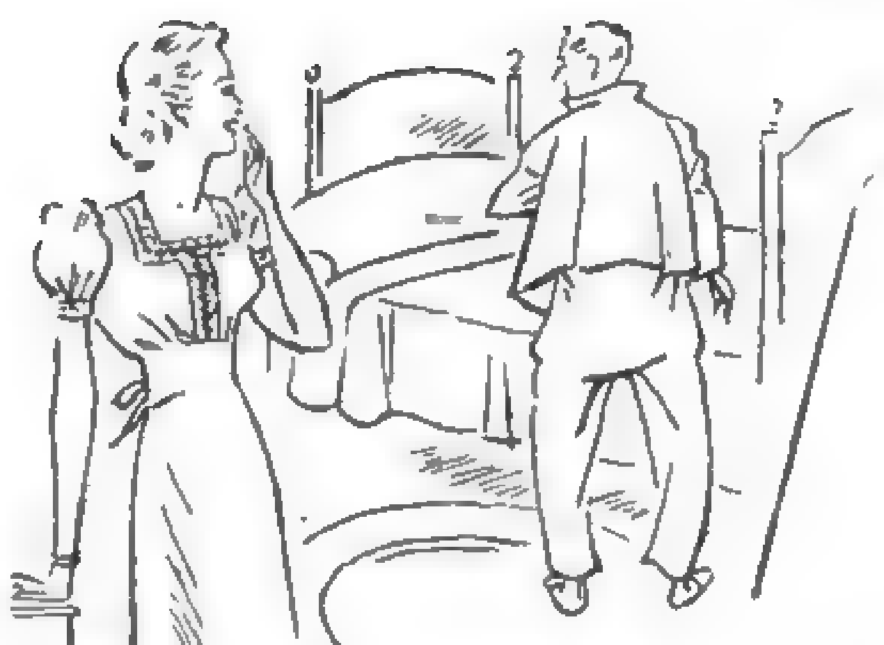

If your husband

is an object of merriment every time he puts on his pajamas, don't just laugh. You can *do something* about it *this Christmas.* There is

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**Style illustrated is "Streamliner," richly striped charmeuse in green, maroon, navy, $4. Similar pattern in foulard, $3.*

WITH ADJUSTO-BAND WAIST

Happy Pioneers Day

Continued from pages 78-141

it. You sort o' haff to begin turnin' the corner in the middle of the block."

"Listen at that there engine," said Smoot. "Jist like a sewin' machine. I wish I owned this here jaloppy. I'd be goin' places all the time."

They stopped for gasoline. The station attendant checked the oil. "About four quarts down," he said pleasantly.

"Huh!" cried Cleasby. "Say, how many quarts does she hold altogether?"

"Five," said the attendant.

"What a car!" Smoot exclaimed. "Jist like brannew."

"Well, fill 'er up," Cleasby said. When it was serviced and the attendant had carefully wiped the windshield they once more set out on their way.

"I'm gittin' hungry," said Ortwingle.

"Alwys thinkin' of his belly," Smoot remarked. "What a guy. You ain't gonna git to be no pioneer by alwys thinkin' of your belly."

"Well, is any lawr that it says I ain't allowed to git hungry any time I like?" Ortwingle complained.

"The army isn't feedin' you in no mess hall now, remember," said Smoot. "Jist look at that there scenery. Boy, that is some scenery."

"What the hell good is scenery?" Ortwingle demanded. "You can't eat any scenery."

"Ain't you got no beauty up inside you? Scenery is what gives you beauty up inside of you. Them there green trees and bugs flyin' around and birds and fields of clover. That's beauty. Painters is alwys paintin' scenery because they got beauty up inside of them."

"Well, what are we suppose to be, pioneers or painters?" Ortwingle asked sourly.

"What a guy. Ain't you never felt the call of the outdoors ringin' in your bones?"

"There's a funny sound ringin' in my ears," said Edwards. "Listen."

"I hear a funny sound too," said Cleasby.

"That's what I think," said Corky.

"There sure is a funny sound," Ortwingle agreed.

"Purrin' right along," said Smoot. "Sounds wonderful to me. Oh, I will sing you a song of the great outdoors, where men are m—"

A crack like a pistol shot rang out. And another. "She's beginnin' to backfire," Cleasby announced.

"Jist a little gas in the system," Smoot minimized the explosions. "Plenty o' people is alwys gittin' a little gas in the system. That ain't nothin'."

The car continued to bang. "What makes it backfire?" asked Edwards.

Cleasby shrugged his shoulders as the car lost acceleration. "Maybe it's out o' time."

Another terrific explosion, and the car came to a standstill. "Let me out of here," said the corporal. "I've got a little old grey-haired mother back home."

"It's jist possibly outa time," said Smoot. "That watch I got in my footlocker, it's alwys outa time too. It don't mean a thing."

"Can you fix it?" said Edwards to Cleasby.

"I dunno." He moved to lift up the hood. "Holy Jeez, I guess there ain't no water in the radiator, for one thing. It's red hot. Here, wait'll I take a look inside tha hood."

After about fifteen minutes Cleasby lifted his grease-smudged face and turned toward the others. "Here's what I got figgered out," he said. "In the first place, I think it's a cracked block. The radiator leaks like a sieve. There's two of them spark plugs don't work at all. And somethin' got caught in the timin' gear and chewed it all up. I don't think it'd work even if I could put it back together again. A couple o' conduit wires is short-circuitin', and there ain't any headlights."

"It's daytime," said Smoot. "What do we want with headlights?"

"There's a flat tire over on this side," Ortwingle announced.

Smoot took a deep breath and shook his head. "It's possibly we ain't gonna git to this here Pioneers Day after all. After me raisin' this beard, too. I wanted to see them pioneers all dressed and them girls in ole-fashioned skirts and Indians raisin' hell. Look!" he added, his enthusiasm reviving. "I got a great idear. We can all hitch-hike."

"Lock him up, men," said Edwards ironically. "His brain is caved in."

They sat down on the grass by the roadside. "There goes my ten berries," the corporal sighed. "What I ever listened to you rumdums for in the first place I don't know."

"How do we get this rattletrap back again?" Cleasby inquired.

"Jist leave it sit there," said Corky. "If it's all busted to hell nobody ain't gonna be able to drive it away, that's a cinch."

"That guy in the Drivit Yourself place, I signed up a slip it says if we don't bring the car back they can collect a hundred dollars offn our pay," said Smoot dejectedly. "I signed up everybody's name."

"You what!"

"Sure," said Smoot. "I figgered all for one and one for all. That's a nice motto."

"A nice mess, you mean," said Edwards. "I oughta make you guys put the dam thing up on your shoulders and carry it back."

"It's too far to walk," said Ortwingle. "I'm gittin' hungry."

"Well," said Corporal Edwards at last, "There's only just one thing that we can do. Let me have the rest of that money, Smoot."

Smoot handed it over resignedly.

The corporal signaled the next car that came along. "Havin' trouble, boys?" the driver inquired.

"How about ridin' into town with you?" asked the corporal.

"Sure. Hop right up."

An hour later Edwards returned with a wrecking car. The mechanic hoisted the flivver up off its front wheels. "Okay," he said. "Let's go."

"Well," said Smoot philosophically as they rode along slowly in the tilted car behind the wrecker, "I guess maybe them Pioneers Days is lousy anyway. It ain't make no sense of guys all dressin' up in them clothes and wearin' beards and all. Me, what I like is scenery. Scenery is got Pioneers Days beat a mile. It gives you beauty up inside of you. Jist look at them birds and flowers."

"When do we eat?" asked Ortwingle for the dozenth time. "My stummick is about to bust open with hunger."

"I never wanted to be no pioneer nohow," Smoot shrugged. "Gimme scenery every time."

Mervin Jules: Maverick in Art

Continued from page 49

and made frames. He lived on a budget of around $8 a week. He never had more than two meals within any twenty-four hour period, and one of them was brunch. Twice a week he walked to and from the New School for Social Research, where he was taking supplementary courses. The statement of these ordeals may sound heroic, but they are always less pleasant in the experiencing and perhaps Jules privately wished that he could exchange them for the certainty of a living wage in a decent trade or profession, say, like teaching. But the choice had been made and the opportunities for retreat did not seem to be inviting.

He returned to Baltimore one year after he had left it. He was probably discouraged. He may have had an attack of defeatism. Still interested in teaching, he persuaded the Jewish Educational Alliance to allow him to organize a class in painting and modeling for children, among whom he found much creative talent. Subsequently he condensed this experience into one of his paintings. For the dramatic club run by the Alliance he designed and executed stage sets.

His interest in stage directing has continued and if the reading of books by Stanislavsky and others could make a man a stage director, Jules is that man. He looks at movies, the best of them, preferably, with the eyes of a trained outsider. In quest of the almighty, and damned necessary, dollar, Jules also painted china for the trade and minded babies for parents who wanted to spend an evening out. Whenever necessary, he resumed working in his father's shop and helped his uncle in his clothing store. For a time he served as cutter in a clothing loft, and subsequently did a series of paintings on the industry. As an artist, he combines sympathy and caricature, sympathy for the worker and the underprivileged, caricature for the rich and the wasters. The painting called *The Lady and the Artist* is a statement expressive of Jules' attitude toward the underprivileged creator and the overprivileged potential patron. In the meantime, he was painting; he had rented a studio in a loft building and was making pictures out of his knowledge and experience of life. These were probably weaker versions of the paintings reproduced. Not only did he paint his social attitude into his pictures, he also expressed it by helping to organize the Baltimore Artists' Union, in which he still has an expatriate's interest.

The first time a Mervin Jules painting was seen in public was at the 1935 all-Maryland show at the Baltimore Museum and then at the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington. From a regional exhibition the following year Mr. Phillips bought a picture, the first Jules sale worth mentioning. The first time a Jules was shown in New York was at a group show at the A.C.A. Gallery, of work by members of the Baltimore Artists' Union, in 1936.

He came to New York in the following year, prepared to stay and conquer. Pooling his resources with those of a mural painter and a writer, he rented a loft in an old studio building on lower Fifth Avenue and turned it into a combined work place and living quarters. The labors of marketing, cooking, dishwashing, cleaning, bed-making and bill-paying are equitably divided, Jules' chief functions consisting of marketing and preparing menus in which minimum sums buy balanced diets. He also pays the bills, and keeps them down. The regime is Spartan and the only extravagance that is permitted is conversation. There is neither drinking nor smoking. At the beginning the boys shared in the operating costs of an old jalopy, but upon its disintegration no effort was made to find another.

Rising at seven in the morning and at six in the summertime, Jules found plenty of time for painting after marketing and between meals. Artists, if none others, saw his work and encouraged him to go on. Harry Sternberg and Stuyvesant Van Veen were especially impressed. They told Hudson Walker about Jules and when the artist called at Mr. Walker's gallery to show his pictures, Mr. Walker promised him an exhibition on the spot. In preparation for this show, Jules went into the coal mining area for subject matter and painted, among other things, *Mine Baseball*, which, following its display in Jules' first one-man show November 1937,

Continued at top of page 144

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Mervin Jules: Maverick in Art

Continued from pages 49-143

went into the Stephen Clark collection. Other collectors bought. The artist could begin to breathe freely at last—as an artist. From an eight dollars a week rate he stepped up his living standards to a twelve dollars weekly average and a maximum of fifteen dollars. The most Spartan of artists must rebel at times against the constant compulsion of penny-pinching. The press was good; in fact, it was generous.

With his dealer's assurance that he could have another one-man show the following season, Jules stayed on in New York, and painted. For five weeks during the summer of 1938 he was a guest at the MacDowell Colony at Peterboro, Vermont. *Country Auction* was the only completed picture developed from the landscape notes made during this stay. Jules uses landscape as subsidiary to his peopled themes, as in *The Ivory Tower, The Liberals* and his almost muralistic prophecies of a better future for mankind. His second one-man show was held in February, 1939. The press was again generous, and collectors continued buying.

In Philadelphia, the Carlin Galeries gave him a one-man show and Baltimoreans saw his things at the Y. M. H. A. and friends proved their loyalty. At the present writing he is working toward his third one-man show at which he will exhibit chiefly, if not exclusively, paintings in oils instead of egg tempera, which has been his medium up to now. He proposes to exhibit no pictures, in whatever medium, unless they make manifest change, or advance. Such a resolve tells us that Mervin Jules is still a young man.

He possesses an active social conscience. His paintings make that plain. He is active in the American Artists Congress and much of his time is taken up and gladly given to a long series of committee meetings. With Arnold Blanch and Harry Sternberg he serves on an advisory committee for the Young American Artists group of the Congress. Recently he was elected to An American Group. He is interested in movies and reading, and his favorite poets are Day and Auden. He has long since accepted music as an avocation and has developed a curiosity in chemistry and biology. On the side, he has completed the outline of a book which he hopes to make a text for the instruction of painters and those who hope some day to become painters. If this work is ever completed, and when it is, perhaps the author will not raise really serious objections to its adoption as a text for the teaching of teachers who are eligible to teach art in the public school system of Baltimore.

He admires the dignity of work, and condemns the waste of human effort. He feels optimistic about things in general. He feels that there is a solution for human problems and he hopes that this solution will be for the greatest good. He hopes that he reflects this optimism in his subject matter and in his approach to it. He feels that a better day is coming.

A Kingdom for a Record

Continued from page 55

if you fight, it is more fun to win.

The Frenchman does not train at all; he wants to be amused. The Englishman doesn't like to train much, he relaxes, he wants to get some recreation out of sport. The American is deadly serious, he trains until he works himself into a nervous breakdown, he concentrates, he specializes. His training program becomes so tremendous, so enormous, that the English can only shake their heads. But then, it is usually the Americans who beat the English. And that is what they want. And what they want even more, is to break World's Records, and that they do too.

The record is an American phenomenon. The idea of the record is practically identical with the idea of American sport. The man who wants to establish a record must run faster than his opponent, must jump higher and wider. He must beat his opponent to begin with, but in establishing the record, he doesn't only beat this one opponent, he beats so to say, every theoretically possible opponent. For in establishing this record, he runs faster, jumps higher and wider than ever any man did before him. The establishment of the World's Record is, therefore, the absolute K. O. of each and every opponent.

A Kingdom for a World's Record! A Kingdom for a World's Record! Wherever you look, they try to establish some World's Record, they prepare you for World's Records in the Universities, in High School, in Grade School, even in Kindergarten. World's Records in every sport. In swimming, in running, in skating, bicycle riding, skiing, motor boating, automobile racing, air racing . . . For instance . . . but no, I didn't want to give any figures, and there wouldn't be any sense in it either. Before they were printed, there would be new records.

The Record, incidentally, also has a psychology all its own. Somehow, I believe the record to be of female sex. I imagine it to be an *oiseau rebelle* that is difficult to capture, and that comes around when you don't expect it, and that flies away when you pursue it most. Yes, exactly as Carmen describes love. If this were not so, you could expect a new World's Record in American schools and universities practically every day, so hard do they train for new records. You would expect them as you can expect a sandwich in an Automat restaurant. You put your dime into the slot, and out comes a World's Record.

Alas! Such is not the case. The record is a willful wild bird. . . . Last June everyone in the Sports world expected a new World's Record to be established in Princeton, New Jersey. The one-mile race had modestly been publicized as the "Mile of the Century." The best milers of our time were to compete; some of them had broken the previous record once or even more often. It was practically certain that such a competition would create a new World's Record.

It didn't, though. On the contrary, the time of the mile finally achieved practically horrified the experts, and the man who according to them could not possibly lose the race, Mr. Wooderson from England, finished fifth. The result might have been different, but then, there were only five men competing.

About fifteen years ago . . . no, I think I shall have to start differently. Fifteen years in the history of sports is something like a thousand or two thousand years anywhere else. In regard to sports performances or records, people have so short a memory that its shortness seems to establish a World's Record in itself. Well, to come back: once upon a time there was a Finnish runner whose name was Paavo Nurmi. For several seasons he would set all New York agog when running in Madison Square Garden by breaking World's Records, at the rate of a dime a dozen. In a geographical sense, Nurmi was a Finn all right, but in a deeper sense, he was an American. He was so superior to his opponents that he couldn't bother to run against them. He ran against a clock which he carried in his hand. He ran against time. He bothered only with World's Records and he would establish them, beat them, re-establish them at will. There was one day, though, when he not only failed to establish World's Records but was actually beaten by some of his opponents. The utterly surprised public read the next day in the newspapers that Nurmi was suffering from slight indigestion. All the sports reporters seemed grief-stricken. Only one commented quite cheerfully—I think it was Heywood Broun, and I quote from memory—

"It seems lucky that Nurmi ate too much and suffered from slight indigestion. It seems lucky indeed, that he finally did lose a race, because now we know that he is not a robot but actually a human being with a stomach and other human organs."

But Nurmi was after all, a machine. Even though he had stomach trouble from time to time. Jesse Owens who very often has been called a record machine, is really not one. Owens established records, when it was necessary to do so in order to win a race. One historic afternoon he even established three World's Records. He did it with ease, without working up a sweat, almost playfully. He ran as others dance. Then again, he just won a race without bothering about the record. "Why should I?" he asked me on one occasion, "I won, all right, didn't I?"

Of all the people, who broke World's Records, the one I personally liked most, was Eleanor Holm. I hasten to add that I would think her just as wonderful if she had never established any backstroke World's Record. But that's another story. The amusing fact about the whole record-breaking business of Miss Holm, was, that she practically never indulged in training. On the contrary, she tried to have as much fun as possible, and she had it too, she danced, she spent nights in night clubs and she was very fond of champagne. But best of all: she didn't make a secret of it, on the contrary she was very frank about it. The officials had no choice. They simply had to disqualify her. They could have forgotten about the champagne and the night clubs, if Miss Holm had at least been obliging enough to get herself beaten after drinking champagne. But no, she had to drink champagne and beat World's Records immediately afterwards. One simply can't do such things. What would the world come to? How can you expect our youth to work up enthusiasm for the training rules in order to break World's Records, if at the same time, a young girl with a complete disregard for such rules, just goes on and on beating World's Records?

But let's forget about sports for a moment. World's Records exist not only in this world; they have left its limits long ago, and they have become a factor of great importance in our every-day lives. There are records today for practically everything. And there are enough people alive in America whose only goal seems to be to beat existing records and establish new ones. And I speak of records in flag-pole sitting, frog jumping, distance spitting, kissing, oyster shucking, cherry pie baking, pencil sharpening, mutual face slapping, cheese and banana eating, raw oyster eating, mustache growing, etc. . . .

A Kingdom for a Record! It seems as if everything we do or think about is somehow governed by the conception of a record. We don't say: "Today is a cold day, or today is a hot day." We say: "This is the coldest February 18th, since the year 1827." A young boy in Kansas City is run over by an automobile. He is saved. We read: "Virgil Randall Convalescent in Kansas City Hospital Came Through Auto Accident Alive to Preserve City's Record of 427 Days Without Traffic Fatality." A murderer gets away with life imprisonment. We read: "X Beats Chair." A New York newspaper publishes a story about how the citizens are fed. Title: "New Yorkers Best Fed in World." We only need glance through any newspaper to find dozens of examples.

Will this go on? Will this never

Continued at top of page 146

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A Kingdom for a Record

Continued from pages 55-145

stop? To come back to sports: The above mentioned Nurmi who is still very much alive, and even in the best of health, which is very rare for a sportsman past forty, indeed, said some time ago in an interview, that all the World Records from 800 meters to 10,000 meters, would tumble within the next few years. We'll have to bear it somehow.

The American coach Brutus Hamilton a few years ago published a very excellent study, called *The Ultimate of Human Effort*. In this study and in table form, he tries to figure out the limits of human ability for the different sports categories. According to Brutus Hamilton, we are not far away from those limits. But I am told that recent developments have already negated the table in one or two points, and that records have been established which according to Hamilton were not humanly possible.

Well, there we go . . . Where are we going? Will we run faster and faster? Will we jump higher and higher? Will we finally develop into some kind of Uebermensch, though not exactly of the type Nietzsche foresaw?

Oh, no . . . don't worry. It won't be as bad as all that. Because one day this whole record business will be stopped. One fine day we shall awake and shall hear nothing more of records. Perhaps at that, this day is not so far away.

And then, a hundred or a hundred and fifty years from now people will write and read books about our time—if people then write or read. (Incidentally, I don't feel very happy when I think what the future historians may say about us.) But one thing is certain, there will be in every book one chapter about the Record craze of this time. The writers will have to explain at great length, for it will be rather difficult to make their public understand what a record is, and why the people at the beginning of the 20th century were so wild about establishing as many as possible. The authors will even name those who in their time established the most important World's Records. And they will spell their names incorrectly. And nobody will care. ⧺

On the Record

Continued from page 90

Sweet Music. Need you know more?

Folk Songs from Siberia, Kazakastan, Turkestan and Bashkir. Sung by Lydia Chaliapin. Columbia P-4230-31-M. Unusual, atmospheric tunes from the great Asiatic storehouse of folklore, these have been doctored up and orchestrated by Maximilian Steinberg, son-in-law of Rimsky-Korsakoff. They are sung effectively by the daughter of the incomparable Feodor, but lack profound penetration.

Mozart: Symphony in D major ("Prague"). Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic. Victor M-457. Here, heavy, heavy hangs over Bruno Walter's head. There is always the tear; it is as though he were weeping his soul out. Never academic, Herr Walter enjoys the music so much himself that he loses its form. The quality of the strings is good; the other instruments, not. The pick-up is muffled—not to be compared with English or American recordings.

Strauss: Traum durch die Dämmerung and *Mailied*. Sung by Lauritz Melchior. Victor 1980. The Met's Siegfried croons Strauss and brings it off with restraint, better than you might expect—letting the microphone amplify the timbre of his *mezza-voce*. The May-Song is unimportant.

FOR THE INCINERATOR:

Fritz Kreisler: Excerpts from *The King Steps Out*. Sung by Grace Moore. Orchestra directed by Josef Pasternak. Decca 23000-01. The violinist's tunes—some from the operetta *Sissy*, adapted with new words for the movie *The King Steps Out*. Miss Moore does her best to give importance to what she is doing, but the spirit escapes her. The tempo is slow. She is heavy, labored, sings the *Old Refrain* in the style of *Vissi d'Arte*. Her voice is vulgar, common, and is much darkened: she scoops, flats and exhibits other characteristic faults.

Mossolov: The Steel Foundry (from *Symphony of Machines* and *Meyluss: The Dnieper Water Power Station*. Orchestre Symphonique of Paris conducted by Julius Ehrlich. Columbia P-17121-D. All noise, no melody. An abortive attempt of the Soviets to interest their citizens in the accomplishments of the proletariat. To be played on moving day.

R. Strauss: Freundliche Vision and *Ständchen*. Played as piano solos by Walter Gieseking. Decca 20053. Musically, this is inexcusable. In short, rape! Gieseking naturally plays exquisitely, if with excessive rubato. The original songs need no arrangement.

Tchaikovsky: Concerto No. 1, in B-flat minor. Artur Rubinstein accompanied by the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by John Barbirolli. Victor M-180. The orchestra proceeds from a faulty splotch of intonation on the opening horn theme to chaos in the middle. You hear only a rough muddle. Rubinstein, who plays with gusto, is hammy here. Occasionally, he prepares a great sweep that exactly suits this music, but then the orchestra doesn't sustain him. John Barbirolli, who can give expert accompaniments, must have been nervous when this was recorded. He seldom leads or accompanies, but merely tags along. The pianist does the conducting, and the results are worthy of your incinerator. ⧺

On the Record

BEST SELLERS

Permanent — *Transient*

Columbia Recording Corp., Bridgeport, Conn.

Permanent (COLUMBIA)

Four Indian Love Lyrics (Woodforde-Finden); Nelson Eddy. Set X-150

Suite No. 2 ("Indian") Op. 48 (MacDowell); Howard Barlow & Columbia Broadcasting Symphony. Album M-373

Prelude À L'Après-Midi d'Un Faune (Debussy); Sir Thomas Beecham & London Philharmonic Orchestra. 69600-D

Symphony No. 94 in G Major (Haydn); Howard Barlow & Columbia Broadcasting Symphony. Album M-363

Reverie (Debussy); *Serenade* (Strauss), (Arr. Gieseking); Walter Gieseking. 17138-D

Symphony No. 4 in E Minor (Brahms); Felix Weingartner & London Symphony Orchestra. Album M-335

Transient (COLUMBIA)

Comes Love; Rendezvous Time in Paree; Benny Goodman. 35201

Day In—Day Out; Put That Down in Writing; Kay Kyser. 35202

I Must Have One More Kiss Kiss Kiss; What Is This Thing Called Love; Eddy Duchin. 35204

(VOCALION)

It's a Hundred to One; When I Climb Down from My Saddle; Dick Jurgens. 5063

How Long Blues; Sub-Deb Blues; Count Basie. 5010

Utt Da Zay; Crescendo in Drums; Cab Calloway. 5062

Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Peter and the Wolf (Serge Prokofieff); Serge Koussevitzky & Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-566

Sonata No. 23 in F Minor (Appassionata); (Beethoven); Walter Gieseking. Columbia M-365

Johann Strauss Waltzes; Arthur Fiedler & Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor M-445

Duets for Soprano & Tenor (Robert Schumann); Lotte Lehman, Lauritz Melchior, Bruno Reibold & Orchestra. Victor M-560

Blue Orchids; Day-In—Day-Out; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26339

Jumpin' Jive; Trylon Swing; Cab Calloway. Vocalion 5005

What's New?; Girl of My Dreams; Bing Crosby. Decca 2671

Over the Rainbow; Ding Dong the Witch is Dead; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10366

Liberty Music Shop, Inc., New York

D Major Concerto for Violin & Orchestra (Brahms); Jascha Heifetz, Koussevitzky & Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-581

Encores—Scherzo & Adagio from Quartet in F Major (Beethoven); *Moto Perpetuo* (Paganini); Arturo Toscanini & NBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-590

Goin' Home (Dvorak's *Largo*); *The Bailiff's Daughter;* Lawrence Tibbett. Victor 15549

Ca Fait Boum; J'Attendrai; Joseph Rines & Hotel St. Regis Orchestra. Liberty L-270

I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Love Never Went to College; Benny Goodman. Columbia 35230

Man With New Radio; Hazy and Blue; Alec Templeton. Victor 26348

RCA Manufacturing Co., Camden, N. J.

(RED SEAL)

Isolde's Liebestod, Tristan und Isolde (Wagner); Kirsten Flagstad. 8859

The Donkey Serenade; Giannina Mia; (Harbach-Friml); Allan Jones. 4380

Blue Danube Waltz (J. Strauss, Op. 314); *Tales From the Vienna Woods* (J. Strauss); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. 15425

Album of Victor Herbert Melodies; Victor Salon Group & Orchestra. C-33

Abe Lincoln in Illinois; Raymond Massey. M-591

(VICTOR)

Blue Orchids; Day In—Day Out; Tommy Dorsey. 26339

Over the Rainbow; The Jitterburg; Larry Clinton. 26174

Goodnight My Beautiful; Are You Having Any Fun; Tommy Dorsey. 26335

(BLUEBIRD)

Day In—Day Out; Put That Down in Writing; Artie Shaw. B-10406

You Meet the Nicest People in Your Dreams; Honey Hush; "Fats" Waller. B-10346

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Cut Yourself a Slice of Show

Continued from page 58

keep for yourself, skip them."

So he hollers out, "Messages like nothing she can skip. When I tell her to do something I want it done. I'm just as much of a boss around here as you are."

So I hollers at him, "How can you be an equal boss around here with me if you don't even want to have part in my show?"

So he says, "Just because you're a fool, am I gonna let you walk out with a show under my own nose? The script was sent in here to Burr and Burns to read and if it's produced by either one of us, that's the way it's gonna be produced."

"So okay," I says. "So Burns and Burr will produce it. So why are you stopping progress by keeping Sallie standing around here with nothing to do instead of doing some work?"

So he says, "Who's keeping her standing around? Who sent for her in the first place? Who needs her?"

So that was that and we were friends again and we started right in producing the show.

Well, it was a good show, I knew that, but I just couldn't get going on it. Everything went wrong. I guess what was really the matter was that Ira kept barking at me all the time. Nothing satisfied him. Nothing was any good. Everything was always all wrong. Well, how can you expect a man to do business under those conditions?

Like, for instance, I made a deal with Henry Hill to play the lead. Now, I know as well as you do that Hill is a $1,000 actor, but he didn't like the part, and he didn't like the play, so how could I get him unless I paid him twelve fifty?

So right away, Ira squawks.

"Have you gone entirely out of your mind?" he says. "That ham ain't worth no more than five hundred, at the most."

"You paid him eight fifty yourself last year," I says.

"That's different," he says. "That was in a play, not in a turkey."

"But this ain't no turkey," I says "it's gonna be a big smash."

"It ain't never gonna be no smash," he says, "if you overpay all the actors."

"I ain't overpaying all of them," I says. "I'm only giving Hill a little extra because he wouldn't accept less."

"Why not?" Ira asks.

"Because he doesn't like the play," I says.

"He's right," Ira says.

So I stopped talking to him altogether. What's the use of arguing with a stubborn ox?

But still and all, after thinking it over, I didn't want to hurt Ira's feelings too much, so I asked Hill to talk to him and Hill did, and the long and short of it was Ira made a deal with him, no salary, but Hill gets a piece of the show.

Well, all right. Me, I don't do business like that. I don't like it. Never give away a piece of the show. Either you got confidence in your property or not. If you have, take a chance, put your show on, and cash in. If you ain't, don't do it altogether. But still and all, I'm not stubborn. I'm always willing to give in to keep peace in the family. So Hill got a ten per cent cut.

And then on the sets. Now, that's a different story. Salary for actors, you can always take it out of the b.o. after the show opens, but a designer, you gotta pay in advance, cold cash. So I made a deal with Will Karson, and I gave him a ten per cent cut cold.

That didn't satisfy Ira neither.

"What's the matter with five per cent?" he says.

"I ain't no cheap guy, like certain other people I know," I says, "and furthermore, if you think it's such a turkey, what do you care how much of it I give away?"

"Maybe you're right," he says. "You can't give away too much of nothing."

That gives you an idea of the problem I was up against all the way through. From the very first minute.

But still, in spite of it all, I went ahead, and I got the show cast, and I got everything started, and finally we opened up in Baltimore, and I looked at it.

Well, what's the use kidding? It stunk up the house. I guess maybe there was so much opposition to me all the way through that I just couldn't see straight.

But, like I said before, I'm not stubborn. I can take it. I made a mistake and I was willing to admit it. The show was no good.

I thought it over, and then I thought it over some more, and the more I thought about it, the more I realized I was in a spot. There was only one thing to do, get out from under.

So I got busy, and just to show you the kind of guy I am, I didn't waste any time. It didn't take me long before I sold 50 per cent of the show.

I didn't get much money for it. Nobody's crazy enough to give you a lot of dough for a show when all they got to do is just take a look at the stage and they can smell the cranberries. But still and all I got enough to get out from under.

And then I dug up Ira and I told him. I don't believe in evading the issue. If I'm licked, I'm licked.

"Ira," I says. "I guess I owe you an apology. The show's from hunger."

"It's worse than that," he says.

"We gotta sell it," I says.

"Who would buy it?" he says.

"I don't know," I says. "But maybe we can find a sucker somewhere to buy a piece of it."

"There ain't nobody in the world as crazy as that," he says.

"Maybe we can sell about fifty per cent, anyway," I says. "It's worth trying, ain't it?"

"Naw," he says. "Why waste time and get headaches? Nobody would buy."

He lights a new cigar and he looks at me and he says, "Besides, my fifty per cent I already sold."

"Your fifty per cent you already sold?" I says. "How much did you get for it?"

"Not much," he says. "But it pays for my half of the expenses, so what can I lose?"

"And me you don't care about, huh?" I says.

"Well, listen," he says, "I only got one life to live. I can't go around worrying about everything. I got to protect my own flesh and blood. Besides, I told you a long time ago it was a turkey."

So, now that I knew what kind of a double-crosser he was, and saw that I didn't have to be afraid of hurting his feelings or anything, I told him.

"You think you're a smart guy, huh?" I say. "You go behind my back and do a terrible thing like that, sell out your own partner, and you have the nerve to stand there and look in my eyes and tell me that you don't care how much I'm stuck, huh?"

He don't say anything, but I can see I really got him.

So then I give it to him. I spill the works.

"Well, fine," I says. "Fine, Mr. Wise Guy. Only now let me tell you something. While you were sneaking around, behind your own partner's back, trying to murder him, I was trying to do some legitimate business for the firm and I sold fifty per cent of the show, too."

"But you haven't got fifty per cent," he says, "You only got thirty. You gave away twenty per cent, didn't you?"

"It so happens, Mr. Burr," I says, "that I didn't give away nothing. But Burns and Burr gave away twenty per cent, so Burns and Burr only had eighty per cent left, so I only had forty per cent left, and that's all you had, too, Mr. Burr."

"So, if you only had forty," he says, "how come you sold fifty?"

"And what you did we're gonna forget about, huh?" I says.

"No," he says. "There's nothing to forget. I was only working for the good of the firm. How did I know you had gone and pulled a crooked deal?"

So I lost my temper and I says, "Mr. Burr, I will thank you to remember whom you are talking to. Nate Burns has a reputation in this business and he never pulls any crooked deals, like for instance, some people I could mention."

So Sallie, who's a smart girl, and who's been listening to all this, butts in and says,

"Can I say something, please?"

So I says, "Why not? You ain't tongue-tied, are you?"

So Ira says, "You keep your nose out of it."

So I says, "Go ahead, Sallie, what's on your mind?"

So she says, "The show is very bad, isn't it, Mr. Burns?"

So I says, "Who says it's bad?"

So she says, "I heard you telling Mr. Burr that it was hopeless."

So Ira says, "What right you got to be listening in on our private conversation?"

So she says, "I couldn't help hearing what you were saying, Mr. Burr."

So he says, "So put cotton in your ears if they're too big."

So I says, "Leave the kid alone, will you, Ira? Let's hear what she's got to say. Maybe she has an idea."

So he says, "The only ideas she ever gets is new ways to ask for a raise."

So she says, "That's not fair, Mr. Burr. I haven't asked you for a raise for a whole week now and it's a good idea, even if I didn't ask for it. And anyway, all I'm trying to tell you is that if you have sold 120 per cent of the show and the show flops, why you're that much ahead, and you can't lose anything, and maybe even make some profit."

So, being pretty quick in mathematics, I could see right away that she was right, so I says, "She's right, Ira. We're saved."

But Ira is a pessimist, like I told you. He can't never see the bright side of nothing.

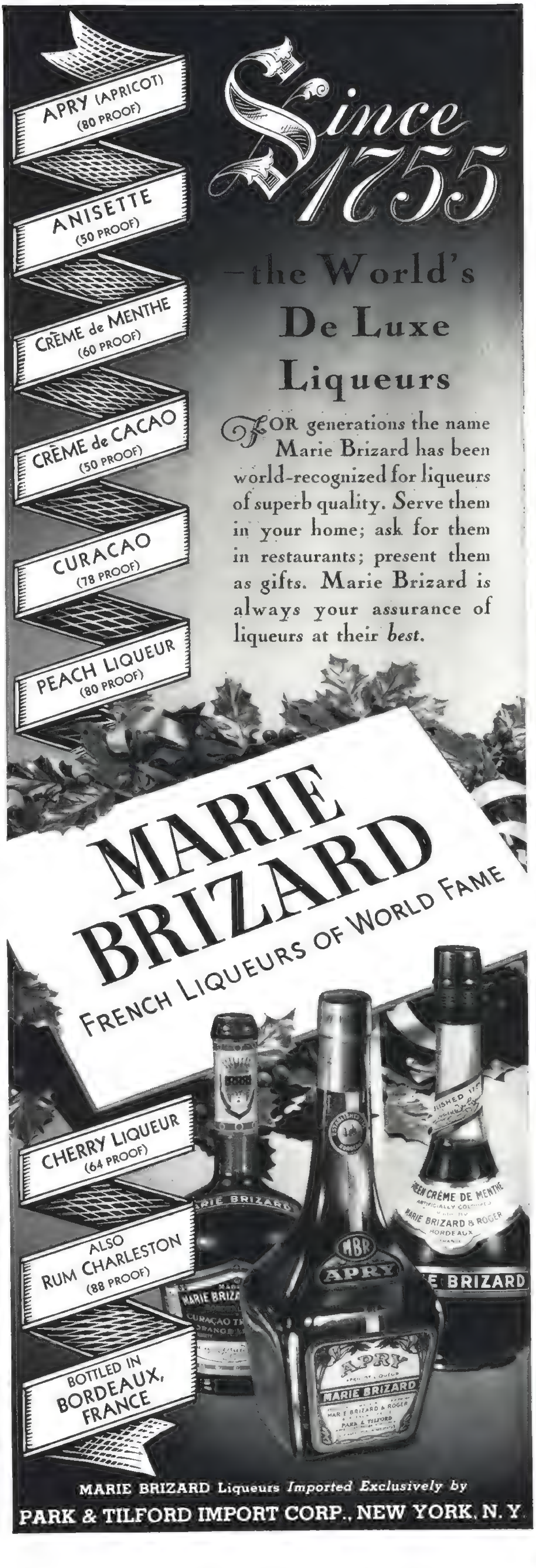
"What are you gonna do if the show's a hit?" he says.

"How can it be a hit?" I says. "Didn't we both see it? And didn't we both read the papers this morning?"

"You never can believe the papers," Ira says.

But I knew it was okay and I didn't have to worry and, just to show my appreciation I promised to give Sallie a bottle of perfume next Christmas and maybe, if business was good, even a raise.

And it was, too. It was a success all around. The show folded without even coming into New York. And we didn't have to pay Hill any salary at all because, like I explained to him, you can't squeeze lemon juice from an orange. And I paid off all the bills and had eight thousand dollars left from the investment. And about the scenery, Will Karson turned out to be a real sport. I let him keep all the scenery, instead of asking him to pay off ten per cent of the losses, like he should have, but I got a note from him of two thousand dollars, to be deducted from the cost of the sets he would do for me for our next show. #



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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 85

better you will take it. This reviewer does not believe that Moley's views on what the country needs are as sound as Moley thinks they are.

Raymond Moley, professor of social science, sometimes reveals himself as unaccountably naïve. Perhaps now that he is out of the government he will catch up on his reading. One book that might be suggested is Valeriu Marcu's *Accent on Power: The Life and Times of Machiavelli*, translated by Richard Winston (Farrar & Rinehart, $3). The subject is important and meaty. Machiavelli, the great formulator of the rules of politics *real* and *macht*, lived in a magnificent and violent Italy. It seems to me that the theme is a natural, but Marcu's turgid style slows up the story. It moves better after the first eighty-three pages, but never lives up to its possibilities.

Still in the political arena is David Loth's portrait of a prodigy, *Alexander Hamilton* (Carrick & Evans, $3). In a way it's odd that Loth himself didn't get around to writing the life of Machiavelli, which is right up his alley, for he has done two excellent books that bear on the subject: *Public Plunder*, a history of graft, and *Lorenzo the Magnificent*, which is the background of Machiavelli's world. Anyway, Alexander Hamilton is the American Machiavelli, the ambitious bastard upstart from the West Indies who became not only the greatest Secretary of the Treasury before Andy Mellon, but who was one of the few men among the Founding Fathers who knew what he wanted the country to be like and had the genius to make a groove for it. That's the groove the country has traveled ever since—traveled to material greatness, and latterly to disaster.

On second thoughts I find I should have mentioned this book in my first paragraph as among those which have made me keep late hours, for the biographical job Loth has performed on Hamilton ranks with Flexner's on the four artists. All five men, incidentally, lived their lives through approximately the same years, yet in what different worlds! I can respect the genius of a man like Hamilton (a Moley who dictated to his boss), but my affection and admiration go to the Charles Willson Peales.

* * *

Well, shall I go on with politics or with history? The road branches here. On the one hand we have Eduard Beneš' *Democracy Today and Tomorrow* (Macmillan $3). Don't trust a politician, not even a Czech politician (they always become "statesmen" at long distance) when he orates about "Democracy," even when it is material he has used in lectures at a great university. "I have admired the United States . . .; its growth, which nothing can check . . . (oh, no?) . . . Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln . . ."

What in hell is Democracy? Was Czechoslovakia a democracy? Is England, France? Ex-Statesman Beneš is too busy orating to define.

He says the world war represented the culmination "in a certain sense victoriously" of "the gigantic, century-old struggle for European democracy." I can find nothing worthwhile in the book that hasn't already been said.

There *is* a worthwhile book that Beneš could have written—the lowdown on Munich, plus Before & After, something along the lines of that juicy bit he gave Erika Mann for the *Chicago Daily News*, about how the Bolshies were ready to back up the Czechs but the Czech landlords were scared of such help, just as the big Polish landowners like Count Radziwill dictated to Beck and Smigly-Rydz the terms of a pact that sent Soviet Russia into a Nazi bed. Any piddling political science professor in a hick college can write the book Beneš has done.

As for the two historical items, *Traders' Dream: The Romance of the East India Company* by R.H. Mottram (Appleton-Century, $3) is a muffed chance to write the absorbing history of the business which resulted fumblingly in the British Empire—muffed because the story is told in stereotyped pedestrian style.

On the other hand Valerie Price's *His Majesty of Corsica* (Appleton-Century, $3.50) is a biography of no particular importance but pure story, colorfully told. The hero is one Theodore, Baron von Neuhoff, an adventurer, gambler, rake, international spy, professional soldier, and cosmopolite who served Louis XIV, Charles XII of Sweden, and other masters, managed to wangle the job of King of Corsica, and died a beggar in London. The author might have given the book meaning if she had paid attention to the background of mass misery against which her parasite moved and from which he drew his living. The absence of this background leaves some events rather puzzling. Why, after Charles XII was killed, did the Swedes so ruthlessly bump off Theodore's protector, the Holstein baron? I'm not much on history, but my guess is that the rising middle class was fed up with Charles's heroics, and that as soon as he was out of the way they massacred his advisers who for years had been taxing them to wage silly wars. But I don't want to end on a sour note, for *His Majesty of Corsica* has as much excitement in it as half a dozen romantic novels.

And here's one good self-story. *Diana, A Strange Autobiography* (Dial) will probably sell and be suppressed by censors. A woman hiding under the nom de plume of Diana Fredericks tells the moving life story of a Lesbian, an account so obviously honest and sincerely motivated that the Comstocks won't be able to stand it. Only one thing bothers me: how Diana could have been so sure, in her teens, that she was of the tribe—for the girlish experience on which her future course was based does not sound conclusive.

* * *

A LOAD OF FICTION

Scratch the Surface, by Edmund Schiddell (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). A fairish first novel about the highly personal problems of some Manhattanites in their 20's. Chief problem, Sex. Subsidiary one: what shall a young man do who has been supported by his wife for a year, especially when he finds her sleeping with his best friend? Interesting technique: action takes place in a day and a night, and flashbacks are well handled. Action is rapid, but main defect is that you aren't as concerned about the characters as the author is.

Save Me the Sun, by Hassoldt Davis (Henry Holt, $2.50). Love story of a married couple starring mainly the South Seas. Judy and Michael wake up to fact their marriage has soured, go to Tahiti to find each other again. They go native on the imaginary island of Tapu. Mr. Davis knows his South Seas and the local color saves his book from going as sour as the *Affaire* Mike-Judy.

Ararat, by Elgin Groseclose (Carrick & Evans, $2.50). Does well until about the time for the seventh-inning stretch when it suddenly takes a sentimental-propagandist let-us-go-back-to-Jesus line which struck me with consternation. Amos Lyle, a raw-boned Texan, turns from herding cows to herding souls. He is doing a bit of soul-gathering in the little town of Dilijan in Turkey at the time of the massacre of the Armenians, and succeeds in leading a few survivors into the Caucasus of Russia, where he builds a community that soon dies. Then he forms an unorthodox kind of home for orphaned and abandoned children.

When Russians and Turks clash and Armenia is crushed between them, he and his army of children escape into Persia. That's the plot at its barest, but it's a big story, with the restless currents and clashing philosophies of the period in it. Too big, in fact, to fit into a Sunday School tract.

On the other hand, Eric Linklater's *Judas* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00), takes a situation right out of the Christian tradition and makes it real and convincing in modern terms. Just how did the personality and mission of Jesus strike his immediate followers, and especially how did Judas come to betray his master? Linklater's interpretation of those hoary times is in line with many new factual works by Christian scholars who are still finding new things, and especially new ideas, to fill in the background.

It seems to me entirely reasonable that there should have been thousands of poor people who looked to Jesus for relief from their miseries. And it should not have been surprising that at least a few should have talked in terms that are very similar to modern class-struggle concepts. There is only one serious flaw in Linklater's portrait of Judas. How could Judas spend three passionate and believing years with Jesus and the disciples, and then in one week, for the first time realizing Jesus' threat to established property, suffer the doubts that led to the betrayal? A week isn't enough to set up against three years.

The first novel by poet Kenneth Fearing pries into a modern hospital from basement to operating rooms. *The Hospital* (Random House, $2) makes the point that a hospital is a sweatshop which works doctors, engineers, nurses to death and hates a union as much as does a unit of Little Steel. Lest this give you the notion that Mr. Fearing has been grim, let it be added that his novel is exciting, fast-moving, entertaining.

Another profession takes it on the chin in *Doctor's Oral*, by George R. Stewart (Random House, $2), author of the big-selling *East of the Giants*. Joe Grantland undergoes examination for the Ph.D., and a lot hangs on it—in fact, melodramatically too much—and whether he makes it or not depends on many things, not the least of them how the faculty members on the examining board feel about one another. You get the idea that professors are not angels, but at that I know the author pulled his punches.

Laura Riding's *Lives of Wives* (Random House, $2.50), I would characterize as a high-class misfire. Miss Riding's intention seems to have been to show the woman's side of some historical situations, out of historical research and some fictionization, and we watch through the glazed windows of her narrative style such famous ladies of the past as Amytis, Cyrus' queen, Olympias the wife of Philip of Macedon, Pythias the first Mrs. Aristotle, Cleopatra, and Herod's beautiful Queen Mariamne. Miss Riding is ridden by the necessity of telling so much complicated history as background to her wives' tales that the women are drowned in a sea of male facts. She might have done better taking a smaller canvas and going to work more intensively. Best part of the book is her story of Aristotle's household—this in spite of the fact that her anti-Aristotle and pro-Plato bias is strong.

Miss Riding seems to be a Platonist and maybe her failure (in my eyes) stems from that. To make history live nowadays, it seems you have to be a Marxist or a Pragmatist or something crude like that. Miss Riding ought to read Prof. Winspear's *Who Was Socrates?* and Linklater's *Judas* and Arthur Koestler's *The Gladi-*

Continued on page 153

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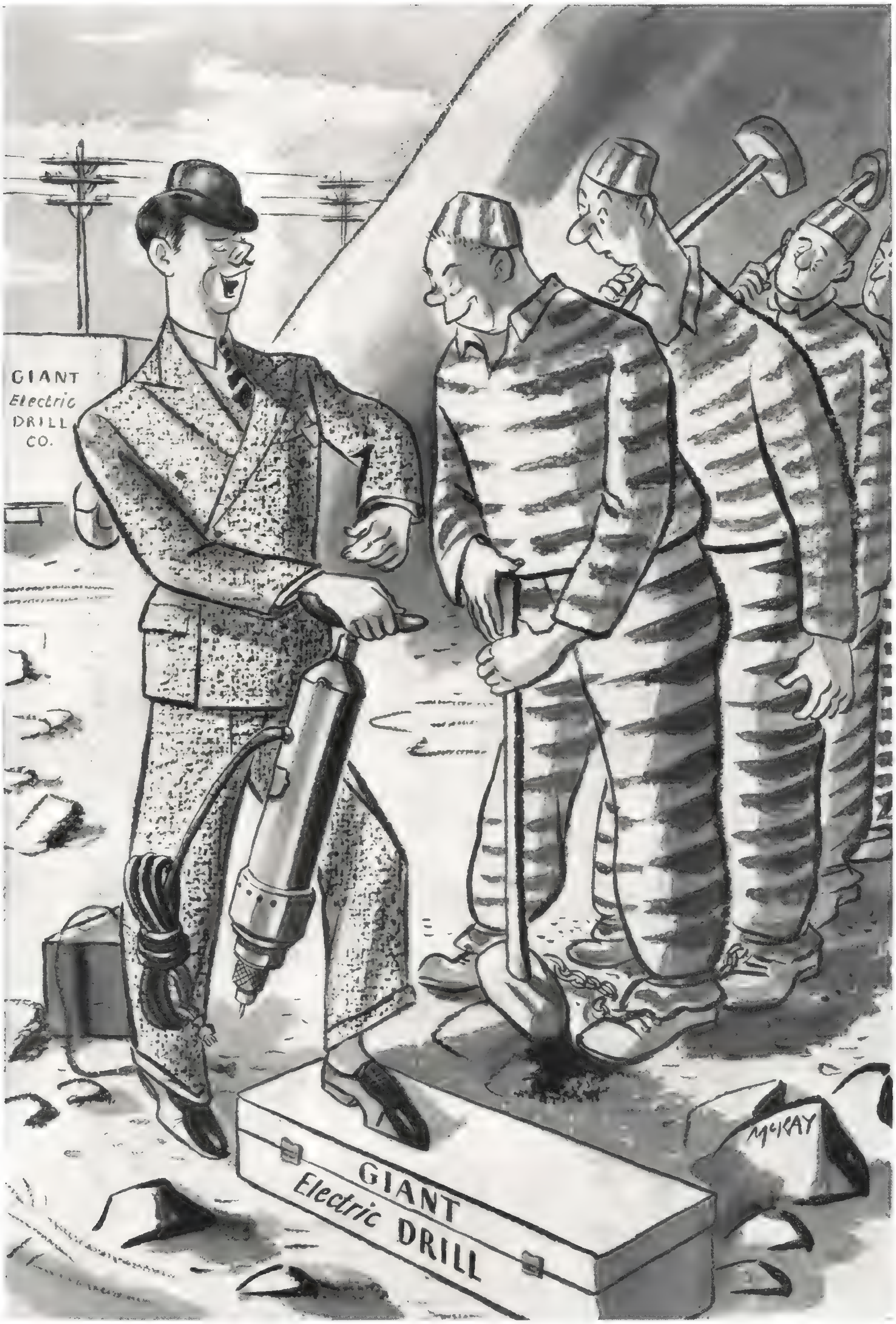
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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 85-150

ators. By the way, why doesn't someone do a novel out of Winspear's revaluation of Socrates? Shaw is too old—he might have got another *Caesar and Cleopatra* kind of play out of it.

Richard Aldington's *Rejected Guest* (Viking, $2.50), is, whether Aldington knows it or not, a cynical survey of moral and spiritual breakdown in an ugly caste system (England) that sticks even while it decays. If in the present World War II the British manage to lose their upper clawses it will be worth whatever it costs, even India.

David Norris, an illegitimate war baby, reared by poor grandparents, grows up to be a sensitive young man, discontented with the shabby class and neighborhood in which he lives, and ambitious to learn and find his intellectual equals. With five hundred pounds in pocket he is off to London to study biology—only to be disappointed both in his studies and in his fellows. Facing starvation he appears before an astounded baron as his bastard grandson, comes into an allowance, and finds that the highly born are as cruel, as empty-headed, and as bankrupt as the rest.

At the outbreak of World War II, ironically, comes this old-fashioned Lost Generation novel of the kind generated by World War I. Some organ-roller of words has said of this age that it is rich in possibility but bereft of hope. There is no hint in *Rejected Guest* that the world is rich in anything but despair, imbecility, and dry rot. David Norris looks for comfort to God, science, hedonism, love, and escape into the past. No soap. There is a hint that a something called the machine age is responsible for the mess.

Aldington's ideas are completely out of date, unless ivory tower frustration is ageless and of all time. The ordinary mortal does not appear, although you sense him somewhere on the margins as an uncouth animal. David meets him as he goes around collecting rents for his grandfather. Thousands of non-Davids seem to be living in squalor, eager for a chance to be cruel to someone. Although Mr. Aldington always writes with distinction, in this novel the impact of his personality is that of a half-educated and unconscious snob. The book ends as if a sequel were in mind, so maybe David will live, will learn. It will have to be a war book. (Are you trembling, with me, over the next crop of war books—the new Guy Empeys, *What Price Glories, Journey's Ends?*)

A Child of Our Time, by Odon Von Horvath (Dial, $2), a short, dramatic novel by the author of *The Age of the Fish*, tells us to believe what we want to believe—that among the Germans are many rebels against the Nazi way of life, that in time even the most ardent Nazi must wake to find his Fuehrer a ruthless criminal instead of a glorious, righteous leader. The story is told by a young man who was a World War baby and who comes to manhood in a world economically and socially closed to him.

The Nazi soldiery embraces him, and he is happy there with three meals a day, a uniform, and a purpose. He believes in Nazism, the glory of war, the uselessness of women save as bearers of children; in killing defenseless men, women and children, and overpowering a pacific neighbor for the sake of the Fatherland. But, losing an arm in that undeclared war, he quits the army, and then things start changing in his mind, slowly but surely, impelled by many human incidents.

I take this tale with a touch of skepticism because I want to believe it. I want to believe that pity, love, and our particular conception of justice cannot be taught away or trained away. But I remember that the human being is plastic, and that thought outside of the grooves of training is difficult.

The Child of Our Time was not Nazi-educated, and the description of his turn of mind is so simple and pat that one can think of all kinds of objections to it. The man born and bred into Nazism, the man described in *The Age of the Fish*, would probably have no such turnabout. He will be the world's greatest enemy, the super-brute, and I'm afraid of this little book because it tells us to expect well of young Germany, fitting in perfectly with our own wishful thinking.

In the good old romantic tradition of concentrating on a sector of troublesome past, strewing the pages with action, color, injustice and battle, comes *Watch for the Dawn* (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50). Author Stuart Cloete happily chooses for time and place a little known backwater of history—the African bush in the early 1800's, with the Boer frontiersmen coming up against heavy English rule and not liking it.

Our frontiersmen had the Indian to scare off; the Boers had the murderous African tribes. Mr. Cloete's description of a decisive battle with pygmies is a fascinating, bloody episode, in which one's sympathy is not entirely with the Boers.

There is a love story, a slim one. Our hero, Kaspar van der Berg, is engaged all through the book in battling bush, Englishmen, Africans, and his own conscience to get back to his spirited frontier lassie, Aletta. Two streams of action meet to form the story—Kaspar's adventures, and the abortive uprising of the Boers in which Kaspar finally takes part. Mr. Cloete knows his local color, but is no polished writer. Amateurisms of expression, conception, and action are plentiful.

Sailor off the Bremen, and Other

Continued on page 154

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 85-150-153

Stories, by Irwin Shaw (Random House, $2). A short story can be a powerful vehicle, a compressed bundle of dynamite. That is the kind of story that young Irwin Shaw creates—complete, economical, and so sharp and quietly bitter that it etches itself acidly on the mind.

We talk about the new social awareness among our writers, and critics professional and amateur argue that this awareness sacrifices character delineation—that propaganda in art is not art. Which you discover is hooey when you read Irwin Shaw, just as you discovered it when you read James Farrell's *Studs Lonigan*. Farrell moves like a sluggish river; Shaw is a three-star final, a bursting rocket, a smashing fist.

Shaw's stories are violent. His people are cracked on the head, kicked in the pants, socked below the belt by Circumstances—which may be economic forces or other people. They are the Little People (which maybe means you and me), facing the terrors of everyday life, often being licked by them but occasionally coming out on top.

It's hard to pick out the best of these stories. *Sailor off the Bremen*, and *Girls in their Summer Dresses* were widely acclaimed when they appeared in a magazine. But there is a general standard of excellence that makes all these stories better than just good.

Though, up to now, Mr. Shaw has not tried a long sustained work, I'd like to see him try it—but not at the cost of these perfect little dramas, each of them worth a dozen second-rate novels.

Remember John O'Hara? Just a few years ago he was the short story's white-headed boy. Author too of the celebrated *Butterfield 8* and *Appointment in Samarra*. Now we hear from him after an absence of five years in a volume of disappointing short stories called *Files on Parade* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), which, compared to Irwin Shaw's, are thin, positively emaciated. A woman discovers her husband is having an affair with her friend. A man meets his wife's ex and turns down his touch. The beginning of a match between two past middle age is ruined by a malicious telephone operator. Anecdotes of quiet malice, they seem designed to show the subtle, meaningless cruelty of people, and the frustrations of small people caught in a stagnant pocket of civilization.

* * *

The most timely item among the non-fictions is Leo M. Cherne's *Adjusting Your Business to War* (Tax Research Institute, $6.50), an advance Baedeker to the new bureaucratic United States that war will create. Most of this authoritative volume, which carries with it official blessings, considers trade and industry as conditioned by a war in which we are fighting, but Chapter 3 on *Trade in Wars not involving the United States* broadens the scope. The sections on procurement planning for war, the industrial mobilization plan, and the probable effect of war on profits and prices contain essential and highly interesting information.

Stewart Holbrook, author of the best-selling *Holy Old Mackinaw*, humanizes the stupendous iron and steel industry in *Iron Brew* (Macmillan, $2.50), a gusty tale, dramatically told, about the big little men behind the Carnegie-Frick-Gary front, the men who took the ore out of the earth, loaded it and sailed the ships and tended the roaring furnaces; the men who risked their lives and sometimes lost them for a dollar a day in the grimy armies of the steel barons.

Holbrook is at his best when he fastens on men, specific men. He shows us many that seem to cry out for biographers, like Peter White, the bearded backwoodsman of Marquette who quoted poetry in the Lansing legislature and was rewarded with a state grant for the miners' railroad; Old Man Mudge who brought Sin wholesale to Upper Michigan, with a house of prostitution that was a palace for those days, guarded by four hungry timber wolves; old George Stuntz, who uncovered a fortune in ore, but was satisfied to take eight dollars a day building a railroad for trickier men who made millions out of his discovery and his work. And the Merritt brothers who put their hearts and their fortunes into Mesabi and Mountain Iron only to be squeezed out by Frick.

They were Irish, Cornish, Finns, building roaring towns and crawling into the earth to take their chances with death. These early days with their greedy grabbing, with their work so hard that it made men or killed them, and often did both, make the best reading. Holbrook does less well with the later period, as is natural, for the size of it gets out of hand. Nor do I fancy his preachment about our treatment of aliens, which, though just, seems dragged in by the tail.

These complaints are minor. Stewart Holbrook's *Iron Brew* is a swell job of reporting, a book that most of the way reads better than most fiction, and it is a book describing an epic that keeps unfolding itself.

If it is any consolation to you, the world's coal supply is dwindling, the sun will radiate away its energy and leave the earth cold in about a trillion years, more or less. The human race will not even be in at the finish, because it is on the way to extinction owing to overspecialization of the brain. So cheer up, Hitler loses out in the end anyway—and Stalin too, if he is your favorite hate.

This dope is part of the lowdown contained in Waldemar Kaempffert's *Science Today and Tomorrow* (Viking, $2.50), which is more successful in dramatizing science and making the most journalistically of the implications than it is in clarifying things for the muddled, science-ignorant average mind (among which find me in the front row). The stuff reads as if it had been written in terrific haste to beat that finish a trillion years away, or to meet the next rocket ship for the planet Venus. At times, judging by my own gaps, the science editor of the *New York Times* has taken too much for granted of his readers, and at other times too little—I wish the final chapter, on *Democracy and the Machine*, had been left out.

So much for the debits. The credit side is larger. Mr. Kaempffert deals authoritatively with atom smashing, Dr. Alexis Carrel's experiments, world resources, and cosmic gyrations. The chapter that nailed me down is the one on the potentials of interplanetary rocket communication, in the course of which Mr. K. takes you on a trip beyond the strato and other spheres.

Another first-rate science popularizer is Amram Scheinfeld's *You and Heredity* (Stokes, $3). Here you find out what you owe to your parents and their parents, and what you are likely to pass on to your own offspring. It smashes some myths and superstitions that have done the human race no good.

A phase of it that is not only sound but exciting is the account of the fight between the schools of heredity and environment in psychology. To my mind, the case for the heredity people seems none too good, and they are losing ground as new knowledge develops. It seems they blame everything on the mysterious gene, burdening that entity with everything they can't explain in other ways.

Mr. Scheinfeld is careful to give the environmentalists their place in his book, and I wonder if he couldn't give us a still more valuable popular study—"You and Environment."

You and Heredity is possibly a *must* book, with its clear and diagrammed explanations of the mechanics of mating, what we can and can't inherit, how structural defects are born, the case for long life, the question of the I.Q., etc. The falsity of the notion of superior and inferior "races" is demonstrated, and sane remarks passed on eugenics, birth control, and breeding. It bats on the head many prejudices and superstitions that a man is hardly aware he holds.

Any book that does that in times when ignorance and bigotry and fanaticism rule large sections of the population deserves megaphoning. This one is so well written that it is bound to sell big.

Two points to starboard of science is Paul A. Zahl's *To The Lost World* (Knopf, $2.75), with thirty-four illustrations and a good map of the sort that shows the author's trek. Zahl went into the mountains and jungles of British Guiana, to the more or less fabled Lost World made famous by Conan Doyle, primarily in search of some giant two-inch ants. He did it by plane and safari, meeting natives who had never seen white men before, and discovering new rapids and monster waterfalls.

As the hundredth year of photography does a fade-out, *Modern Photography*, the Studio Annual of Camera Art, 1939-1940, is out, edited by C. G. Holme (Studio Pubens, N.Y., $2.50 and $3.50). It contains more than a hundred pix, eight in color, has a section on science and the camera, and a sketch of photography developments during the art's first century.

Another picture book, and much more, is *Leonardo da Vinci: An Account of his Development as an Artist*, by Sir Kenneth Clark (Macmillan, $5) with sixty-eight plates illustrative of the text, in which the eminent Leonardo authority traces the growth of the artist's mind and work.

On the lighter side is John Holmes' *Fair Warning* (Holt, $2), a book of light verse. The best rhyme is the one about the old man riding the merry-go-round at the country fair. Mr. Holmes's verse has a habit of petering out at the end after a strong beginning. Also the over-learned Dr. Seuss, who gave us the "Quick Henry the Flit" slogan, contributes a cockeyed piece, illustrating it himself, on *The Seven Lady Godivas* (Random House, $1.75), full of horseplay and bare scandal.

As I put the quietus to this review my country hasn't yet got into the war, but the vigilantes are forming (I note that Brooklyn is organized for war lynching), the snoopers are snooping, Chairman Dies is doing the dirty work which every war brings out in some patriot or other, and my fellow-citizens are about to break out into that grand mixture of self-dedication and hate from which I managed to escape in the last war by enlisting and getting sent abroad. At such a time it seems in exceedingly bad taste even to mention that there is such a book in the shops as Corliss Lamont's *You Might Like Socialism: A Way of Life for Modern Man* (Modern Age, $.95). Anyway, I put it at the very end, from a hunch that vigilantes and snoopers rarely read to the bottom of anything, and I think I rather fooled them by beginning on the harmless note of Art.

Lamont's book (remember he is the son of Thomas Lamont, the Wall Street mogul) is very simple and winning, and the most persuasive argument for socialism I have ever read. Anyway you'd better not fall for it, for if you do you will only add to the complications of an already over-complicated Sweet Land of Used-to-Be. ⧺

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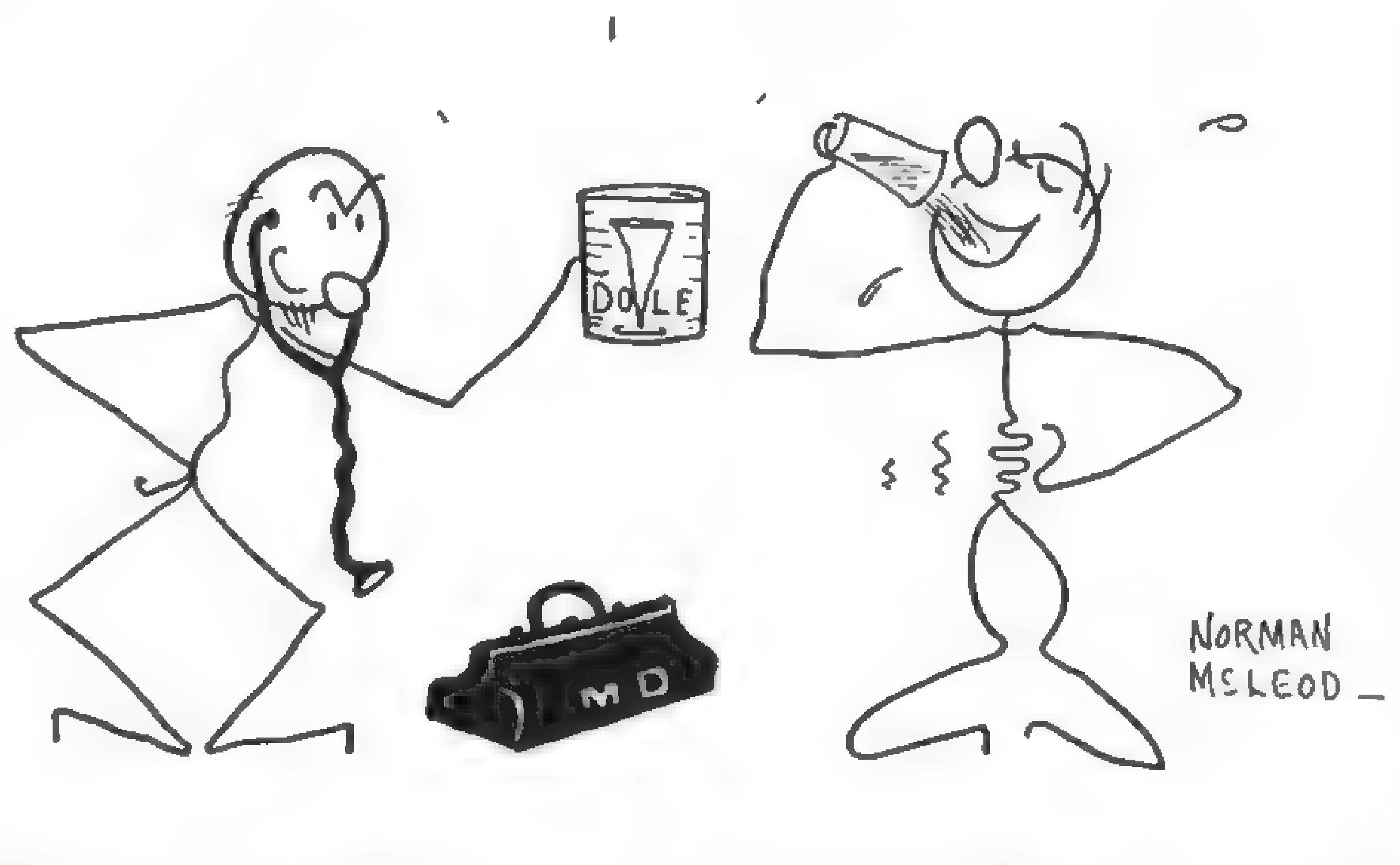

DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 92

small kitchenette or even on a can of Sterno—whether he is alone or *à deux*. François, incidentally, had become a cook by sheer chance and accident, not unlike the way a sergeant may find himself acting as a major in wartime. He was butchering meat aboard a small French gunboat when the chef jumped ship in Indo-China. They never found a trace of him, so my friend was pressed into service and told to become a chef. He was quick-moving, had a good memory and knew something about meats, so he made out fairly well, since a chef must remember many recipes and must not forget to move the pots and pans when they need moving fast. Later, fired by ambition, he studied under Escoffier, and became really expert. But François was not especially a wizard; cooking, for a man with some imagination, is beautiful and easy and a great percentage of men take to it naturally.

Biftek was the dish François recommended. It seems that *Biftek Bercy* is that outstanding and unusual way of preparing meat which allows a man to say to his guest: "But darling, you can't leave in this rain . . . let me fix you something to eat. It won't take five minutes . . ." And getting up from the settee, smoothing his mussed hair, and shaking his legs to get back some of the trouser crease, he turns to cooking.

Biftek Bercy à la Père François:

Fry the fillet of beef in butter on a hot range, after having seasoned it on both sides with a pinch of salt and half a pinch of pepper. Some people hold that steaks should not be salted before cooking because they get tough; well, they are wrong. Cook the fillet well on both sides. It is advisable first to brown one side for just a minute, turn it over and do the other side also for a minute, and then turn it again and give each side two and a half minutes. This way the natural juices of the meat will not escape. Now take the meat out of the pan and put it on a hot plate. In the sauce which remains in the pan put some flour to brown it and pour some red wine into the browned sauce. This red wine may be the "pinard" of the French poorer classes or the fine Bordeaux of the Princes de Polignac. Put in also a finely chopped up shallot, a bit of parsley, salt and pepper. This whole operation—of course you had the onion and parsley chopped up in advance—must not take longer than a very few minutes. Do not overcook the sauce; the less it cooks (on a very hot range) the tastier it will be, and the meat on the hot plate is impatient for you to pour that marvelous sauce over it and serve it. Remember, the whole thing must be done awfully quickly. If you want to be very ultra-ultra, fry an individual piece of bread in butter while you are preparing the sauce, place it on a hot plate, place the steak on it, and pour the sauce over. And try and get rid of your visitor after this majestic biftek.

Almost as important as being friendly with the chef is to be on good terms with the butcher. I live in a country town which is the second richest community per capita in the United States, and although my neighbors are millionaires (it isn't catching!) my best friend is Bill the Butcher from the Cash and Carry market. I even invite him up to the house for a game of pinochle and let him win—but you ought to see the steaks he cuts for me! And through my pull with Bill I gain admittance into the Holy of Holies—the huge refrigeration room at the market—and pick and choose my meat while it is still *en gros*, thus avoiding having to buy ready-cut meats.

The advice of a friendly butcher is impossible to estimate. Bill, for instance, taught me never to buy a turkey whose legs are red or reddish. The legs of the turkey indicate its age; until two years they are black and after that they slowly turn red. Often old turkeys are actually sold with painted legs, and it is a good idea to touch the legs with a wetted finger. The female's meat is more tender but she is smaller than the male. The color of the meat is either yellow or white, the white being better. For roasting do not use a turkey older than two years. Until that age these fine birds are easily digestible, but after that they toughen quickly. Incidentally a certain part of the turkey that is called the "Pope's nose" in English, holds a lower rank in French: it is only called the *bonnet d'évêque*. The bishop's hat. (Bill didn't tell me that; I got it out of an old French cookbook.)

Speaking of turkey, here is a recipe for *Dinde aux Marrons*, or turkey stuffed with chestnuts. It is for advanced pupils, although ambitious beginners should not find it too difficult, either. Take some shallot—one or two—peel it and chop it up very finely and put it in a saucepan with one tablespoonful of butter over a very hot range. Heat it for four minutes and then add a quarter pound of sausage meat. Cook this together for five minutes, add a dozen finely chopped mushrooms and a dozen cooked well pounded chestnuts, (naturally, peeled ones) and mix them well with the rest of the ingredients. Salt and pepper, and put in chopped parsley and a bit of thyme. Boil, and add an ounce of fresh bread crumbs and twenty cooked whole, peeled chestnuts. Mix all well together but *do not break* the whole chestnuts. Cool it off and stuff the turkey with it; then sew the bird so that the chestnuts will not fall out. Now cut up a carrot, and chop three onions, as well as some parsley; place these in the roasting pan together with a little water, so the turkey does not burn. Put your turkey on top of all this; butter, salt and pepper the bird on all sides and put it in a hot oven for a few minutes in order to get a nice brown color; but after this, roast on a slow fire. Take frequent peeks at it; it must not burn. It must be well done on all sides, so turn it; then baste it often. The carrot will give it a good taste; the chestnut dressing will "perfume" the bird, and the turkey will influence the taste of the chestnuts. One hour and three quarters for a five-pound turkey.

I have never seen a French chef go to work on turkey, but I remember the late Prosper Montagné, the doyen of all chefs, standing in the middle of the kitchen of his horribly expensive restaurant in the rue de l'Échelle, in Paris dressed in the white smock of a surgeon, as he concocted the three most Parisian dishes: *Haricot de Mouton*, which is a marvelous lamb stew, *Boeuf Bourguignon*, which is an even more marvelous beef stew in wine, and the modest *Biftek aux Pommes Frites*, which dish figures on the menu of every restaurant of Paris at all times. And what went on in the famous restaurant of the Hotel Foyot, in the rue de Tournon, opposite the Senate! What ceremony! What haughty expressions! And delight!

And prices! Perhaps they charged extra to sit in the room of a house in the proximity of which Honoré de Balzac walked at nights with his bear-like steps.

But the best cuisine in France is in the Bourgogne and in Normandy. In the latter province they use a lot of cream and butter in cooking; in the former, a lot of wine, which I, personally, like better. The Bourgogne people are very fortunate; they have the best of everything. The Capon of Bresse (which is a castrated cock, kept in a separate coop and forcibly fattened to immense proportions) is the best in the whole world, even surpassing the famous Styrian capon. The fruits, vegetables, salads of Bourgogne are also without equal, and the truffles and snails add a charming and frivolous note to the tables of the town of Dijon or Saulieu.

Not to mention the fine wines to accompany the dishes!

French people eat a tremendous number of salads; twice a day, for lunch and dinner, and since it is such an important course of each meal, most everyone knows how to make it, and many have their own recipes, and experiment with new ones.

In English, salads have beautiful names such as Wild Fennel, Marshmallow, Purslain and Sweet Cicely, while in French they often have names which literally may not be pronounced in polite company. But one must never allow fancy names to mislead one in gastronomy. My own favorite salad is Romaine, that meaty, long and substantial herb, and I generously give you my secret recipe, tried out successfully on a score of friends, and enemies who became friends after tasting it.

Wash a head of Romaine and dry each leaf separately and well, with the aid of a napkin. Toast a piece of bread, stroke it gently with garlic, cut the toast into small squares and place them in a salad bowl; put the leaves of Romaine over the toast. Boil two eggs (two to two and a half minutes) and spread them over the leaves. Add three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, lemon instead of vinegar, salt, pepper, a bit of Worcester sauce, mix very well and after this, sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese on top. Do not eat with knife and fork; Romaine is the only salad—as asparagus and artichokes are the only vegetables which may be eaten by hand.

I am sure you will lick your fingers.

While salads are fairly easy to make, my friend Paul Jugie, of the Paris and London Ritz, expressed to me his opinion that pastry cooking is more difficult than any other branch of the culinary arts. Many chefs agree. You can change the course of a roast or a meat or a soup or vegetables; make a mistake and correct it. But you cannot do this with pastry. You cannot correct mistakes. So let us leave pastry, *Gaufrettes*, *Gâteaux* and *Petit-Fours* alone until you are more advanced.

For the time being I will give you something entitled:

The Recipe for Crêpe Suzettes Made by a Bachelor in His Own Home:

First of all make plain French pancakes. Like this: sift half a pound of wheat flour in a bowl and break into this three eggs. Add one ounce of powdered sugar, mix it well; pour in half a pint of cold milk very gradually, mixing constantly for about five minutes. Gently butter a frying pan and put it on the range; when it is hot, pour in about two ounces of the batter and after two minutes of cooking, turn it over and bake it on the other side, also for two minutes. Place the pancakes (you should have about a dozen) on a hot plate and cover them up and prepare your Crêpe Suzettes sauce. Make a syrup with powdered sugar and water, not too thick, not too light. Add to this some Cointreau, Curaçao, Cherry Brandy, Anisette, Maraschino. One—for instance, Cointreau—is sufficient, but you may add four or five liqueurs as well. The mixture, the proportions, the strength of the Crêpe Suzettes sauce is entirely up to you. Now take a pan, if possible silver. Pour into it two or three tablespoonfuls of the mixture. Heat it on a hot fire, and when it is hot, place the pancakes in it one by one, turning them for a few seconds from one side to the other. Then place them on a heated dessert plate and pour the sauce over them.

It is not difficult, but it does require some care.

The world may be aflame—*flambée* is the correct culinary expression—but eat we must. And if possible, well. As it is, nothing *really* is wholly ours but what we eat and drink. . . . ⧺

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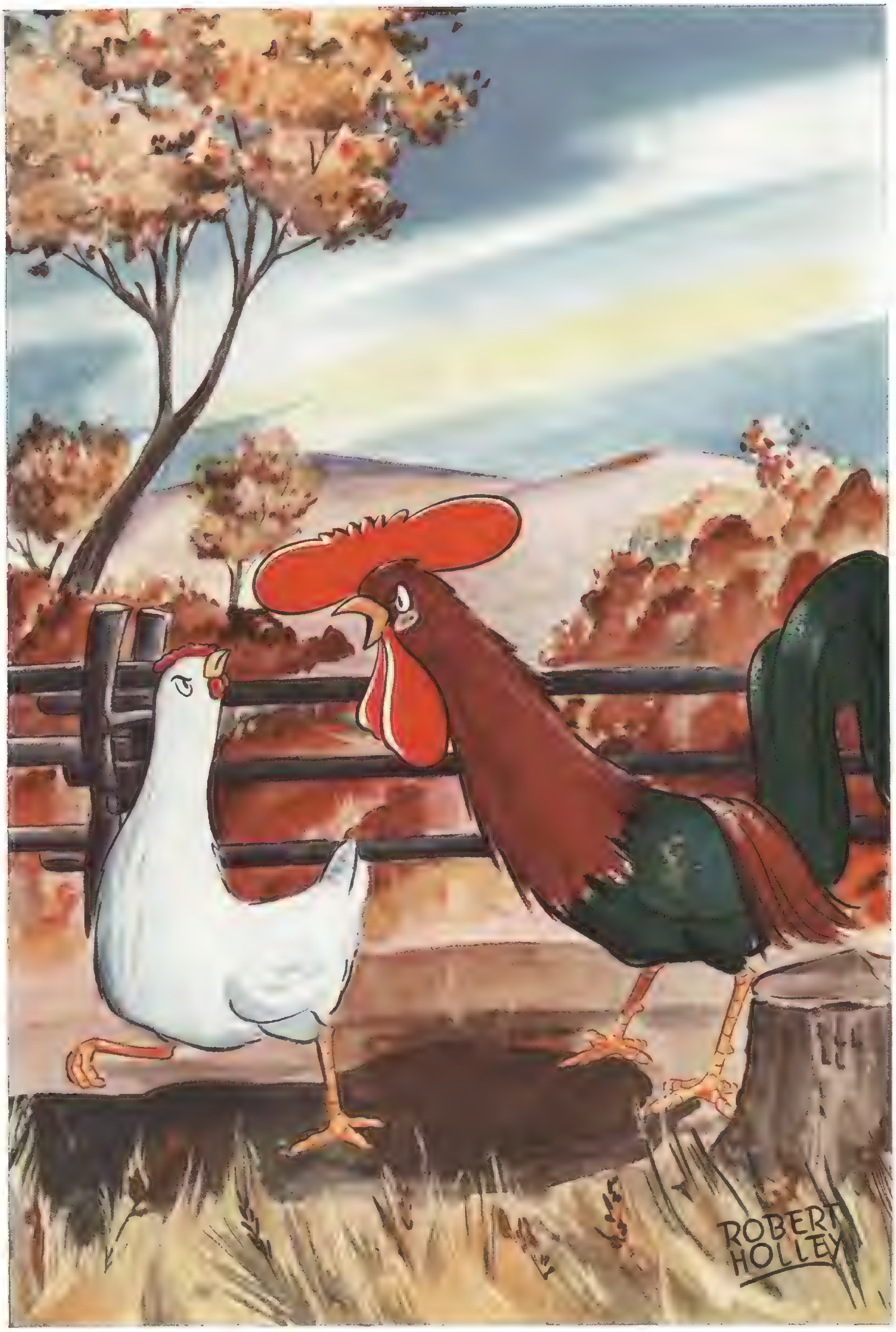
ROBERT
HOLLEY

"All right, go home to your mother! A lot of sympathy you'll get from an incubator"

The Bronze Baffler

Continued from page 41

be a mad rush of fish for it as it touches the surface, and two or three of the bigger ones will strike at it instantly. Five or six bass will follow their pal to see what is happening to him, or perhaps still hoping for another whack at that bug he robbed them of.

The next cast will bring one or two bass on a dash for the lure. But on the third cast the chances are about fifteen to one the bronze fellows will simply stare at the bug and let it go at that. Likewise the fourth and fifth and seventh and twentieth casts will bring the same indifference. The bass have looked and learned. They are smart enough to see that there is something screwy about a tiny bug manhandling a three-pound bass for five minutes and then jerking him right out of the water.

That is about what happens in the wild and woolly waters.

You go fishing and snag a lot of little fellows, under the legal size limit. You carefully put them back, but they remember those plugs. As they grow they might occasionally slip and hit another plug. But you land only one out of three or four bass that strike, since they have quite a knack of coming out of the water and shaking hooks loose. So the schooling goes on. Those that throw the plug are learning about the ways of Man.

The bass learns what that thing is that you are operating with such nicety up on top of the water, or down in it. You can give the lure all the trick jerks that the book calls for, and still he will only smile as he lies and watches. For he knows.

People devote a vast amount of thought and study and time to working out fishing systems that will trick bass. They go deeply into the science of color combinations, form and movement, and of timing. They try to fathom the mental processes of a bass, and there are anglers who claim they can tell you when a bass strikes whether he is doing so out of anger, or because he is hungry.

They will tell you, "now a bait falling on the water should lie still for perhaps eight or nine seconds, during which time the bass thinks it is dead. Then when you move it gently, the bass concludes it is only wounded, and decides to eat it . . ." and so on.

I have a friend who practically dedicates his life to this sort of thing. And he is only one among hundreds of thousands of bass anglers who have determined to learn all there is about the art.

This friend will cast a floating plug and then count ten seconds. He counts it by his watch, too. Nothing slipshod about him. Then he gives the bait a gentle twitch. He counts ten seconds more and gives it another twitch. Then two seconds and two twitches. Then he works it toward him for about ten feet (the escape approach to bass psychology) and he stops again, this time for five seconds.

He has a regular formula with a dozen or so variations, adaptable to different water and weather conditions. He is an expert.

Yet the two biggest bass ever caught on a fishing trip on which he and I went were hauled into the boat by a fellow we took along on a trip once. This man had done practically no bass fishing or fishing of any kind for that matter.

He tossed out a floating plug and promptly had a backlash. While he sat there in the boat untangling the line a great big bass came up and leisurely swallowed the plug which the little waves were jiggling on top of the water. The fisherman went on about his business of untangling the line, while the bass would leap prodigiously, then make a run here or there. Finally, the fisherman untangled the line and cranked in the big fish.

Not more than a half-hour later he threw the same plug up in a tree. It hooked on a small limb not far from the water and he started jerking to get it loose. After four or five vigorous jerks the bait came loose and slapped down on the water. And a big bass was waiting there for it, gobbling it down the second it hit.

"I seem to have a knack for this," he said.

"Pure skill," we assured him.

Those were the only two decent bass we caught on that trip.

Still my friend, the expert, fishes with his watch, and I give the bait those same pretty little jiggles that make it look so realistic from above.

Once in a while I get to fishing "off guard" and tie into something big. Maybe I'm shifting my feet in the boat, or day dreaming about rivers in far away lands, or chatting about something—entirely forgetful of the bait out there. Meantime I am imparting an entirely different set of wiggles to it—and I am suddenly astonished to find myself fast to a big one.

These continued recurrences of bass catches that do not seem logical force me to the conclusion that they are actually logical.

I have worked out my own theory, which is probably wrong and which doesn't help me much, even though it should be right.

It seems to me that since almost all anglers who really know how to handle their tackle follow rather definite, set methods of working lures, the bass inevitably arrives at the point where he recognizes the lure by these known actions. The bass sees so many phony mice being worked just a certain way—a way that makes them look really good to the man in the boat—that he doesn't fall for the trick any more.

As an old fisherman friend of mine said, the big question is, "How do they look to the fish?"

Well, when a dub takes hold of an outfit, he does things to the bait that are entirely different from the pet series of jerks and re-

Continued at top of page 160

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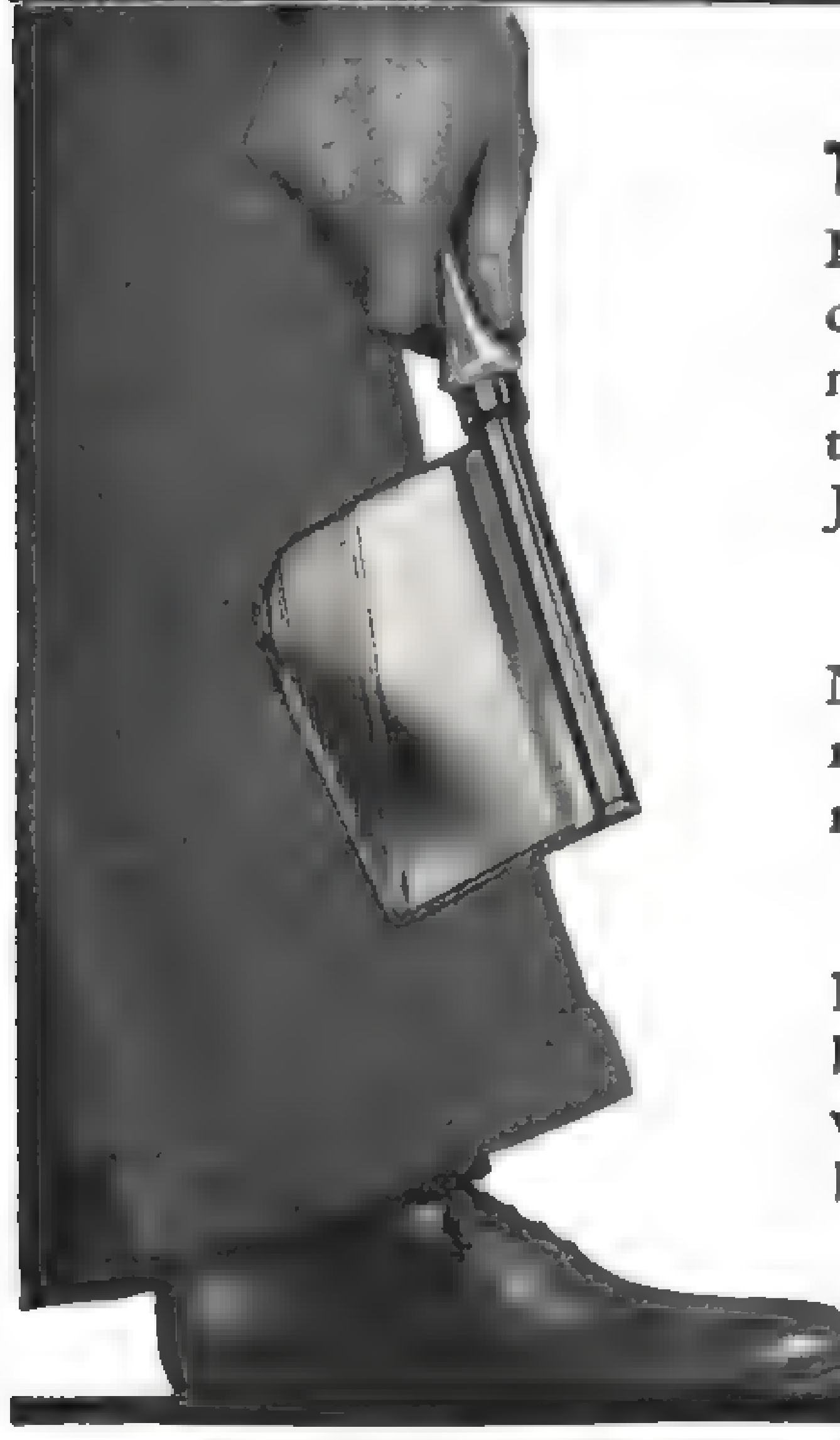

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The Bronze Baffler

Continued from pages 41-159

trieves of the good angler. And the dub gets astonishing results at times. He gets the same kind of results that an expert frequently gets when he forgets his fishing and is thinking of something else.

It would seem, then, that the best system for snagging them is a complete absence of system. Just try to do something different every time you cast a bait.

At least that's my theory, and you can take it or leave it.

On top of that you must remember that the bass is the most unpredictable of creatures, and that he will strike when you least expect him to, and behave like a spoiled child when you really are doing some powerful urging. He just refuses to get up and recite his piece at the proper time.

So if you want to fish for Mr. Bass, you simply get hold of an outfit and go out to the water and throw a bait to him. Go out there with an open mind on bass fishing and a headful of dreamy thoughts about some far away South Sea island with a palm tree and maybe a pretty girl on it. When you throw the bait out on the water just amuse yourself by seeing what dizzy things you can make it do.

Whether you take a casting rod outfit, or a fly rod rig, my suggestion to you is to tackle bass fishing without theories, without study, and without much hope. You are more likely then to get game—and if you don't, you still have had a good time. #

Free Trade and a Misty Moon

Continued from page 35

you? You'd rather do it than anything else these next five weeks?" When he nodded she nodded too and smiled at him. "Yes then," she said, "I'll be going too. And George," her eyes as they swung were filled with beseeching, a stark "Oh-please-help-me-I-need-you" pleading, "says he'll come too?"

"Not yet he hasn't. Come on, George. You're my man."

"So I am," George said. "When do we start?"

* * *

They set sail, a rather curious company.

There was some fog, and not much weather until they got to Fundy. Molly, for some strange reason was mal de merish off and on. It tickled Bill.

"Mama," he said, "you wouldn't be weakening on me? Didn't we get you away from the land just in time? First it was a definite decadent sentimentalism about that commodore's chromo and now you can't keep your breakfast. Cheer up, we'll get you over it."

With the first dusting, she did get over it. It was a northeaster just after they found the Blonde Rock and the Scotia coast.

She made a lobster stew in a bucket and rigged the heavy weather railing on the stove and lashed the bucket fast. While it was simmering and steaming they read *Henry the Fourth.* Bill put a clove hitch about the neck of a bottle of rye and slung it from a carline above the double bunk. George was Falstaff and Molly, Doll Tearsheet, and Bill, Prince Hal. Outside the northeaster was howling, a full, gray-cloaked harridan of a storm sweeping the tops off and driving a cold, bitter rain.

Bill went on deck for a checkup while Molly served the stew, and she said:

"He is a good Prince Hal, isn't he, George?"

"If he had been," George said, "Britain would have an even better navy."

"No, I don't mean that. You know, Hal, the carefree, the waster; then when life moved its inevitable step ahead he was splendid, he stiffened. Bill is surely going to do that, isn't he?"

"Count on it," he said. "Life's moving a step ahead is it Moll?"

"*Deus* has decided to *vult,* I'm afraid, George."

She went into the galley and while she was gone the door to the starboard cupboard, that had been closed all the cruise, sprung open. There in long mothproof bags were those fancy clothes she had bought for Bill and he had never worn.

They rounded a nun buoy with a bald flat, gray-pink island under the lee bow and the pink and gold mountains of Newfoundland far off to the northward in the sunshine. They straightened out the fairway and eased sheets to run into this funny little harbor of Saint Pierre. Pole masts were there, fat, squat, spike masts, topmasts. A long quay, French style, was surfaced with cobblestones and on the same level as the big open square so the horses and carts could drive to tide side. Vessels were solid along it, moored bow to stern. Out in the stream were many more. They counted fifteen Grand Bankers; Lunenburgers and Gloucestermen. They had black topsides and yellow spars. Two French barques, salt banking out of Saint Malo, were in, ironically for water. They were white-hulled with white spars and the yards cockbilled like old prints. There was a whole squadron of modern rigs, built for the business. They were all power vessels, fast and sly looking and painted navy gray. A cloud of gulls wheeled and cried against the guileless afternoon sky, gorging on the offal of that fat feeding, cutthroat navy. The smell of it came out to meet them. It was a little sour like spilled liquor; a wine-cellar mustiness of wet oak and mildewed burlap spiced with the lobster fresh of a sea flat. The air was brittle with adventure and recklessness. Almost you could hear the clinking, limitless dollars of the trade spinning gambler-fast. A mood, a halo

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of loot and lawlessness rich as oil hung over the little Saint.

"Town sin's lice in the dust, ain't it?" Bill was the only one to speak. "Told you it appealed to me. The lucky buggers! Nothing to worry about but free trade and a misty moon."

Molly's fingernails bit into her palms as if she was in agony but she was staring ahead as if she too was entranced. And it was she who brought them into their mooring and into the freemasonry of that lusty lodge of the sea. There was a sixty-foot space open against the quay just astern of a French tramp discharging champagne. Molly had the tiller while Bill and George got in the headsail and stood by the main. She dropped them into that berth like a ferry skipper with a silent crowd of the tough buckos watching her.

"Missus," one of them hailed, "where lay you Chuesday in dat nodeaster?"

"Canso Bank," she coiled the mainsheet steadily, "hove to for twenty hours. Hello!"

"Hello!" they all said. "Hello, Missus! Hello, boys!"

And that was the only question they asked. They were, most of them, Rum Row hearties. They lay off Montauk, feeding the smaller breed of coastal runners. Now the whole Row was in port taking on the supply that would succor America in the football stadiums and later in the good old-fashioned American Merry Christmas. Whiskers! Faces burned dark as umber from keeping the sea, some of them years, with only the little island to step ashore on. Newfies! Lunenburgers with soft German guttural. Cape Ann nasal tones. Frenchies, chirping like squirrels. A grand gang of sea rats.

The fat French wives dressed in their eternal black with black shawls over their heads came waddling down to buy a few carrots for potage just as they always had. Back on the dusty lanes were the little peasant houses trying to look as if nothing were happening, but everything else including the church bells seemed excited and taut. Molly and George sat down beside an old Gloucester skipper in, of all places, a tea room. He wore his blue serge shore clothes and might have been Disko Troop out of Kipling. He finished his tea.

"That's a pert little sloop," he said slowly to the lace doily in the center of the table. "If I was takin' a cargo of this port aboard her to cross the twelve-mile limit I wouldn't let a dory sailin' man named Smith see me do it."

He arose to go.

"He might be an official spotter," George observed very low.

"Might be." He put on his derby hat. "Might not."

He tipped the derby and eased one knee just a trifle rheumatically down the scrubbed wooden step, and the door with a bell on it tinkled behind his broad, shiny blue back.

"Molly," George said, "hasn't this gone far enough? We've seen it and smelled it. It's been a good sail."

"No," she said, "it isn't quite a classic yet. I want it to be a classic for Bill. A souvenir for Bill."

"How can I read your heart?" he asked. "What's in it? What is worrying you? What is haunting you? I can't guess. I've tried. Tell me, will you?"

Her lips parted as if she wanted to speak, then she shook her head resisting the temptation.

"Not yet," she said. "It will help us both more to try and see what a dory sailing man named Smith looks like."

* * *

They did their shopping. In the emporium of Monsieur Jacques Renault. There were bins of high-laced ladies' shoes with scalloped tops. A big table was piled high with ladies' black hats that might have been worn by Queen Victoria at Balmoral. Calico and French yard goods were stacked in bolts. The place smelled of mothballs.

"For heaven's sake, look!" Molly cried. "Here are Susanne Lenglen tennis dresses from Paris. They are smart as paint in New York this minute."

The men couldn't see dresses. Where the gents' hats had been, stood the bottles. Cognacs! A row of more whiskies than they knew existed. Cordials beautiful as cathedral glass. Wines—oo-la-la—the glory and seduction to parched prohibition eyes of those illicit, luxurious wines with their purple tinfoil caps. Monsieur appeared, his fair, round belly tight in a fawn vest and heavy gold chain.

"Something," he whispered, "for of course export. Boy! Come wash ze glass. Try, gentlemen and see what you like."

Bill started at one end of the cognacs and George at the other. They met at one particular brand. The sun that sadly shone on the tears of Josephine warmed the grapes for that brandy.

"Oh Moll," Bill called.

"I'm buying tennis dresses," she said. "I'll be right there. You know what I like, darling."

"Thirty cases," Bill said to Monsieur, "sewed in bags. You stow it through my forehatch."

"Only thirty?" the boy, Lupee was his name, said. "As quick as I smoke a cigarette. Right now?"

"No!" Molly's voice was behind them. "Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, if it isn't raining."

* * *

The dinghy was a good one. It had a center board and a sail. Alongside about nine-thirty o'clock the next morning Molly was over the side and she was stepping the gear.

"I wonder," she said, "if there's plenty of water behind that point up to windward?"

She shoved off. The blue bandanna she wore on her head was bright against the cream of the tiny triangular dinghy sail until they were lost in the fleet. Then the merry whistle of Lupee and the trundle of his cart's wheels came over the cobblestones. There

Continued on page 162

Skipper
SPORTWEAR
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Mum is a pleasant habit. It is a fragrant and inviting cream, harmless to skin and clothing, which stops perspiration odor without stopping perspiration.

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Free Trade and a Misty Moon

Continued from pages 35-161

was the contraband, cheery as potatoes. The sacks were new and tawny and the mule ears all hanging out one way. Lupee to George, George down the hatch to Bill and smartly, was the play.

George looked over the anchorage, cold with apprehension about the dory sailing man named Smith and couldn't see him but the tip of his dory sail was in sight. Right on top of him, right in the driver's seat to windward, was Molly. She was racing him to a channel buoy upwind. In a minute she would have him under that point she had asked about where he wouldn't see anything. They were far enough away already to make the blue bandanna just a speck of blue—oh, a valiant little speck of blue.

The spare anchor and some ballast was shifted aft to balance the trim. Lupee sawed a piece of deal to make a bulkhead to hold the base of the burlap pile. George threw a spare blanket, a red one, over it to make it look less grim.

Over the stern they took a departure bearing and said good-bye to Saint Pierre. The bow turned westward. The smuggler's prayer was in their hearts—free trade and a misty moon, please God.

But there was little comfort in any prayer. They tell that the way to cure a chicken-killing dog is to wire his crime to his collar and let him live with the smell of it for a week. They could see how it would work. They lived with that subtle, brandy aroma and it wore them down. The fresh of open ocean, the smell of honest men's breakfast frying, would greet them and the day, for a moment, was like any day under way with shipmates you love. Then, from some place, carried on some devilish draught eddying in the blackness of the bilge maybe, would come the scent of this damn frog jack. A broken bottle probably, that would seep away and dry up, but it wasn't. There was no puddle, no dampness in the sacking. In addition to the smell there was sound, a slow, faint, "clink—clink—clink" as the cutter worked through the gray cheerless sea. Those clinks were marking off time, logging the slow roll that carried them closer every sway to what grew to be in George's weary mind at least, a pay-off—a doom.

They sighted the high land of Cape Breton and held it, a faint cloud on the western horizon. The next day it fell away and they were off the bight of Canso. Then they could see the Scotia coast.

"I'm shifting course," Bill said, a little grim and desperate. "We'll slip close around Cape Sable. Make a straight shot across Fundy. I want to cross the twelve-mile limit off Maine and lay up against the Maine beach. I think we've got a better chance that way."

They had not seen a vessel, or a dry, or a soul. They hadn't conversed more than a sentence at a time. That announcement of Bill's was the longest speech in four days. Nobody was taking a drink. Molly rummaged in the lazaret and brought out the little mildewed victrola and it whined, "I said, lady, I'm a rover . . . can't you spare a sweet word of love?"

There were patches of light fog, pearl-colored, and a dying breeze. And then like a promise, a mocking promise, they sighted the blue haze of Maine—of home—of safety. All they had to do was make it, get in there, mingle with other yachts; the timid little coastwise yachts and be one of them, guileless as they. What was to stop them? North! South! Nothing but an empty sea.

Molly had the binoculars. She swung them from the land and they moved slowly seaward. They stopped. She stiffened and dropped quickly to her knees and rested her elbows on the combing to steady them and the black seal-covered barrels bored into the north.

"Bill," she said, "there's a Coast Guard seventy-five. I can't quite make out her bridge but I think she's headed this way."

She said it evenly and low.

"Let's see," Bill said.

He'd shaved that morning and his jaw hinge was a hard tense knot as he focused and then held long and steady—too long. The gray blurred hull of the seventy-five crept nearer to the edge of the light fog bank that cloaked it. Molly was shoving at us.

"Below! Below!" she was squealing. "Get below, both of you!"

Molly came down the companionway on top of both men but she scrambled up and yanked open the starboard locker door.

"Bill," she pleaded desperately, "put on that outfit. Don't ask, put it on, please, please God."

As she begged she was ripping at her tweed split skirt and it shucked down. She stumbled to Bill with it trammeling her ankles and pulled the zipper fastener on the first bag and yanked out the clothes.

"Bill," she said, "that's Bar Harbor in there. We've got to look like Bar Harbor. Get into those clothes. Quick! Quick, Bill! George, get out of the way. Oh, you lummox men. Help him, George."

She was free of the skirt and there was a flash of white where she was. She was moaning, half-crying, "Where's my compact? Oh, where's that goddammed compact?" Then Bill was in the virgin white pants and the blue double breasted coat. Molly in a flash was smart as a jib in one of those Suzanne Lenglen tennis dresses from Saint Pierre. She was smearing lipstick on her mouth. For her, it was a disguise. She flew at Bill again, but instead of being impatient she kissed him, once, twice, pressing hard and then flew back to the mirror making a new mouth with the red grease.

"Put the hat on him, George,"

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she said through two bristling tense hairpins, "and swing him around for me. Oh my lovely spit-to-windward hat. He's perfect. He's perfect. Bill," she had him by the hand pulling him up the stairs. "I'm a model from Bergdorf's. I'm a little mannequin. A little on the tartish side, Bill. You're somewhat drunk. You're so embarrassed you're dumb. We're out of Bar Harbor. You're a nice homey guy but just the same we're keeping a little sly date and that makes you sheepish and scared and dumb just like you are now Bill. Ease off the mainsheet a little Bill. Make us look a bit lubberly, Bill."

She ground the victrola and that canned sadness, " 'Twas on the Isle of Capri that I met her," filed into the electric air.

"Dance with me now Bill. We're pretending we haven't seen her yet. Be a little amorous Bill."

They had just enough room in the cockpit to move a pair of fox trot steps and turn. They turned and Molly was facing George over Bill's shoulder.

"Put two glasses with some lemon rind on the table and shut the locker doors George," she said. "Then keep hidden. Keep well hidden, George. She's coming all right."

George wedged himself in the galley in a dark corner where he could see out a port light. The seventy-five was coming all right. Her gray wolf bow carried a small steady bone in its teeth. It diminished and they heard her engine bells go and then her "sush, sush" as she carried way close under the cutter's stern.

"Where are you bound?" came her hail. It was a young voice trying to be gruff.

"Back," Molly answered him, "where we came from."

"Where's that?"

"In—there."

"Bar Harbor, eh? What's the matter with the admiral, can't he talk?"

"Yes sir," Bill said.

"What ship is that?"

Bill said her name.

"Out of where?"

"Out of the Sound."

"Owner?"

"Commodore William Preston."

"You the commodore?"

"We're close friends of his," Molly took over.

"Close friends, eh?"

The voice belonged to a young ensign, the gold eagle on his cap not long out of the New London nest. He was flipping the pages of a Lloyd's registry. Coming up the deck buttoning his coat was a small officer; a two and a half striper.

He turned grizzled gray eyebrows and raked the cutter fore and aft. The victrola had run down into the heel of the record and it went, "scrape, scrape, scrape"—slower and slower. The ensign showed his skipper the Lloyd's and the old man nodded.

"What are you doing out here?" the ensign asked, tougher than ever.

"Who wants to know?" Molly said. "What are you, house dicks? Maybe we're cuttin' into somebody's time but I can't see we're botherin' anybody. Ain't the ocean free? My Gawd—"

"Alongside, sir and board?" the youngster turned for permission.

The older officer shook his head.

"Can you get back?" he asked. "You are some eighteen miles off."

"Sure we can get back," Molly said. "We got out didn't we? Will you go peddle your papers and stop botherin' people minding their own business?"

"We're on patrol searching for contraband, sir," the two and a half striper ignored Molly. "Possibly the lady's tongue comes under that listing but I'm afraid it is a little too hot for us to handle. If you will trim that main sheet about four feet you will go better. Your course is right for Bar Harbor. Sheer off, Mister Jenkins. Goodbye sir. Good luck."

The peal of those engine bells signaled astern in that six bitter's engine room. Her big screw churned, the gray bow drew away and swung. The record began out of the deathless stillness and then the shuffle of cautious dancing feet. George waited through the first chorus then the second and slid out into the cabin. The first thing he saw were Bill's eyes. They looked like a calf's just after he's gotten his back side out of a barbed wire fence. His forehead was beaded like a Collins glass in August.

"What," he said without the least vestige of a smile, "is better than having a good clear conscience? Nothing, George. Baby, can the act include reaching up and wiping my brow?"

"Oh, George," Molly said, "wasn't he wonderful? Oh, so dumb and shamed. Bill's an honest man at heart, George. Keep dancing, darling. Keep dancing. She's just off there. What a sweet old man."

"Where'd you learn to be so tartish?" Bill asked. "Where'd you ever learn that line about room dicks?"

"You'd be surprised. You were the wonderful one though, darling. Oh George, wasn't he swell? Doesn't he look grand? Just," and she snuggled up against him, "the way he's going to look forever when he goes home and sits for his portrait—his family portrait in oil—and Mama is going to be so happy."

"God," Bill said. "In a moment like this you remember that. What a girl!"

"How can I help but think of it. This is how you're going to look. This is dress rehearsal. I've got you now, haven't I darling?"

"Molly," Bill stopped dancing and looked at her, "tell me something. What right from the beginning has rankled you so about that portrait? I'm going to give it to you, but why do you want it so strangely?"

"This is why, darling. *Deus vult!* If you hurry I want to just sit in front of it for pre-natal influence." #

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A Point of Honor

Continued from page 73

brooding, however, and started approaching through a long hallway, limping badly, according to the requirements of the story. And no sooner had he started, than the entire house, led by the balcony, started stamping feet in unison and chanting: "Here comes hobble-skip. Here comes hobble-skip. Here comes . . . " until Howard came to a stop, and his face filled the entire screen with agony.

"I guess they've all seen it before," I mumbled, startled.

"Them?" the girl said contemptuously. "They wouldn't pay to see a good picture twice. Not them. Have another?"

"No thanks," I said, refusing the proffered bag.

"That's okay," she said. Suddenly she pulled the bag toward her, because the large man on my right was darting his big hand toward it. "Fresh thing," she scolded.

The fat man chuckled and nudged me familiarly. The girl started to lean closer against me, chewing to the rhythm of the picture.

"Can you see all right?" she asked.

"Oh yes, but I'm sure you can't."

"Oh, I've seen it before. And look, pretty soon when this picture is over, we can go to the front. But you gotta hurry before the ten-cent crowd rushes in. Just follow me."

There was no doubt about it now, she had adopted me. How could I ever shake her off; there wasn't a vacant seat in the entire house . . . Almost dismally I watched Bette Davis. The audience was smelling another love scene and made coaxing noises. "Gee, I sure can't see what he can see in her, can you?" the girl asked.

"Who?"

"That Bette Davis. Look at her. And he's going to be a doctor. Gee, I could kill her."

Then for a while things went smoothly and rather quietly in both audience and picture. The calm gave me opportunity to gage my plight, to think of escape. Suddenly she said without preamble: "I saw you coming in. I could tell you was a gentleman. I had a ticket for the balcony, but the crowd there is so cheap. So when I saw you lookin' back at me, you know like a gentleman, not . . ."

"Listen," I said boldly, "if you think I . . ."

"Oh, that's all right," she interrupted. "I just went and changed my ticket and then came in after you. And there you was . . ."

She nudged me, as if she expected me to answer. But the fat man on my other side was also nudging me, and chuckling.

"Sure," she continued. "I could tell you was a gentleman. In the balcony the men get fresh. And I had to wait for a seat anyway."

Speechless, I watched Bette Davis bristle into cheapness and cunning. The audience clucked lips in approval. "Gee, ain't she awful?" the girl asked. "And she's got teebee, too."

"See," she said five minutes later, when Bette Davis looked haggard and decayed. "I told you, didn't I?"

She finished her last candy and crumpled the bag. "It's almost over now," she said. "You wanna get ready to move up front."

Here was my chance. "I think I'll stay here," I said. "I have to go before long anyway."

"Okie dokie, by me," she said complacently. "I'd just as soon stay here. That other picture ain't much anyway, honest."

Foiled, I listened morosely to the audience now chanting as in grand finale: "There goes hobble-skip. There goes hobble-skip . . ." in harmony to Leslie Howard's limping. Then followed a mad rushing from the back of the house toward the vacated seats in front. A minor pandemonium ensued midway down the aisle. Supposing I try making a get-away . . . But before I had made up my mind fully, the Speed Devil picture was well on its way, with motors roaring round curves, and the girl asking: "Was you ever here before?"

"No."

"I thought you looked like a gentleman."

The fat man poked me again. His huge frame was shaking vastly to half-restrained mirth. Supposing I left her to him? But I was obviously her choice. She was now leaning familiarly against my shoulder, so that I could feel her wince every time a car on the screen skidded and smashed. The audience was staring voluptuously at cars that smashed up and burst into flames. The picture was awful . . . Lifting my coat, I said: "This is about all I have time for. I think I'll be leaving . . ."

"Yeah, me too," she said, jumping up. "I hate this picture. It hurts me way down in my stomick."

She pushed ahead of me toward the aisle, again crowding ruthlessly past the still entwined couple. No, I wasn't rid of her yet. In the lighted lobby she turned and waited, adjusting her awful fur-piece, peering at me from beneath the drooping rim of her maroon hat. I sized her up as being thirtyish, and predatory, and frilly, and . . . But there was no escape.

"Gee, I'm glad to get outa there," she said.

Together we walked to the street, which seemed horribly deserted and comfortless. The best thing to do was to leave her unceremoniously, but she said familiarly: "Gee, it's nice to be out, ain't it?"

"Yes," I mumbled. "It was pretty foul in there."

"Oh, it's an awful place," she

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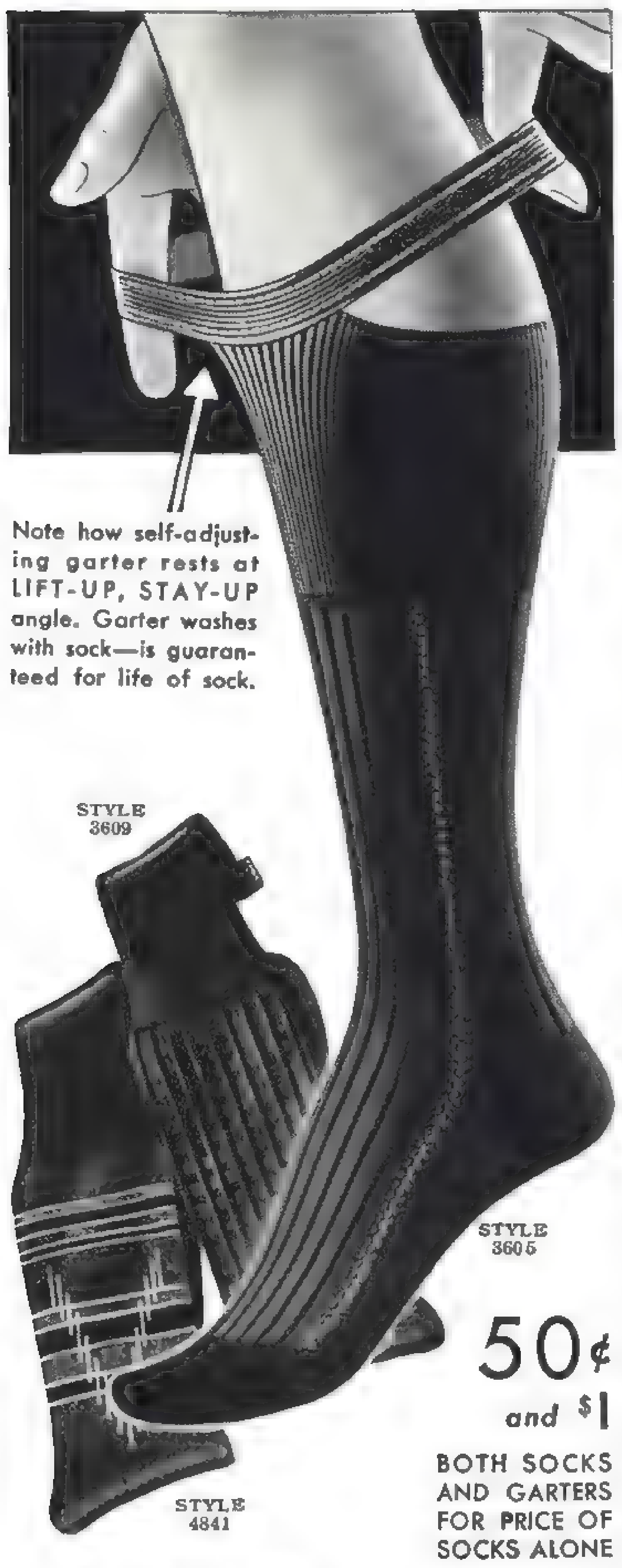

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answered without hesitation.

I thought she looked at me expectantly: "I don't know which way you're going," I started noncommittally, "but . . ."

"Oh it's all right," she interrupted. "I guess, it's time for me to turn in."

Seeing a polite way of escape, I said: "If I could show you home, take you" . . . Where you can catch a trolley, or something, I had intended to add. But she had turned on me. Her eyes were blazing . . .

"Just what are you proposin', mister?" she hissed.

Taken aback, I stammered: "I was only suggesting . . ."

"I thought so," she snapped. "I thought so. And me thinkin' all along you was a gentleman. Me thinkin' . . ." Suddenly she started shouting. "I've a good mind to call an officer. Beat it, you. And me takin' you for a gentleman." Threateningly she was approaching me, shrieking louder when she saw people coming down the street. "And he a gentleman . . ."

With my head thrust between my shoulders I hurried away, stunned by the complete turn of events. Wondering what veil of the woman's decorum I'd so ruthlessly ripped away. Wondering what taking her home meant to her. Fortunately she stopped shrieking; there wasn't a policeman in sight anyway . . .

The newsboy at the corner, recognizing me, grinned at me with a mixture of equivocal admiration and rue. "Well, better luck next time, mister. She don't look so hot, nohow . . ." he said consolingly. ⌗

After All These Years

Continued from page 70

gentleman; that's what is needed. And I anticipated little pleasure from the entire event.

It rather gratifies me that the best of Fanny Brice on the air still isn't Baby Snooks. Baby is a hundred times more entertaining on the air than she is on the stage; Miss Brice always seemed to be aware of Snooks' revolting character when you saw her; on the air she conveys nothing but pure joyous relish of her own creation. Yet the pattern is too monotonous; the appeal to physical violence, which you can't see, is too constant. And—since this is still Miss Brice—every once in a while there is a dropping of the voice, a delicate intonation which is sheer genius. You melt—for Baby Snooks.

About a year ago Baby Snooks or Miss Brice began a new thing: a series of recitations. Not particularly in the character of Snooks, but in the character of any child who is a little stage-struck, a little shy, and very determined to speak her piece. I don't know what the first one of the series was; the first I heard was Three Little Kittens.

In recent years I have learned to hold my tongue, but I'd like to go back to my own style of 1924 and say that few things in the major arts have given me as pure and intense a pleasure as this recitation. Let's say specifically that Maurice Evans sitting on the ground and telling sad stories of the death of Kings and nine out of the ten Hamlets whose occasions did conspire against them, seemed to me not to be within shooting distance of Miss Brice's recitation. In a word, that recitation was perfect.

And don't imagine that I am speaking without the record. I got the record from MGM who in some way were connected with the program on which Miss Brice appeared. I got it and have played it until it's nearly worn out, and now I play it only on rare and great occasions.

A few weeks later Miss Brice recited Simple Simon. I haven't got the record of that one, but it was beautiful too. And three or four others I have heard compose with these such a garland of nursery rhymes as no man ever conceived.

Maybe if we are all very good, Miss Brice will do more of these this year. Maybe she'll throw in, for a surprise, a reading or recitation of Mrs. Gross's letter to Bella, transcribed last September by Arthur Kober and printed in *The New Yorker*. For that in its way is a masterpiece too, and its way is a good way.

3 . . . AND OTHERS:

Recently I went over the list of all those practitioners of light entertainment whom I had most admired years ago. It wasn't particularly edifying. Few were dead; but many would have been better dead.

And every year every talent agent, every advertising agency, and every sponsor goes over the list of radio stars, measuring duration.

They have—or think they have—scientific ways of determining how long a program will stand up. If it goes up after so many months, it will last so many years, etc. Actually a lot of people, and a few programs sink, vanish, and return; and quite a number stay on for five or more years, which is mighty good for weekly entertainment, sometimes daily—like Amos 'n' Andy—about whom the most irritating thing is the way their name has to be spelled.

I don't think that the hunters for permanent success can learn any special lesson from the boy-star of radio and the great woman of the theatre who seems to have captured radio in passing. It isn't new that talent goes a long way. But I think that both of these people had a way of handling their gifts which helped them a lot. Mr. Vallee more or less nursed his gifts; Miss Brice threw them all over the place—she had more to spare. They've both turned out to be remarkable managers.

And I do not propose to clutter up these pages with the names of those who were not. ⌗

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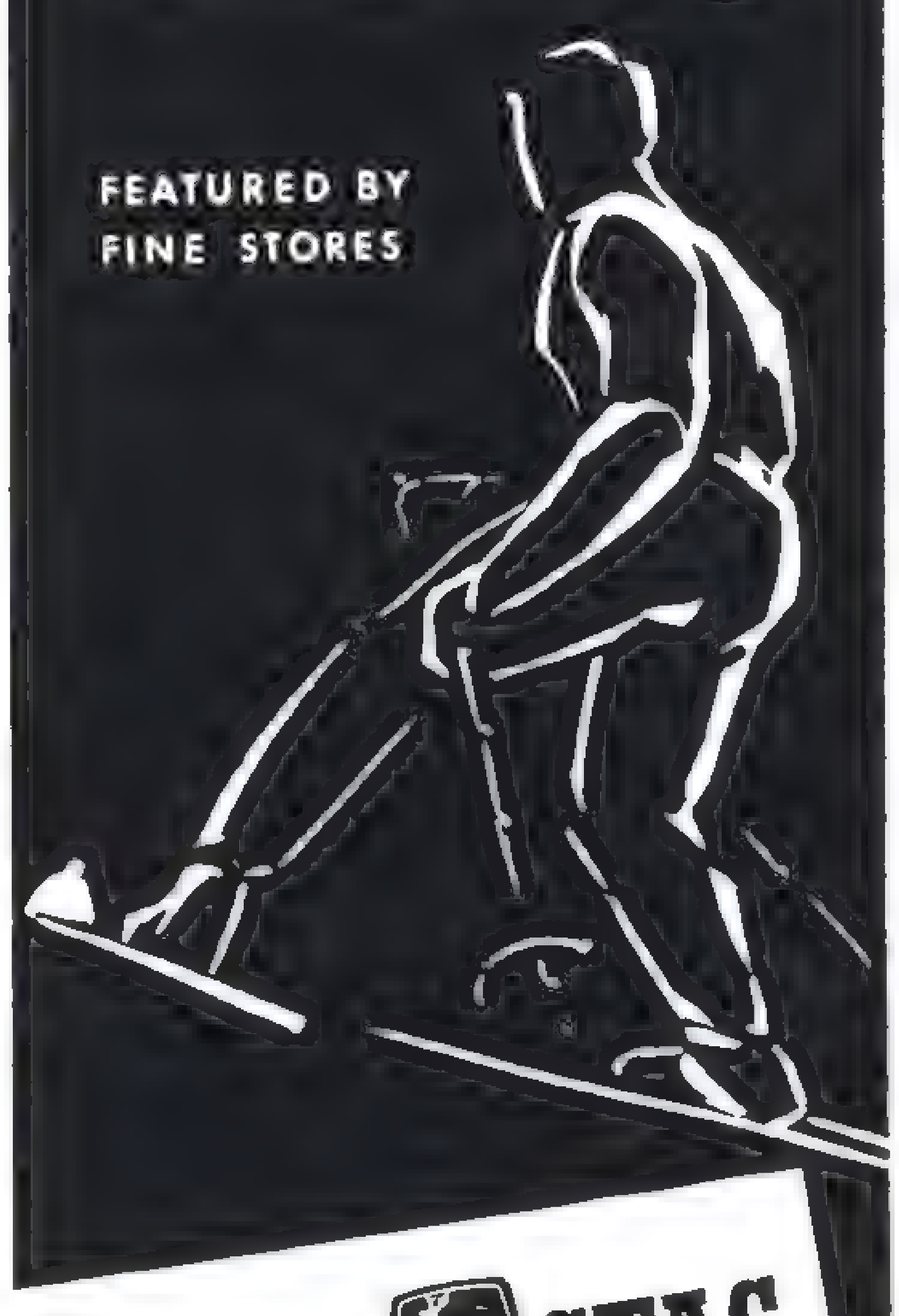

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What Shall We Do About Football?

Continued from page 33

reasons other than athletic. In fact the famous "Iron Men" team of Brown University in 1927 was followed by a decrease in enrollment of over 40 per cent, and former president Charles J. Turck of Centre College of Kentucky, which with its famous "Praying Colonels" defeated Harvard in 1921, remarked that this victory was the worst thing that ever happened to the college. He stated that only thirty-two out of the one hundred thirty-four freshman attracted to Danville after this triumph stayed to graduate four years later.

Solution No. 1 is for the colleges to abandon the business of intercollegiate football. There is a less drastic solution which some colleges have attempted, making a sincere effort to put the game in its proper place. This has been done in several ways, first by cutting or abolishing gate receipts. At Johns Hopkins no entrance fee is charged, at Swarthmore only a nominal fee of fifty cents. Many will feel such a move would necessitate a college dropping its minor sports program, but after doing away with the gate, Johns Hopkins managed to *raise* their intercollegiate minor sports program from six to thirteen, and at present competes in baseball, basketball, track, soccer, swimming, lacrosse, cross country, wrestling, tennis and football. The money argument won't hold. If the colleges cared to cut down on useless expenditures on football they'd have plenty of money. One such example is the Beechcroft plane with a Wasp motor doing 220 m. p. h. which Louisiana State uses for its football scouts, and which was turned in for a seven passenger Lockheed with twin motors.

The abandonment of football receipts as a means of producing revenue is now recognized as one of the best ways of attacking the whole problem. Harvard is getting together an endowment which, when completed, will pay for the regular athletic program. Swarthmore, according to Dr. S. C. Palmer, graduate manager, is working toward free admission to football games, with athletics in general supported by endowments. Other colleges like Antioch have been doing this for years and having a pretty good time in the bargain. Out at Yellow Springs in Ohio there's no worry over the football coach and no bother about the team each fall. There isn't any football team. Yet Antioch has one of the most complete and satisfactory athletic programs of any college in the country. Several years ago a hundred tennis players met a hundred players from a Negro college in which sport for all was a fact and not a slogan.

Football can sometimes be played by students. At Swarthmore, Haverford and Lehigh the teams are not bought and paid for. In the latter institution the average scholarship of the eleven last fall was higher than the general average of the university, and this year's captain is a 165-pound honor student who never played the game before coming to Bethlehem. But these colleges play only opponents in their own class. They don't engage in Rose Bowl, intersectional, or big games in ball parks in large cities.

Any college could do this, any college could give up football, but with notable exceptions the college presidents of the United States are the Great Pretenders. They're afraid. They depend on their alumni for money and support and their alumni are conditioned to football. If the college president were courageous he could clean up the situation tomorrow. It would help greatly to publish annually a complete statement of athletic receipts and expenditures, something which not a single educational institution in the country does. This suggestion was once made to the president-elect of a great eastern university. He promised to act. Then he became president and forgot all about it.

You must have noticed that there isn't a single athletic director, and not one athletic office in the United States, which gives a detailed statement of outgo and income that James J. Graduate can read and understand. Why? How much, for instance, is the towel contract at Gargantua College worth? What's the salary of the coach and the assistant coaches at Mammoth University? What does the outfitting contract at Gigantic run to? Why are the colleges all afraid to issue reports that are required by law of all banks, utilities and other businesses?

There are today three colleges generally accepted in the educational world as having risen to the front rank in recent years. They are, Lehigh in the East, Chicago in the Middle West, and California Institute of Technology in the West. Just where these three institutions stand in football everyone knows. They stand at the bottom of the pile. Has their lack of success hurt them? Not at all. In the past ten years Lehigh's endowment has risen 20 per cent, Chicago's about 40 per cent, while all three have more students today than they did in 1929.

What to do about football? Mr. Grantland Rice, hardly known as a detractor of the game, sought the answer to this question from Artie McGovern, the well-known athletic trainer, in New York. What to do about it?

"Do away with it," say Mr. McGovern. "Football has become a kind of hysteria and big business. 'Suicide' schedules have become common. What do you think such schedules do to the players? Take a kid going out for football. First thing he gets is a physical examination. If he passes, it means he's all right. At one of our big colleges last year, a boy passed one of those examinations—and an

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hour later he was dead. Football? No, just running round the track. His heart gave out."

He then mentions the daily battering in scrimmages, the games every Saturday, and the effect it has on a boy in the hands of a coach who usually is interested in only one thing, holding on to his job. The boy has to keep up in his studies, without time to rest or relax from the mental strain of games and practice. McGovern sums it all up.

"Football! Why I'll pick an All America team from the men I've taken care of in my gymnasium. Men who were fine, big, swell-looking athletes, and who would be in their prime today. But they played football. They're still feeling one way or another the effects of injuries suffered or the strain they were under fifteen to twenty years ago, and in most cases have cut five to ten years off their lives. Nice game, football."

Football a difficult problem? Certainly. But like every other problem it can be solved by men who have courage, as those colleges lucky enough to have men of that kind at their head have proved. The truth is that few academic leaders in this country, no matter what they may say in public, are interested in sticking out their necks or doing anything about football except watch the crowd pour into the stadium on Saturday afternoon. Most of them are trimmers. Most of them, as Mr. Lloyd George said of Sir John Simon, have sat on the fence so long the iron has entered into their souls. ++

"Men I've Fought With"

Continued from page 65

human, which is apparently more than he can say for you. Because Jed wouldn't think of taking you out unless he brought along at least two of his pals. They don't notice you at all during the early part of the evening, and the talk never comes out of the stable. Before you know it, you're up to your elbows in hocks and heaves and withers. In self-defense, you might make a bet with Jed that he couldn't stay off the subject of horses for, say, two hours. You might make it, and you'd love to lose it, but you're not that lucky.

Henry: Henry's the inferiority-ridden type. If you walk into a restaurant with Henry and say "Hello" to Franchot Tone, Henry says you're showing off . . . regardless of the fact that you were brought up with Franchot Tone. There must be a reason for Henry's unfortunate little complex, and someday someone will probably find out all about it. But by now you've joined Franchot and the two of you are off on a happier subject.

Felix: Life with Felix, the music lover, is an education in how to keep awake under the most trying circumstances. A typical night with Felix always includes a trip to Carnegie Hall. After that you go straight to his place to hear symphonic gramophone records run off with the tireless regularity of a minute-gun. It takes about two months of this enforced appreciation to develop a sincere liking for the Philharmonic. If Felix occasionally paid you as much attention as he pays Schnabel, you'd probably wait it out. But since he's only seeing you because he hates going to concerts all by himself, you're back with Count Basie in practically no time.

Peter: Peter fancies himself as a gourmet. But to you and the waiter he's just a food sender-backer. Peter never eats anything on the first bounce. And he never orders anything from a hamburger on up without delivering a series of elaborate stage-directions. Dinners with Peter are interminable, but they do teach you self-control. It's torturous to watch *your* steak being whisked away to the kitchen simply because Peter's decided to turn it in on a new model. Someday the chefs of the world will band together, and then Peter will be the first to go. Twenty years in the Automat ought to take care of Peter.

Alec: Alec drinks too much. Any girl who takes on Alec in the face of that knowledge deserves exactly what she gets. But there's always a chance she may not know. That is, she may not know until she finds out. And she certainly does find out. Sooner or later there's always the night when Alec monopolizes the conversation of an entire table, narrating his life story, A to Z. The only point he fails to cover is why he was born. As the night progresses, Alec's speech becomes a noisy, opinionated blur; a sort of social buzz-saw. The grand finale occurs when Alec crashes into someone else's table and knocks down the nice guy who calls him a damned nuisance. Alec, at his best, is a bore; at his worst, he's an embarrassing liability.

Charles: Charles is almost as bad. For Charles is the nice guy whom Alec knocks down. The trouble with Charles is that he doesn't know his own lack of strength. And he will speak right out! With a routine like that it isn't surprising that Charles frequently ends up supine. Nor that his girls grow weary of running with that piece of raw steak for Charles's eye. "It could happen to anyone," you murmur in an effort to console him. But somehow it always seems to be Charles.

Jerry: Jerry is one of the super-subtle wolves who thinks that a dinner at Voisin entitles him to a frank, "Will you or won't you?" on the way home in the taxi. Having taken the big gamble of buying you a meal, this polished gentleman feels that he need now waste no further time in getting down to business. And should you happen to disagree with him on this point, he clearly regards you as a calculating gold-digger out on the

Continued at top of page 168

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"Men I've Fought With"

Continued from pages 65-167

town to land your peck of spinach.

TONY: Tony's the World Traveler and strictly uphill work. He's a victim of too many side-trips. In case you don't already know about the ancient Baobab Trees in Mombasa, or the Tjakalele War Dance, Tony will tell you. But he's scarcely a Fitzgerald Travelogue when it comes to describing the mood of a place that's always intrigued you. "What's Kenya really like?" you ask. Tony ponders the question for a long, promising moment. Then: "Boy, oh boy," he says, "what a time I had in Kenya!" And that buttons up Kenya. Equally colorful and revealing is Tony's exposé of Saïgon: "What a spot!" he tells you. "They know a thing or two out there, all right, all right." There being no answer to that, you sit in silence until Tony volunteers another startling fragment. "There's an interesting thing, though, about Singapore," he says. "It's the melting pot of the East."

RALPH: Ralph never lingers over dinner half so long as he lingers over the check. And Ralph's voice has a certain carrying quality as he points an accusing forefinger at you and demands: "Think back now! Are you sure you had *two* Coca-Colas?" You and the waiter enter into silent, sympathetic kinship while Ralph marshals his mathematical mind for another go at the check. The waiter already suspects that he'll be grossly under-tipped, and you suspect that Ralph will get absolutely nowhere with all this to-do. Neither of you is due for a surprise.

Would you like to hear more, Mr. Robinson? It's easy enough to continue since these are merely a dozen of the more outstanding sources of aggravation. Possibly, just possibly, you may even have recognized bits and pieces of yourself included in this line-up of trying types. Or, on the other hand, you may err in some distinctive, rather specialized way. But you're certain to fall down somewhere, because, as you may have heard, no one's perfect. Every irritant has its counter-irritant, and it definitely does take two to make a fight. Which reminds me, Mr. Robinson, what are you doing Thursday? #

How to Talk Double Talk

Continued from page 30

dement his victim. But the double talker does not let go a broadside. If he sidled up to somebody and said, "Ristan surmentate, huh? Brackid moistesse zincan lapid," it would neither be double talk nor the mumbles. The hearer would simply laugh.

Instead, the double talker primes his shots with good, hardy words, especially prepositions, articles and adverbs. See how much better it would be to approach a stranger and say, "Napid day, isn't it? There's quite a ristan in the surmentate, don't you think? It was brackid this morning, but it became moistesse later. Do you think the zincan flavid days are here?"

If the stranger is not honest, he will pretend to have understood and remark that he wouldn't be surprised if they were. Once a victim makes a bluff like that, he's fair game. He's on the rise and he can be plinked. The double talker may go on, "I was at a political meeting last night and we discussed Roosevelt's muctor namic. I got so mad I hit a stranger. What do you think of his vendir? I say he has no gonter and that he fomently lacks all trace of lartage. What do you think?" And if the stranger meekly says, "Well, I say yes and no," the double talker comes back with, "Oh, you're one of these pirot Fislong citizens, huh? Well, do you know what I think of your kind? You're just garavids."

Perchance the stranger is honest and says, in the first place, that he doesn't understand. In this event, the double talker simply says, "Oh, a gonate, huh? You don't durnamic in a walage, do you?" and looks for another victim.

Double talk should not be considered simply as a means of puzzling the simple folk or of unmasking fools. It has its practical applications. I recall the episode of a double talker who attended an art exhibition. Interest centered on a painting that looked like the small of the back of a mulatto who had two skin diseases. Experts gathered around and remarked on the dynamic qualities of the painting, its torque and its vibratory incidence. They bandied about a lot of words they had borrowed from civil engineering, electronics and psychiatry. At length the double talker was asked his opinion. Every eye turned upon him. He drew himself up and said with utter finality, "Matisse has no garbistan. He simply hasn't got garbistan. I say to hell with him."

The experts nodded sagely and the picture was withdrawn the next day.

Double talk has other practical uses. It may be used to thwart an annoying salesman; it may be used to cover up an embarrassing moment; it may be used to impress one's wife. The double talker is never at a loss to utilize his talents. He may go into the movies, he may write a book, he may become a military expert. His art is a hacqueton to soften the world's blows; hyratory though his phonate onslaught be, it is no whigmaleerie. It may become a logion that the violescense of his wit is no outgrowth of hypoplasia. It seldom vesicates. Nor is his a cancrizans humor. It is mature, straightforward and risorial. #

Babies Leave Me Cold!

Continued from page 29

babies is the complete and absolute uncertainty that comprises their future. One man slaves and scrimps to send his daughter through finishing school, and what happens? She elopes with a Greek chauffeur and becomes, in time, a taxi dancer in a clip-joint. (And a lousy dancer, too.) Another denies his family all but the bare necessities to make a great pianist of his son. The son, the day he becomes old enough, takes an axe to the Steinway and winds up a grey mouse of a bookkeeper with two sons of his own—and determined that *they* shall never keep books. (They'll probably do much worse than that, from current reports.) But they'll all be doing what THEY want to do!

Countless babies, of course, fulfill in some measure the loving hopes of bemused parents. And if they fall short—as most invariably they will, human nature being what it is—that divinity which shapes a parent's dreams provides a different and less exacting set of standards as the years pass, well adjusted with the blessed oil of compromise. This is, of course, a splendid thing for us all. Otherwise, there would be no hardy illiterates to dig, and build, and till the fields. We would be a land of Industrial Kings, Motion Picture Queens, and horrid Dollar Aristocrats being photographed nightly in snob-cafés. Every son would be a college Football Captain, and every daughter—God Preserve us!—would be Glamor Deb Number One.

These things, admitted or not, are honest reflections of normal parents. They look down at baby in the crib and think thoughts along this line. What's more, they are willing to forego every small luxury to tutor Bill into some college which may well be four years wasted, or have Joan's buck teeth straightened so that Prince Charming won't be scared off, or cut, at the Senior Prom. I don't know whether it's noble, as well as natural, or just plain damn silly. But I suspect it is, at base, one of the finest aspirations we have—and one of the most unselfish. It's only the *talk* about it that sends you scuttling from the scene in the direction of the nearest bar.

I've taken ferocious verbal lashings from women for my views. This I can understand, and sympathize with, up to a certain point. Procreation is a woman's primary function—or used to be. And a certain instinctive defense for creative work is to be expected. I don't suppose you could expect a mother to consider her new baby as the world sees it, objectively, and to agree with you that it was a highly inartistic result from any sound critical viewpoint. Sooner would I expect Mr. Rembrandt or Mr. da Vinci to appraise a completed work and then remark, "Shucks, I never thought it would turn out so bad!" Much sooner.

This critical blindness, as you may have discovered, is not limited to an offspring's looks. To mama, the king can do no wrong. That is why the king is allowed to sit at table and spoon his gruel all over the grown-ups, to the accompaniment of hilarious laughter. That is why the king is egged on to jerk your tie until your face purples. You may state that such things—and other worse ones—are the natural expressions of infancy. You are right. But when a puppy gnaws your shoes and when the kitten sharpens her claws on the velour drapes, what do they get—uproarious encouragement? No. You know doggone well what they get, and where! I am not intimating that mama brought all these young ones into the world, but I can't help noticing the difference in treatment that is handed out when bad habits manifest themselves. To me, the companionship of a very young bull terrier or a lively kitten is infinitely preferable to that of a very young baby. They are not allowed the luxury of temper and bad manners that are the royal prerogative, in countless cases, right up to voting age.

The strength of the infant's hold, of course, lies in two things (1) the pride of personal creation, regardless of honest market worth, and (2) the susceptibility to the flattery of dependence of the adult mind.

We all crave the sensation of the power to give or withhold to the weak and the needy. It warms the weazened soul, inflates the ego. And nothing is so weak, so dependent on our royal alms, as that bundle from heaven. Yet how little the creature gives in return, granting that you would punch my ears off if I hinted that you expected even a grunt of acknowledgment! The psychologists, however, know very well how necessary this feeling of power and responsibility is to us as we mature. Attainment falls far short of those beckoning stars which seemed so easy to grasp when youth was in the saddle . . .

Nor is his future apt to fill out the frame which most parents cut for him as he lies there, kicking and squalling. For as he fills out, the wind of liberty blows past his eager nostrils. The bridle of restriction begins to chafe. More and more, his rangings take him into newer, more distant fields. It is at this time—and from then on, in many cases—that your golden investment begins to take on the tinge of a long-shot speculation. You may say that you expect this. That his interest in other fields, his complete preoccupation with his own generation, is normal and natural. That you wouldn't have it any other way. And yet, growing indifference is not easy to bear. Forgetfulness hurts even the most generous souls. Impatience, often ill-concealed, with the limitations which the years impose on us all, is poor repayment for those other

Continued at top of page 170

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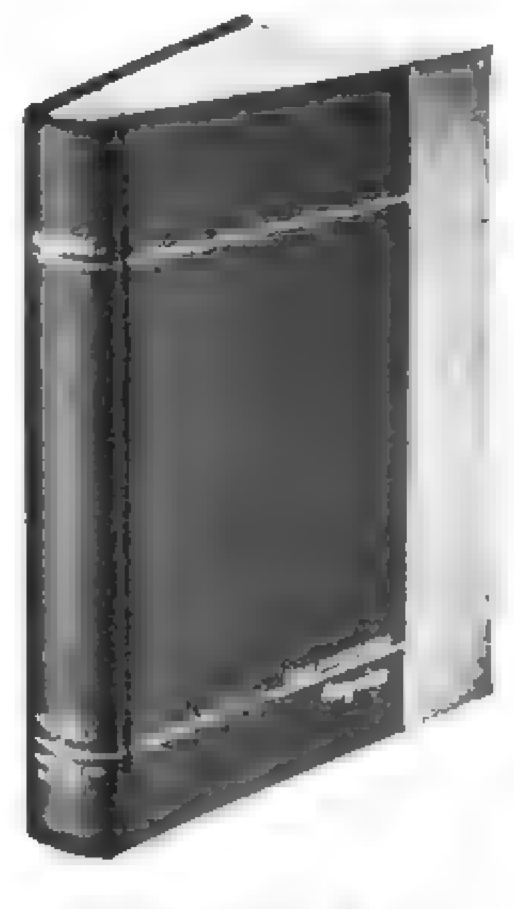

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Babies Leave Me Cold!

Continued from pages 29-169

years which demanded and lightly took the all so gladly tendered.

There are exceptions—by the millions. And they keep the race going. But the chances are against their ever attaining a majority among those born each year. This is, of course, my own view, based on my own observations and experience. But it is just one more thing which has caused me to look with jaundiced eye on the raw material of mankind—babies. This view, of course, is an errant one. I neither expect nor look for adherents. And if you should demand, "What would become of the race if every man thought as you did?" I would reply, "It would vanish—and there would be peace. But the danger is not immediate, human nature being what it is."

Finally, if you should shake your fist in my face and scream, "If you were married and happy and had children you would never talk in so sacrilegious a way!" This is a fair accusation, and I accept it with bowed head.

My only response to it is this: I *am* married, and I *have* children and I *am* as reasonably happy in my home as any man I know. But babies *still* leave me cold! #

Pat Hobby's Christmas Wish

Continued from page 45

in thought. "Say, what is it you got on him? You know where the body is buried?"

"That's too true to be funny."

"He knock somebody off?"

"Mr. Hobby, I'm sorry I ever opened my mouth."

"Just call me Pat. What's your first name?"

"Helen."

"Married?"

"Not now."

"Well, listen Helen: What do you say we have dinner?"

II

On the afternoon of Christmas Day he was still trying to get the secret out of her. They had the studio almost to themselves—only a skeleton staff of technical men dotted the walks and the commissary. They had exchanged Christmas presents. Pat gave her a five dollar bill, Helen bought him a white linen handkerchief. Very well he could remember the day when many dozen such handkerchiefs had been his Christmas harvest.

The script was progressing at a snail's pace but their friendship had considerably ripened. Her secret, he considered, was a very valuable asset, and he wondered how many careers had turned on just such an asset. Some, he felt sure, had been thus raised to affluence. Why, it was almost as good as being in the family, and he pictured an imaginary conversation with Harry Gooddorf.

"Harry, it's this way. I don't think my experience is being made use of. It's the young squirts who ought to do the writing—I ought to do more supervising."

"Or—?"

"Or else," said Pat firmly.

He was in the midst of his day dream when Harry Gooddorf unexpectedly walked in.

"Merry Christmas, Pat," he said jovially. His smile was less robust when he saw Helen, "Oh, hello Helen—didn't know you and Pat had got together. I sent you a remembrance over to the script department."

"You shouldn't have done that."

Harry turned swiftly to Pat.

"The boss is on my neck," he said. "I've got to have a finished script Thursday."

"Well, here I am," said Pat. "You'll have it. Did I ever fail you?"

"Usually," said Harry, "Usually."

He seemed about to add more when a call boy entered with an envelope and handed it to Helen Kagle—whereupon Harry turned and hurried out.

"He'd better get out!" burst forth Miss Kagle, after opening the envelope. "Ten bucks—just *ten bucks*—from an executive—after eighteen years."

It was Pat's chance. Sitting on her desk he told her his plan.

"It's soft jobs for you and me," he said, "You the head of a script department, me an associate producer. We're on the gravy train for life—no more writing—no more pounding the keys. We might even—we might even—if things go good we could get married."

She hesitated a long time. When she put a fresh sheet in the typewriter Pat feared he had lost.

"I can write it from memory," she said. "This was a letter he typed *himself* on February 3rd, 1921. He sealed it and gave it to me to mail—but there was a blonde he was interested in, and I wondered why he should be so secret about a letter."

Helen had been typing as she talked, and now she handed Pat a note.

To Will Bronson
First National Studios
Personal
Dear Bill:

We killed Taylor. We should have cracked down on him sooner. So why not shut up.

Yours, Harry

Pat stared at it stunned.

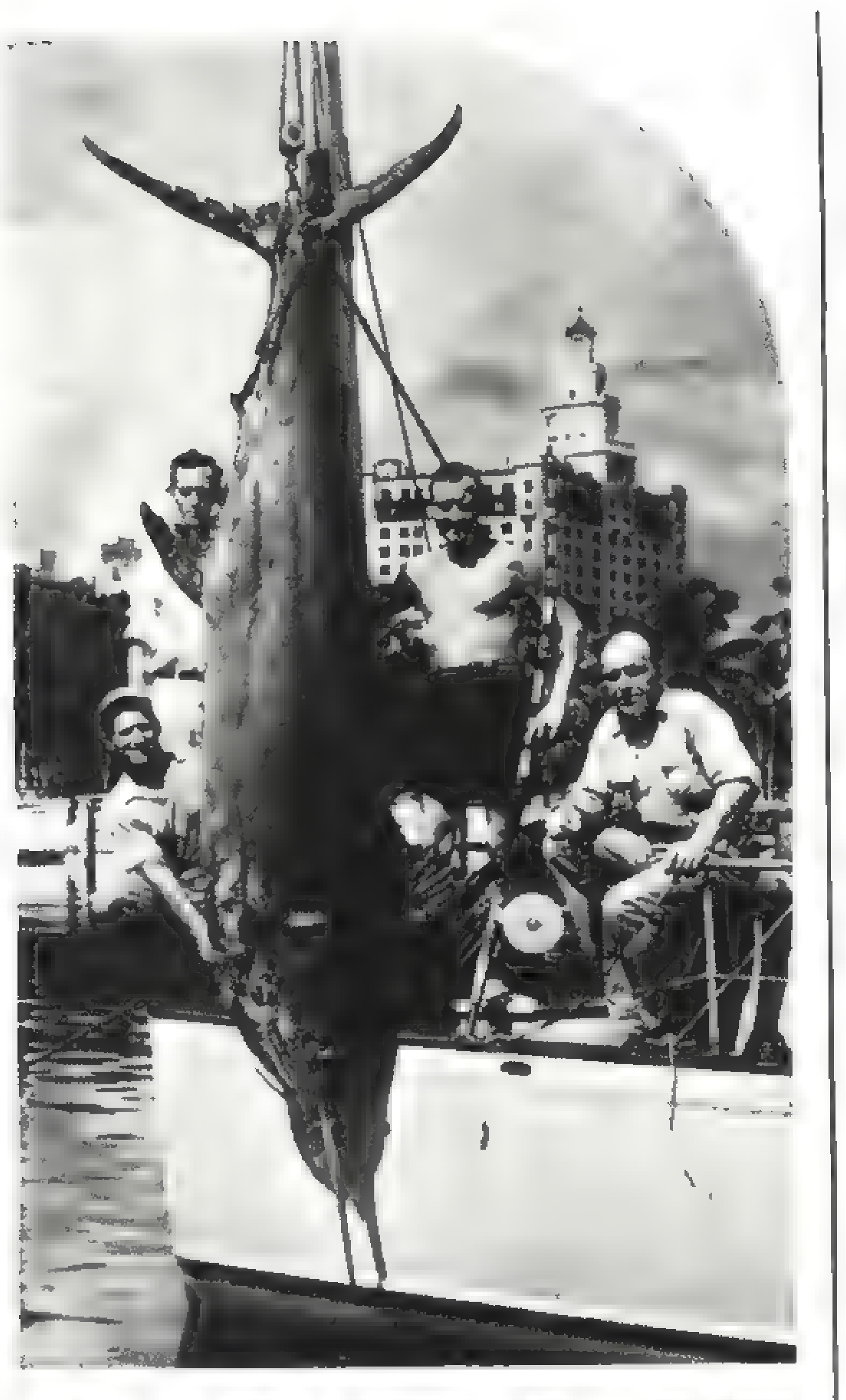
"Get it?" Helen said. "On February 1st, 1921, somebody knocked off William Desmond Taylor, the director. And they've never found out who."

III

For eighteen years she had kept the original note, envelope and all. She had sent only a copy to Bronson, tracing Harry Gooddorf's signature.

"Baby, we're set!" said Pat. "I always thought it was a *girl* got Taylor.

He was so elated that he opened



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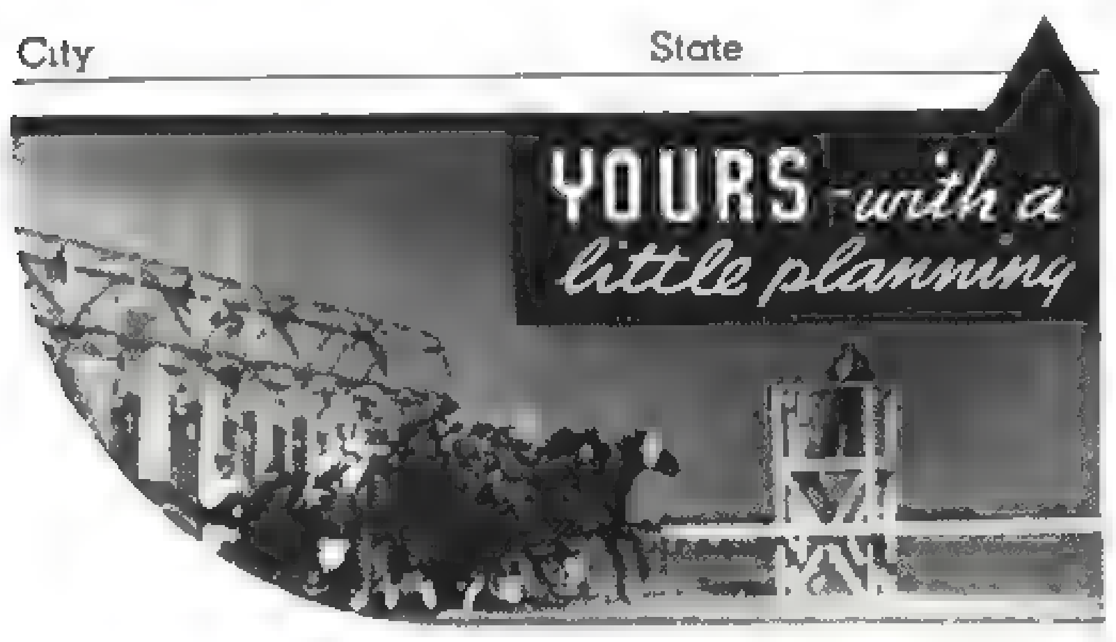

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15th

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a drawer and brought forth a half-pint of whiskey. Then, with an afterthought, he demanded:

"Is it in a safe place?"

"You bet it is. He'd never guess where."

"Baby, we've got him!"

Cash, cars, girls, swimming pools swam in a glittering montage before Pat's eye.

He folded the note, put it in his pocket, took another drink and reached for his hat.

"You going to see him now?" Helen demanded in some alarm. "Hey, wait till I get off the lot. *I* don't want to get murdered."

"Don't worry! Listen I'll meet you in 'The Muncherie' at Fifth and La Brea—in one hour."

As he walked to Gooddorf's office he decided to mention no facts or names within the walls of the studio. Back in the brief period when he had headed a scenario department Pat had conceived a plan to put a dictaphone in every writer's office. Thus their loyalty to the studio executives could be checked several times a day.

The idea had been laughed at. But later, when he had been "reduced back to a writer," he often wondered if his plan was secretly followed. Perhaps some indiscreet remark of his own was responsible for the doghouse where he had been interred for the past decade. So it was with the idea of concealed dictaphones in mind, dictaphones which could be turned on by the pressure of a toe, that he entered Harry Gooddorf's office.

"Harry—" He chose his words carefully, "Do you remember the night of February 1st, 1921?"

Somewhat flabbergasted, Gooddorf leaned back in his swivel chair.

"*What?*"

"Try and think. It's something very important to you."

Pat's expression as he watched his friend was that of an anxious undertaker.

"February 1st, 1921." Gooddorf mused. "No. How could I remember? You think I keep a diary? I don't even know where I was then."

"You were right here in Hollywood."

"Probably. If you know, tell me."

"You'll remember."

"Let's see. I came out to the coast in sixteen. I was with Biograph till 1920. Was I making some comedies? That's it. I was making a piece called *Knuckle-duster*—on location."

"You weren't always on location. You were in town February 1st."

"What is this?" Gooddorf demanded, "The third degree?"

"No—but I've got some information about your doings on that date."

Gooddorf's face reddened; for a moment it looked as if he were going to throw Pat out of the room—then suddenly he gasped, licked his lips and stared at his desk.

"Oh," he said, and after a minute: "But I don't see what business it is of yours."

"It's the business of every decent man."

"Since when have you been decent?"

"All my life," said Pat. "And, even if I haven't, I never did anything like that."

"My foot!" said Harry contemptuously. "*You* showing up here with a halo! Anyhow, what's the evidence? You'd think you had a written confession. It's all forgotten long ago."

"Not in the memory of decent men," said Pat. "And as for a written confession—I've got it."

"I doubt you. And I doubt if it would stand in any court. You've been taken in."

"I've seen it," said Pat with growing confidence, "And it's enough to hang you."

"Well, by God if there's any publicity I'll run you out of town."

"You'll run *me* out of town."

"I don't want any publicity."

"Then I think you'd better come along with me. Without talking to anybody."

"Where are we going?"

"I know a bar where we can be alone."

The Muncherie was in fact deserted, save for the bartender and Helen Kagle who sat at a table, jumpy with alarm. Seeing her, Gooddorf's expression changed to one of infinite reproach.

"This is a hell of a Christmas," he said, "with my family expecting me home an hour ago. I want to know the idea. You say you've got something in my writing."

Pat took the paper from his pocket and read the date aloud. Then he looked up hastily:

"This is just a copy, so don't try and snatch it."

He knew the technique of such scenes as this. When the vogue for Westerns had temporarily subsided he had sweated over many an orgy of crime.

"To William Bronson, Dear Bill: We killed Taylor. We should have cracked down on him sooner. So why not shut up. Yours, Harry."

Pat paused, "You wrote this on February 3rd, 1921."

Silence. Gooddorf turned to Helen Kagle.

"Did *you* do this? Did I dictate that to you?"

"No," she admitted in an awed voice, "You wrote it yourself. I opened the letter."

"I see. Well, what do you want?"

"Plenty," said Pat, and found himself pleased with the sound of the word.

"What exactly?"

Pat launched into the description of a career suitable to a man of forty-nine. A glowing career. It expanded rapidly in beauty and power during the time it took him to drink three large whiskeys. But one demand he returned to again and again.

He wanted to be made a producer tomorrow.

"Why tomorrow?" demanded Gooddorf, "Can't it wait?"

There were sudden tears in Pat's eyes—real tears.

"This is Christmas," he said, "It's my Christmas wish. I've had

Continued at top of page 172

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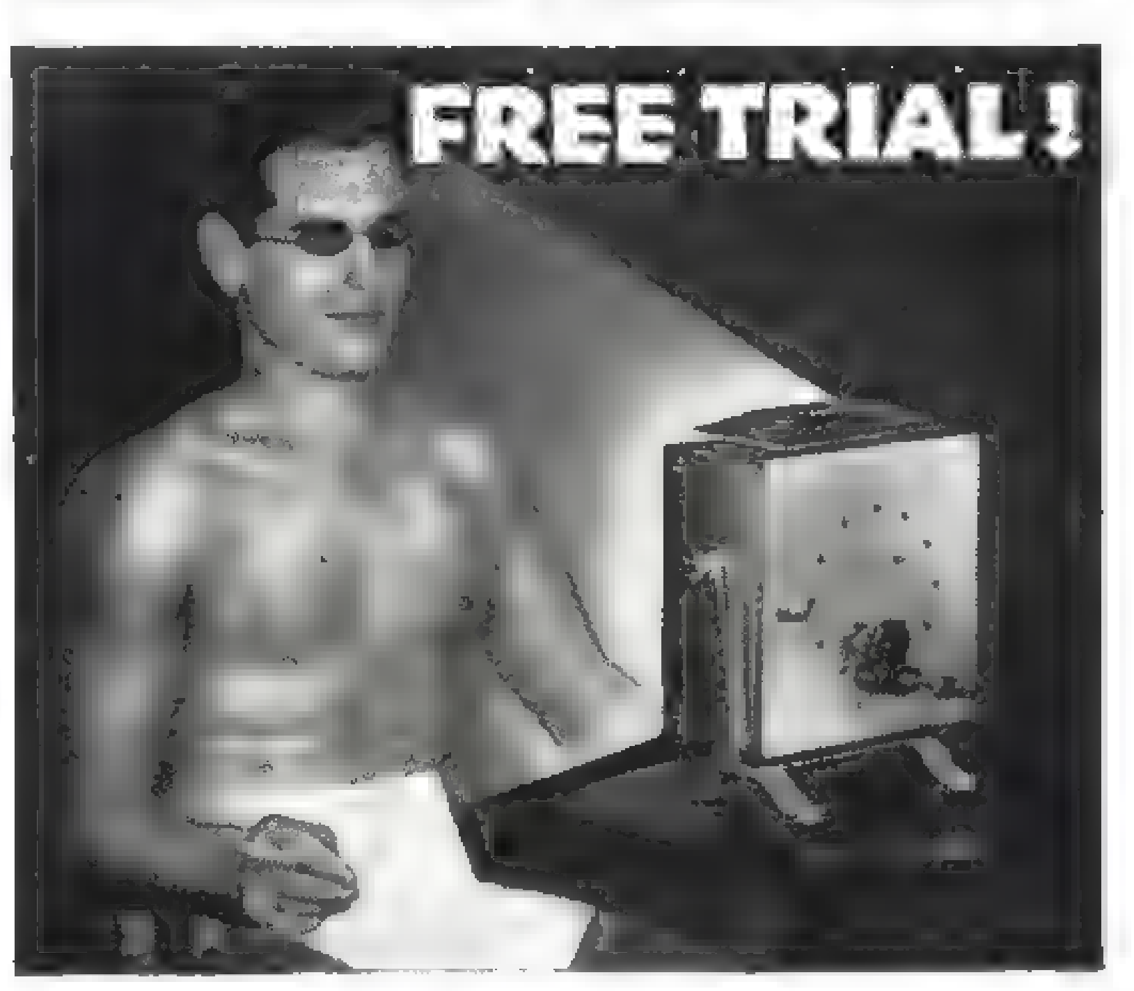

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THE HEALTH WAY TO GOOD LOOKS

Pat Hobby's Christmas Wish

Continued from pages 45-171

a hell of a time. I've waited so long."

Gooddorf got to his feet suddenly.

"Nope," he said. "I won't make you a producer. I couldn't do it in fairness to the company. I'd rather stand trial."

Pat's mouth fell open.

"What? You won't?"

"Not a chance. I'd rather swing."

He turned away, his face set, and started toward the door.

"All right!" Pat called after him. "It's your last chance."

Suddenly he was amazed to see Helen Kagle spring up and run after Gooddorf—try to throw her arms around him.

"Don't worry!" she cried, "I'll tear it up, Harry! It was a joke Harry—"

Her voice trailed off rather abruptly. She had discovered that Gooddorf was shaking with laughter.

"What's the joke?" she demanded, growing angry again, "Do you think I haven't got it?"

"Oh, you've got it all right," Gooddorf howled, "You've got it—but it isn't what you think it is."

He came back to the table, sat down and addressed Pat.

"Do you know what I thought that date meant? I thought maybe it was the date Helen and I first fell for each other. That's what I thought. And I thought she was going to raise Cain about it. I thought she was nuts. She's been married twice since then, and so have I."

"That doesn't explain the note," said Pat sternly but with a sinky feeling. "You admit you killed Taylor."

Gooddorf nodded.

"I still think a lot of us did," he said, "We were a wild crowd—Taylor and Bronson and me and half the boys in the big money. So a bunch of us got together in an agreement to go slow. The country was waiting for somebody to hang. We tried to get Taylor to watch his step but he wouldn't. So instead of cracking down on him, we let him 'go the pace.' And some rat shot him—who did it I don't know."

He stood up.

"Like somebody should have cracked down on *you*, Pat. But you were an amusing guy in those days, and besides we were all too busy."

Pat sniffled suddenly.

"I've *been* cracked down on," he said. "Plenty."

"But too late," said Gooddorf, and added, "You've probably got a new Christmas wish by now, and I'll grant it to you. I won't say anything about this afternoon."

When he had gone, Pat and Helen sat in silence. Presently Pat took out the note again and looked it over.

"'So why not shut up?'" he read aloud, "He didn't explain that."

"Why *not* shut up?" Helen said. #

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 86

and every radio station in the state, he keeps the truth from the public, and instead deluges them with lies and propaganda, smearing Smith as a swindler and a proven thief, as a disgrace to the senate; the tycoon sends out rabble rousers who hold meetings and parades against Smith, and finally he arouses the public to the pitch where thousands of telegrams and letters are sent to the senate demanding that Smith be stopped, that he be thrown out.

This becomes the "reply from the people" for which Smith has been waiting. Even the little four-page boy rangers' newspaper which Smith's kid-clubs print and try to distribute, in order to get the truth to the people, is ruthlessly squashed; the tycoon sends out truckloads of gangsters who run down the kids with their scooters full of newspapers.

And Smith, exhausted after nearly twenty-four hours of talking on the floor of the senate, is confronted by the Silver Knight, his senior senator, (who, unbeknownst to him is of course a tool of the tycoon) with the people's perverted answer: lack of faith.

Now here is the end of the film, as far as its value as a social document goes. Up to this point Messrs. Capra and Buchman have shown the operation of the spoilers of democracy; they have demonstrated the complete ruthlessness by which the Taylors stay in power, and, most important of all, they have shown how the public can become utterly unconscious of the vast fraud in which they themselves are used to pervert their own liberties. Freedom of the press is gone, freedom of speech is gone: except to that one lad clinging to the cliff: using the senate's filibuster.

That little device is apparently all that Messrs. Capra and Buchman can suggest as a safeguard of democracy. If a man can talk long enough on the senate floor, truth will somehow prevail, they suggest. Unfortunately human endurance is limited.

Take away, then, the conventional bowknot tied at the end of Mr. Smith: the plot device requiring Claude Rains as the Silver Knight to have a stroke of conscience when his junior senator collapses on the floor, requiring Claude Rains to rush out into the hallway to shoot himself, and being prevented in this act, to rush back into the senate and confess all, accusing the tycoons, exposing their frameup of the boy senator, winning the girl for the boy, making everybody happy: take away this conventional climax which fools nobody, and there remains a profoundly pessimistic photoplay. For, aside from the

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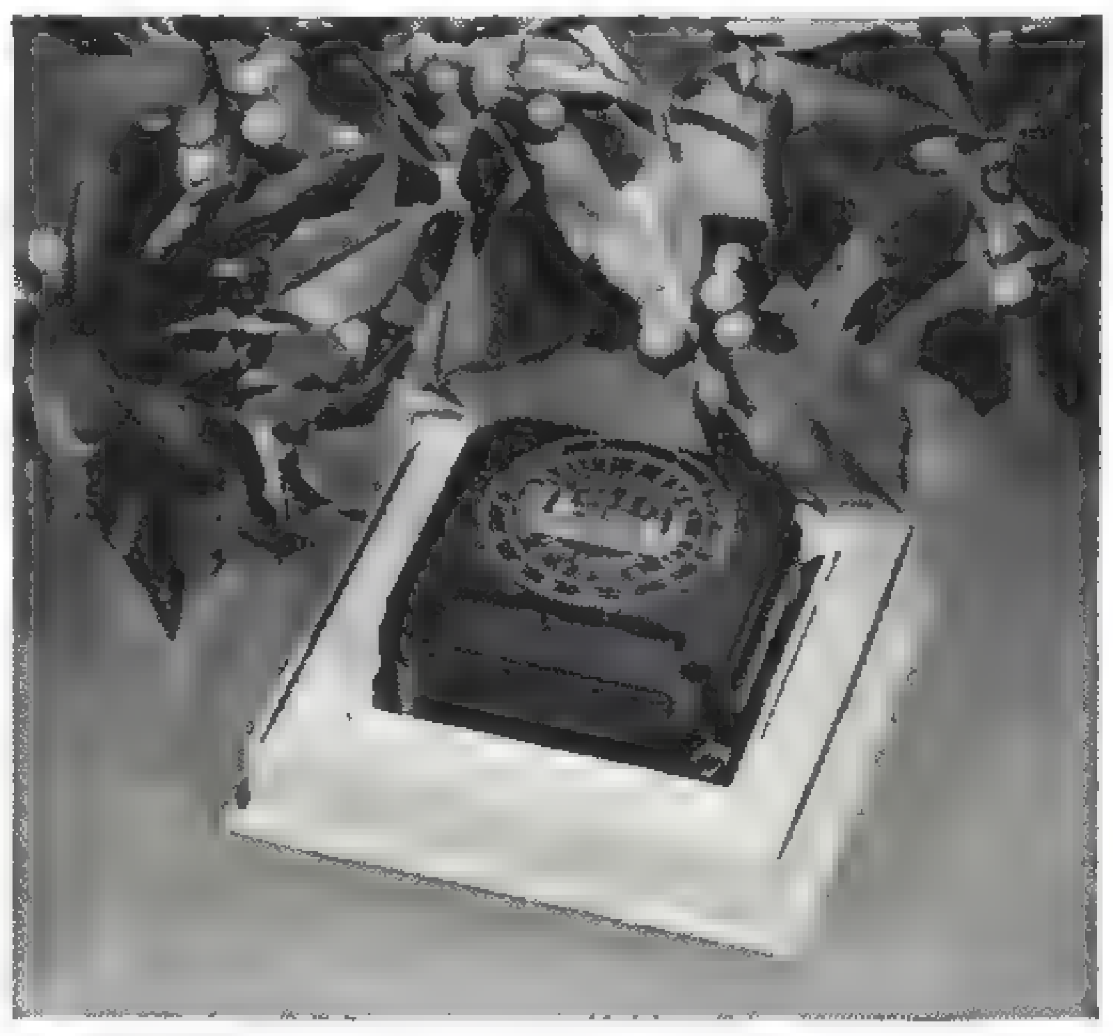

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miraculous intervention of a remorseful boodler, the film suggests there is no way to break the throttling hold of the tycoons, upon the throat of democracy. Mr. Taylor is completely successful in strangling the press and the radio, in strong-arming the feeble resistance of a few kids and a few reformers.

Now, this critic would be the last American to minimize the achievements of the Taylors. In most instances they are apparently successful. At this moment political and tycoon machines of one sort or another probably have more than a fifty per cent control of all offices in this country. It is a fact which the public stodgily and lazily accepts as a concomitant of democracy.

But I would ask that a film about democracy do more than state our dilemma. It must remind us of some of the ways to regain control, to reëstablish the full meaning of our citizen government.

To do this, the solution of the dramatic crisis in the film would have had to be through a people's, rather than an individual's action. Young senators fainting on the floor will never prove or solve such dilemma. We cannot expect a Silver Knight to go out into the halls and try to commit suicide every time a chain of newspapers perverts the truth.

Have we no true remedies against such powers?

It may be that Mr. Capra felt it a necessity, in a photoplay, to find resolution in terms of a single Galahad's heroism. But on afterthought, and the supreme virtue of this photoplay is in its stimulation of afterthought, it appears that he muffs or throws away a very simple opportunity for an effective, affirmative solution of the play's crisis.

Mr. Smith's tycoon controls a state—but what of the nation? Capra shows us Mr. Kaltenborn (in person), at the microphone, broadcasting the news of the thrilling filibuster to a presumably nationwide audience, only a small proportion of which has been shut off by Mr. Taylor and his friends; we are shown how the press gallery becomes convinced of Mr. Smith's truth, and how the tone of the news despatches changes, until, we presume, newspapers all over the country, except in his own state, are headlining the news of his Galahad attack upon the malefactors of great wealth.

Now, a hole in a story often covers a lapse in logic; it seems to me that this is such a case: we must assume that Mr. Smith's appeal to the public for backing would arouse great response, outside of his own state, response sufficient enough to expose and overcome the manipulated localized public opinion as delivered by Mr. Taylor and the (tarnished) Silver Knight.

This factor is entirely omitted in the film; and by its omission Mr. Capra slights one of the safeguards of American democracy: the spread and largeness of America. It is not easy to fool all of the people even some of the time.

Let me hasten to affirm that I realize Mr. Capra's intention of statement through example, and that I am familiar with the literary and dramatic device which may be called the example in miniature. I know well enough that the entire national press is, in a major sense, controlled by and for tycoons, in the way that this photoplay shows the press of one state to be controlled. But I repeat that if Mr. Capra means to say that much, and only that much, by his picture, then he is a bitter and hopeless messenger.

For I think his picture could show that the resources of democracy are so great that it cannot be entirely suppressed. His picture could reveal the safeguard in our balancing of power between local governments and larger bodies of government, he could show how the state stands watch over the municipality, and the federal government stands watch over the state; which is essentially to show how all of the people of the entire United States stand behind the citizens of the smallest community, to help them retain their liberties if, and that is the great if—if they care enough about them.

Unfortunately this wonderful power is but rarely exercised in pure manner. But the function of art as propaganda is twofold: to expose the flaws and abuses in our social system, and to remind us of what weapons there still remain to us, to correct such wrongs. *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* does an admirable job on the first of these functions. In spite of itself, unless the makers are much more subtle than I give them credit for being, it performs some part of the second function; for the film cannot help making citizens question the situation in their own locality, and even question problems of national control, it cannot help arousing citizens to awareness and use of their citizenship. All that true democracy requires is watchfulness and participation from all the people. This point could have been more powerfully emphasized.

* * *

As to the technique of the production, it may be said that Mr. Capra presents in this film what amounts to the complete flowering of a style; and that the players, many of whom have now been associated with Capra in several films, perform not only with individual brilliance but with that element so rare in films: company cohesion. This is the best example to date of what may be called a genre in cinema, Capra being the largest contributor to the invention of this genre, and its best expositor; the style involves goodheartedness and heartiness; also, the ability to refrain from taking ourselves too seriously. Almost a symbol of this method of approach is Capra and Harry Carey's treatment of the vice-president, through all of the senate sequences, in-

Continued on page 174

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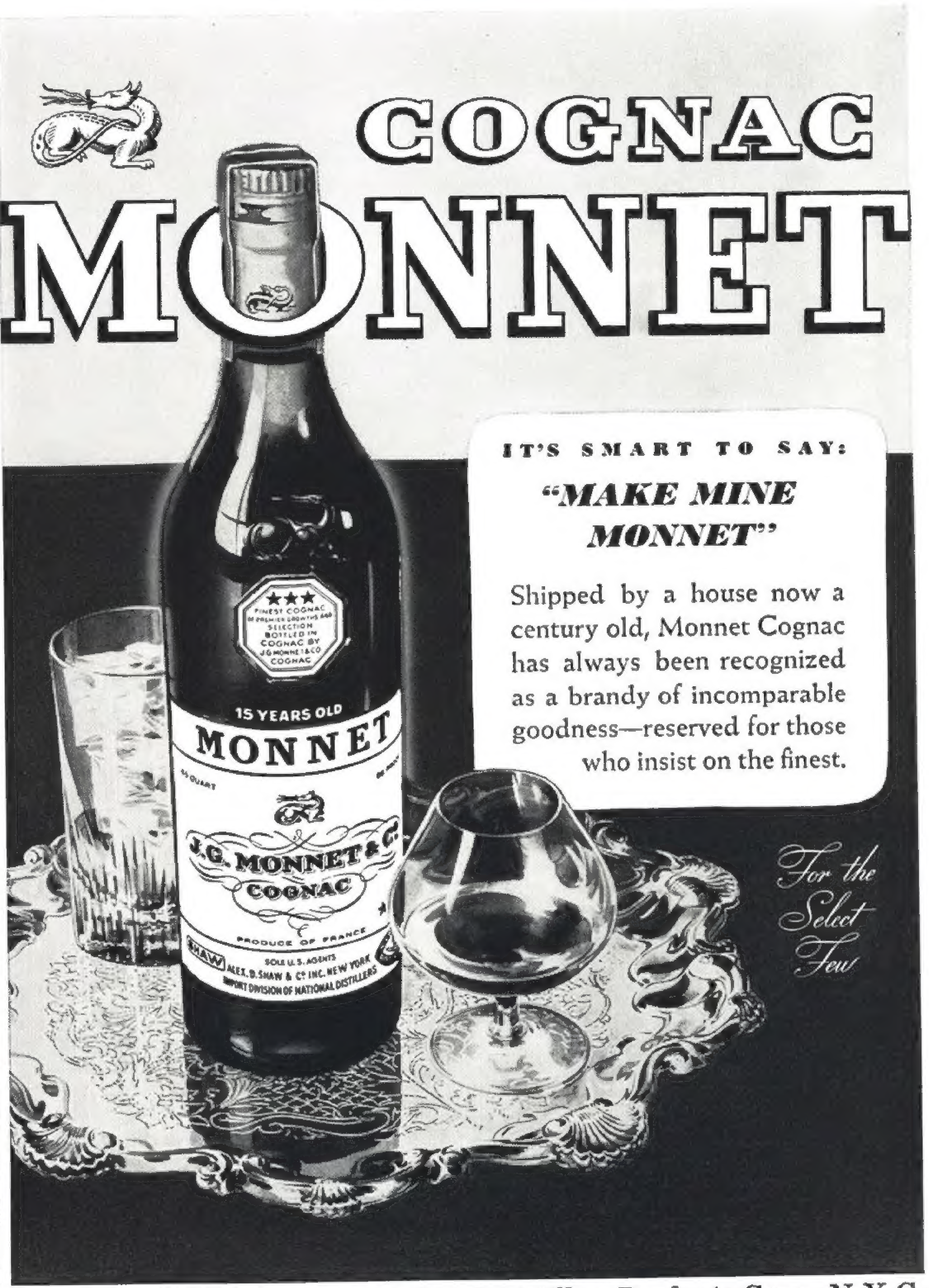

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 86-173

cluding the crucial filibuster. Carey, without diminishing the gravity of any situation, is nevertheless constantly chuckling to himself, with a confidence of wisdom and experience, in the resources of the American system, for turning out an acceptable solution to any dilemma. We have not always done so; we have made tragic mistakes, and the total state of the people during the crisis years is not at all amusing; but we are less desperate than almost any other people on earth, and at least we can still kid ourselves. We still feel we have strength to waste, and that in an emergency we can buckle down and straighten things out.

That is the essential good humor in the Capra films. A few of the Capra tricks are somewhat overdone in *Mr. Smith*; they may be toned down by the time the film is generally released. James Stewart makes such a gosh-awful awkward oaf of Mr. Smith, in the scene with the elder senator's glamorous daughter, that we feel Mr. Capra is descending to slapstick for his laughs. Having the girl-flustered young senator back into a table, knocking over the lamp and knickknacks, is too cheap a stunt. Another gag which might be eliminated, but for a different reason, is the carrier-pigeon sequence; when Mr. Smith arrives in Washington he brings with him a crateful of his fliers. Obviously there must have been an intention to utilize the pigeons later in the script, perhaps to have pigeon flocks carry messages over the state when the radio and press were blocked. Fortunately we were spared this trick, but as it is the entrance of the pigeons, while good for a laugh, is pointless, and could be dispensed with.

Perfect Capra touches abound; the best is the shot of the fat man getting out of a telephone booth.

Best-played scene in the film is Jean Arthur's rendition of the don't-give-up-the-fight speech to James Stewart as he sits on his suitcase at the foot of the Lincoln Memorial, ready to go home. Most forced scene is her drunken sequence. Most impressive performances are those of Harry Carey and Claude Rains, though Thomas Mitchell as a newspaperman nearly equals his mighty performance in last season's *Only Angels Have Wings*.

It is always annoying to have to wind up a review with the pointing out of minor flaws, minor excellencies, with the crediting of all who deserve credit, and such chores. A picture of this sort, it should be repeated, goes beyond entertainment. It is a pure lesson in civics. And it is one of the great triumphs of the democratic method that such a film of self-criticism can be made, and universally shown, in our land. #

WHAT'S GOOD—WHAT'S BAD

	Good	Bad
Blackmail	Terse, tense direction by H. C. Potter, picture-stealing performance of a whining baby-face schemer, by Gene Lockhart. Edward Robinson has to turn on all his power to get the picture back to himself, and succeeds only in the horrific chain-gang scenes.	Obvious story with routine development and too many standard melodramatic situations, such as the hounding of the prisoner by the guard from whom he previously escaped.
The Day the Bookies Wept	Another of the small-budget but highly entertaining pictures which Robert Sisk has been turning out for RKO. Easy taxi-driver lingo and good gag when the boys buy a horse that only runs when drunk. Joe Penner funny again.	Even for an unpretentious item, the plot is a little too hokey, leans a little too much on coincidence.
Elizabeth and Essex	Imposing productions of this type succeed to some extent by their sheer collection of composite skills, and this has its share of impressive moments of regal splendor. Alan Hale does a good bit as the Irish rebel who traps swashbuckling Essex.	Bette Davis doing her jitter specialty again; too bad, after such nice restraint in *The Old Maid*. Errol Flynn is really too preposterously incompetent, in such scenes as the tower-finale, where he says he wants a kingdom, like a kid saying he wants a piece of candy.
Espionage Agent	Good swift follow-up to *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*. While not nearly as impressive from the documentation angle, Lloyd Bacon's direction gives this excellent pace. Brenda Marshall looks good.	The training sequence in the diplomat's school could have been presented with more ingenuity. As it is, the long sequence sticks like a lecture pasted into a novel.
The Great Commandment	Sincere church effort to spread the peace of non-resistance in this time of strife. Chiefly interesting for its rather real picture of the social conditions of the Jews under Roman rule, clarifying their need for a king to lead them in revolt against the invaders: hence the misunderstanding of some of the hot-heads who hoped Christ would lead them in war. Good cast; most impressive: Albert Dekker as the centurion.	Independently made on a small budget, this is not always well photographed; the script is sometimes sententious.
Hollywood Cavalcade	An entire Keystone Cop reel inserted into this nostalgic Technicolor backscreen drama captures the audience and proves that the art of film comedy is truly a thing of the past. Alice Faye is surprisingly deft and clever in the early half of the film; J. Edward Bromberg is fine throughout, as a film producer; Stuart Erwin also helps hold the picture together. Buster Keaton is still good. Alan Curtis is amazingly like Dick Barthelmess.	The hackneyed theme of this cinema historical is of the star who went up while her director went down, all because she married her leading man. The situation is saved after they all (except the girl) get gray hair, by having the leading man killed in an auto accident. Alice Faye goes to the hospital and Don Ameche goes to a movie and hears Al Jolson in *The Jazz Singer*. Then he rushes to the hospital to bring her back to life.
Mr. Smith Goes To Washington	Capra's best to date.	See main review.

	Good	Bad
Honeymoon In Bali	Fred MacMurray telling what he does with five girls in Bali. Akim Tamiroff as a window-washer watching what goes on inside a female tycoon's office, then giving the tycooness advice. Bright and gorgeous new lass, Osa Massen, puts life into the picture.	Madeleine Carroll very badly photographed, showing age and doublechins. Picture sags in the last half. Too much back and forth to Bali. Any man would have grabbed Osa so there is no sympathy for Madeleine. Wisecracking authoresses are getting stale.
The Housekeeper's Daughter	Firecrackling farce in the latter scenes where Adolph Menjou and William Gargan pop off as drunken reporters in a gangster tangle. George Stone very good.	Melodramatic elements tangle with the farce treatment, leaving an effect of confusion.
Jamaica Inn	Splendid atmospheric opening of bandits murdering deliberately shipwrecked sailors. Strong adventure pace. Exceptionally effective photography by Harry Stradling.	Charles Laughton too close to a caricature of himself. Alfred Hitchcock's direction not quite so successful in this romantic vein as in his more sophisticated thrillers.
Ninotchka	Until Garbo laughs this is a wonderful dead-pan jest on the super-solemnity of the reformist Russian mentality. She is the kind of commissar who wants to know how much concrete is in the base of the Eiffel Tower, instead of to see the view. Then Melvyn Douglas does a prat-fall to make her laugh and the second third of the picture is human and romantic but not nearly so valid as satire. Paris teaches her to make up and kiss and she goes home with fancy lingerie. The film should end there, but doesn't.	The last third of the picture, dealing with Garbo's return to Moscow, is motivated by a mean rather than a friendly attitude of satire toward the Soviets. At the close, the humor becomes entirely political; and the ending implies that Soviet citizens would prefer to live outside of Russia. Russia might cleverly remake this film, turning the last third to show the new joy-in-life movement of the last few years, with Soviet girls learning about chic from the Commissar who has been to Paris.
The Rains Came	A few moments of technical excitement via earthquake and flood.	When it rains, it bores.
The Real Glory	Exciting action, especially when Gary Cooper single-handed stops a cholera epidemic, defeats an army of savages, dynamites a dam, and saves the garrison by throwing a candle at the villain.	Gallons of gore. Spears in the back, ant-eaten heads in the sand, chopping-knife attacks—all, presumably, to give us thrills in wartime.
Rio	First half of the film, paralleling the Stavisky scandal, is original in tone, excellent in characterization (notably, Basil Rathbone's work). Sharply written. Sigrid Gurie still seems worth more than she gets.	Latter half deteriorates into a standard escape-from-penal-colony thriller.
Thunder Afloat	Well-paced melodrama of the sub-chasing fleet of the last war. Wallace Beery; Chester Morris.	Temper of times makes it a war propaganda picture.
Tropic Fury	Easy-to-take action thriller about exploitation on a rubber plantation in South America.	

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